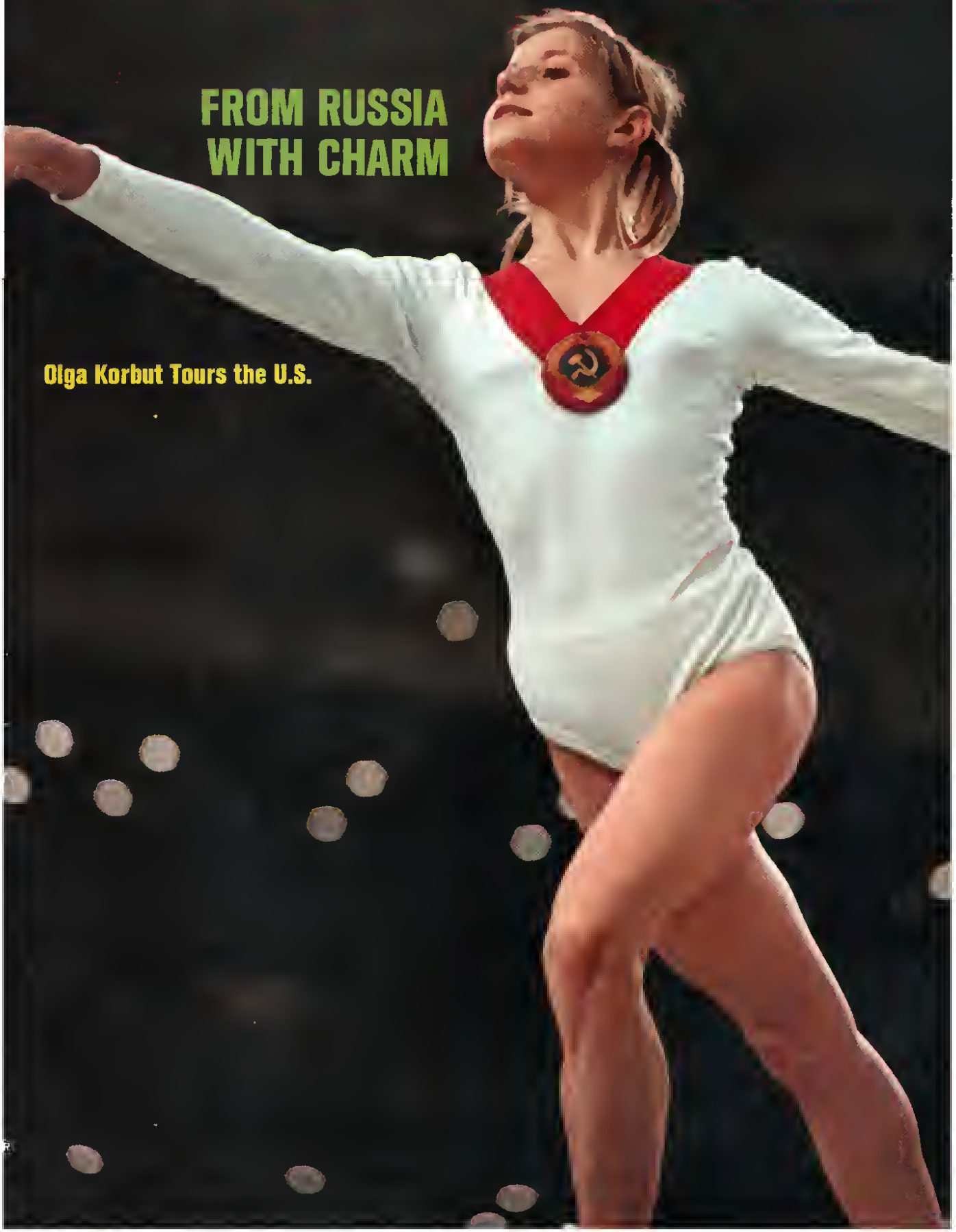
Sports Illustrated
MARCH 19 1973 50 CENTS

FROM RUSSIA WITH CHARM

Olga Korbut Tours the U.S.



Turn it on. Off the road.



The Harley-Davidson SX-350.
Leads an exciting double life.
Takes you, street-legal, to where the off-road action is.
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With Cerieni front forks, 5-way adjustable rear shocks.
The frame: double down tube in keeping with its personality.
And sure electric stert.
Quick off the line. On the road. Or off.

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Harley-Davidson SX-350.

The Great American Freedom Machine.



"Downtime can kill us. That's why we depend on SCM copiers."

Sherman Pincus
Walter N. Johnson, REA Express

"It takes 6 million copies a year to keep REA rolling," explains Purchasing Director Sherman Pincus, "and we just can't afford copy machines that aren't dependable."

"Or rugged," adds Walter Johnson, a purchasing agent who's been with REA for some 30 years. "Many of the SCM machines at our terminals are in booths right on the loading platform. When you open the door, the wind blows in dust and everything else with it. But our SCM's just keep copying."

"Right," continues Sherm. "Our SCM's function in all climates. We've got offices where the mercury drops to 30 below and others where it hits 110."

"I might add," says Walter, "that we also use SCM's in our accounting offices under more normal conditions and we've had equally good success with them there."

But a machine is a machine. What about those times when an SCM copier does need service?

"We get immediate attention," Walter replies. "In most cases, an SCM service location is in the same city. If not, it isn't far away."

What about the quality of SCM copies?

Sherm answers, "It couldn't be better. And since many of our copies are delivery documents, legibility is absolutely necessary."

What do you pay for this kind of quality?

"We compared SCM's costs with other copiers when we first signed our contract and each time we've renewed it," says Walter, "and we find we're getting the lowest overall cost per copy."

As REA Express has found, there are any number of reasons to renew with SCM. And REA's not alone. More than 95 per cent of our national clients sign with us again.

As Sherm Pincus says, "Our job is moving shipments fast. And if we thought some other copier company could help us more, we'd use some other copier company."

SCM COPIER PRODUCTS
BUSINESS EQUIPMENT DIVISION

The complete copier company



A Tappan air conditioning dealer takes an unusual interest in your family tree.

If your house is shaded by a big tree, it'll figure into the estimate a Tappan dealer works up for you.

Depending on where the tree is located in your yard as well as where it shades your house and when, it could mean you'll need less BTU's of cooling. And that'll cost you less.

Taking your family tree into consideration is just part of the Tappan dealer's estimate. Don't be surprised if our dealer goes through your attic, into your cellar, through the ductwork of your furnace, around all of your windows, and into asking personal questions. Like how often you bake cookies or entertain? And how many children you have, to open and close doors?

Every Tappan estimate is different for different houses and variables, but, in one respect, they're the same—accurate! And that's because a Tappan dealer has a factory-approved checklist* to work with.

If the installation is going to be right, the estimate has to be right. A wrong installation can run up your electric bill, and make you uncomfortable in more ways than one.

The other ways of estimating go on. Over the phone. Under the the table. Overestimated. Underestimated. Some people even get estimates from friends who aren't even in the air conditioning business.

Who can you trust?

After reading this, you shouldn't have to guess.

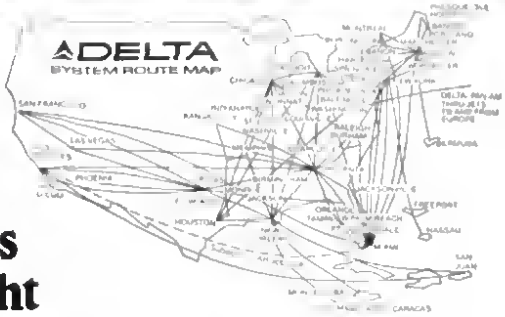
TAPPAN

Air Conditioning Division
206 Woodford Ave., Elyria, O. 44035

*If you'd like an estimate, but don't want to call a Tappan dealer just yet, send for the Tappan factory-approved checklist, fill it out, and return it to Tappan for computer verification.



Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Larry Warnke, Passenger Service Agent.



He keeps things moving efficiently at the airport. He answers your questions quickly, gives the right directions, helps with tickets, bags, and all the etceteras. He's ready with a hand when you need a hand.

Larry's the man in the red coat. And he's usually going like a blue streak.

Delta is ready when you are.



The DC-10 (also a 747) on Delta's Wide Ride™ fleet. Two by two it's not the fastest and First Class for your extra comfort.

This driver pays more for auto insurance than this driver.



What's the difference? Allstate's Good Driver Rate.

Take two drivers insured with Allstate. Say they drive exactly the same kind of car. The only difference: their driving records.

The man on the right is a good driver. And at Allstate, good drivers get our special low Good Driver rate. Eight out of ten Allstate policyholders qualify.

Sure, we may not be the only company to offer a Good Driver rate and other discounts.

But we also offer today's most advanced claim service. Coast-to-coast. To get you back on the road sooner when there's trouble. (Not to mention more Drive-In Claim Centers than anybody. And over 10,000 full-time claim specialists to help.)

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When you compare, we think you'll find a difference at Allstate.

Allstate
You're in good hands.

Special rates and discounts available in most states (Standard rates and rating plans in Texas.)

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by *Time* Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

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Next week

TO THE BATTLEMENTS go college basketball's best in the struggle for the last four places in the NCAA tournament. Barry McDermott reports on the games that lead to St. Louis.

IN THE DEPTHS is where Canada's hockey heritage was until its team, in the final moment of an epic series, found redemption in Moscow. Goalie Ken Dryden opens his diary.

RIDING HIGH and often headed for a fall, the world's finest steeplechasers assault the towering hedges of England's Aintree every spring. A chronicle of the riders' ups and downs.

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A Coleman Tent.

Strong. Durable. In fact, the best built canvas cabin you'll find anywhere. And there's a reason: Coleman doesn't believe in cutting corners.

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And like wide-track zippered double doors that let the family in. Big picture windows that let the breezes in, and fine-mesh nylon screening that makes sure nothing else gets in.

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Take a pinch of "smokeless tobacco." Place it between cheek and gum and let it rest there. You'll get full tobacco pleasure.

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There's Copenhagen, which has the rich flavor of pure tobacco.

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And Happy Days Mint.

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A pinch is all it takes.

There are times when a guy just can't smoke.



For a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco"—as well as a few free pinches that you can try for yourself—write to "Smokeless Tobacco," United States Tobacco Company, Dept. S-33, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

"You can win what I can win— $25,000!"

PROFESSIONAL GOLFER, JUDY RANKIN.



Grand Prize: $25,000
Even if you don't know a thing about golf—you can win the same top prize money as the winner of the Colgate-Dinah Shore "Winners Circle" Ladies Professional Golf Association Tournament. It will be played at the famous Mission Hills Country Club, Palm Springs, California, April 10-15. It will be on ABC-TV Saturday and Sunday, April 14 and 15. (See local TV listings for time and station.)

20 First Prizes: Fabulous one-week vacation for two at your choice of an American Airlines golf and fun holiday in: Puerto Rico, California or Mexico. (Includes American Airlines Luxury Fleet transportation, hotel accommodations and meals.)

2,500 "Thank You" Prizes: "Winners Circle" Tote Bag, perfect for golf and fun.

It's easy! Just fill in entry blank below.

Win what the winner wins in the world's richest women's golf tournament—the Colgate-Dinah Shore "Winners Circle." And you don't have to know a thing about golf.



Bonus Prize

Three-week South Pacific vacation for two via American Airlines Luxury Jet. You'll start in sunny California—then fly to beautiful Hawaii—and you'll end up down under in Australia. You'll enjoy great fun and great golf all the way

See entry blank for details. No purchase required

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Colgate "Winners Circle" Entry Blank



Mail to: Colgate "Winners Circle" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 803, Rosemount, Minn. 55068

Important—You can win the "Winners Circle" Bonus Prize if you fill in the missing letters in the following statement, and your entry is the first one picked among the prize winners.

The Colgate Dinah Shore "Winners Circle" LPGA Tournament will be on ABC TV Saturday and Sunday, April 14 and 15

Entries must be postmarked by May 31, 1973 and received by June 19, 1973

Please enter me in the Colgate "Winners Circle" Sweepstakes. I enclose proof-of-purchase (see Rule #2) from any of these products: Colgate Dental Cream, Wilkinson Bonded Razor & Blades, FAB, Palmolive Liquid, Ajax All Purpose Cleaner, Cold Power, Bright Side Shampoo, Hour After Hour, Curad Plastic Bandages (proof of purchase: box top and bottom)—or the name of one of these products printed in block letters on a blank 3" x 5" sheet of paper.

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sparkling
patent
slip-ons
Every
glitter bit helps.
And all that glitters
here is hot n bold. In
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Put your foot down for Rand.
And sparkle plenty yourself.
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for RAND.
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THE COMPANY THAT TAPERED THE BEARING CAN TAPER YOUR BEARING COSTS.

In 1898, a man named Henry Timken was awarded a patent for one of America's first tapered roller bearings.

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Not just the design of the bearing, the metallurgy that goes into it, and how efficiently we can produce and deliver it. But also the design of your bearing application, your methods of assembly, the lubricant you choose, environmental conditions—everything.

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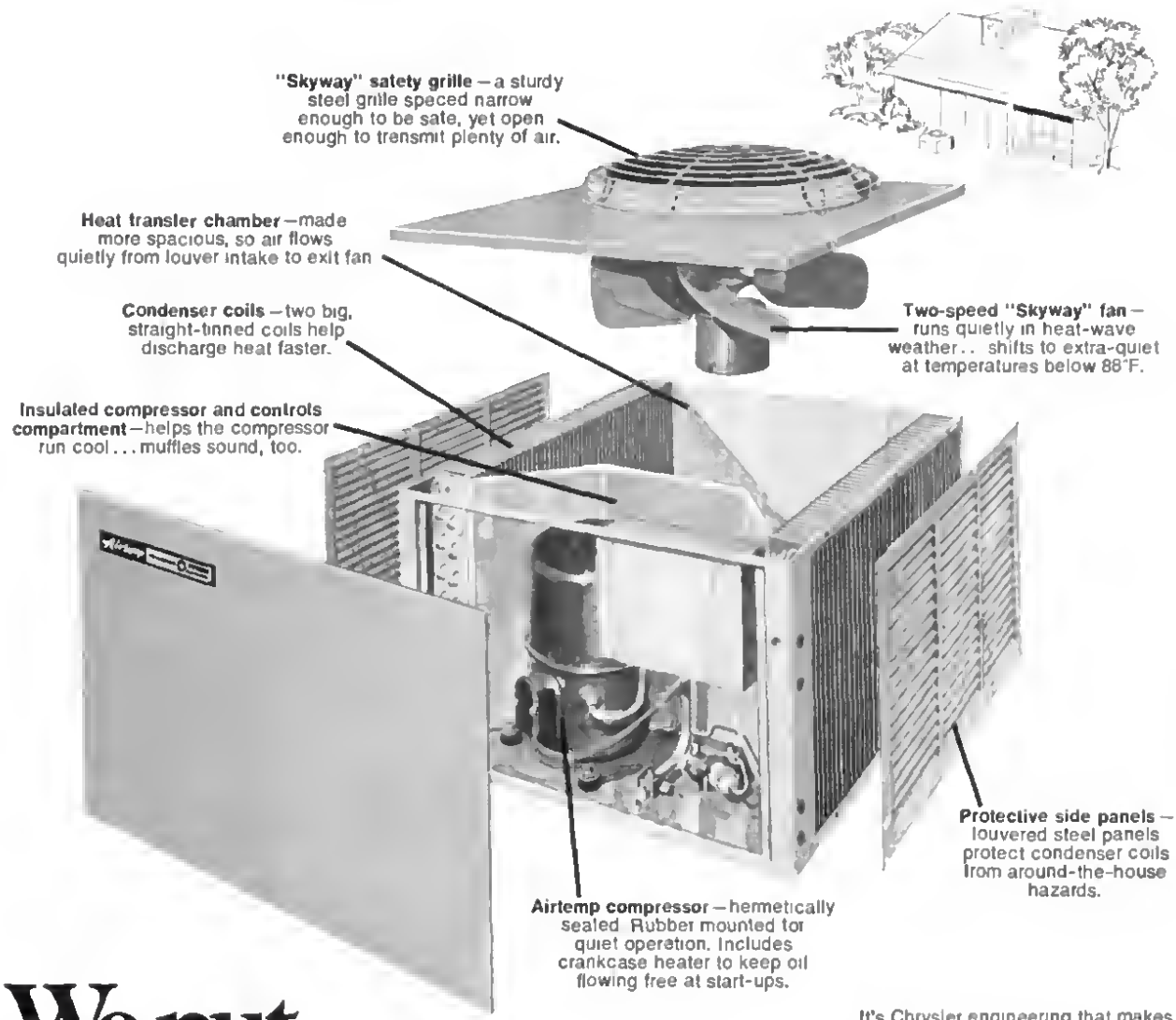
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Black Velvet. The smooth Canadian.



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Choose Chrysler Airtemp with confidence.

"This is one we owed the President."

--Kenneth P. O'Donnell and David F. Powers

Kenny O'Donnell and Dave Powers (the "Irish Mafia" as they were dubbed by White House correspondents) were JFK's closest companions and confidants for over fifteen years. They were at his side when he rang doorbells in Boston during his first campaign for the House in 1946—and at his side again in the tail of Air Force One as it returned him to Washington for the last time. As Bob Considine puts it,

"'Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye' is the work of two men who were closer to the 35th President of the United States than anybody else except his wife and his brother Bobby... It captures the gossamer charm that was Kennedy's—his moods, mannerisms, and the relationship with his wife, children, father, mother, brothers and sisters. It is far more intimate than anything else that has been written about the star-crossed President. And much blunter ..It is a book that teems with intimate dialogue, some bitter, some loving, all a part of the history of our times... We hardly knew him."

"JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE"

Memories of JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

KENNETH P. O'DONNELL and **DAVID POWERS**
with **JOE McCARTHY**



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Ford Galaxie 500 4-Door Hardtop. Among options shown are vinyl insert bodyside molding, vinyl roof, and Power Mini-vent Windows.



Furd LTD Brougham 2-Door Hardtop. Among options shown are a power-operated Sunroof, white sidewall steel-belted radial ply tires, and front cornering lamps.

If you think all new cars are the same, take a look at the new Fords.

The closer you look, the better we look.

Two unbiased panels of auto experts took a close look at all the 1973 cars. They tested them thoroughly.

Based on these tests, Ford won "Car of the Year" in Road Test's competition.

And Ford LTD won "Full-size Sedan of the Year" in Motor Trend's competition.

A close look shows why experts rated the restyled LTD's and Galaxie 500's so highly. Motor Trend said, "The clincher was Ford's stock in trade: A super quiet interior with isolation from road noise."

Ford luxuries that are standard impressed the experts. A 351 V-8. Automatic transmission. Bodyside moldings. Power steering. Power brakes. Power ventilation, and more.



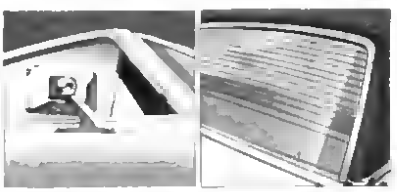
LTD luxurious Brougham interior shown with optional split bench seats, passenger recliner.

Ford's Front Room has ample space even for six-footers. Full-length door armrests. Plush carpeting. All standard.



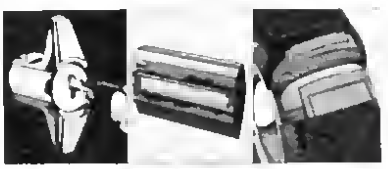
Super-size glove box. **Electric trunk lid release.**

More that's new about the '73 Fords . . . a bin-type glove box larger than any of Ford's standard-size competitors. An inside trunk lid release is available. So is an automatic seat back release on 2-Doors, more.



Remote control right-hand mirror. Power Mini-vents. **Improved electric rear window defroster.**

Better visibility ideas include an optional electric window defroster and a driver adjustable remote control right-hand mirror. And Power Mini-vents that provide more ventilation with less wind noise are available on 4-Doors.



New Anti-theft Alarm System. **Side door Steel Guard Rails.** **Steel-belted radial ply tires.**

For driving peace of mind . . . optional steel-belted radials tested to give the average driver up to 40,000 miles of tread life under normal driving conditions.

Safety features include side door Steel Guard Rails, a new energy absorbing bumper system and an optional Anti-theft Alarm System with spare tire lock and lockable inside hood release.

New styling, features, options and comfort. That's why we invite you to take a closer look. And that may be why Road Test calls the '73 Ford "the finest family car to be found at its price in showrooms today."

Quiet is the sound of a well-made car.

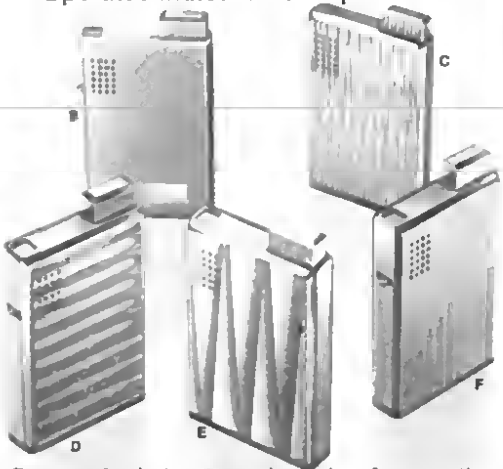
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Butane fuels in seconds, lights for months. Fingertip adjustable flame.

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(B) Sterling Silver	$50 00.	(E) Chrome plate	$19 95
(C) Chrome plate	$19 95	(F) Chrome plate	$19 95.

RONSON

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Steel Radial 500—we think you'll say "They're the best tires I've ever owned."

Two belts of brass plated high tensile steel cord under the tread. Better handling and steering than any conventional tire we've ever made. A computer designed quiet running tread. A 40,000 mile guarantee—that's three or four years of average driving.

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The 40,000 mile Steel Radial 500...another people tire from

Firestone

Don't get into 4-without knowing what

Everybody's been telling you how great 4-channel sound is. But nobody's really told you what it is. Sure you know that you need 4 speakers. But what you may not know is thet all 4-channal systems don't sound alike. So choosing a 4-channel system isn't as simpla as choosing a stereo system. That's why Panasonic wants you to know exactly what you can get in 4-channel sound. Befora you get into it.

What is 4-channel sound?

Four-channel sound starts where stareo, or 2-channel sound, laaves off. With sterao, the music you hear has baen divided into 2 parts. In 4-channel sound, the music is dividad into 4 parts. But to make matters confusing, there ara two kinds of 4-chennel systems. Discreta. And matrix.

Discrefe or mafrix?

A discrete system is the only one that gives you pure 4-channel sound. Because it's the only system that separates the sound into 4 distinct parts. There ara 4 separate signals. That go through 4 separate amplifiars. And come out of 4 saparate spaakars. This graatly reducas what anginaers call elactronic crosstalk or overlapping of channels. So tha musician hes control ovar the sound ha wants you to hear. He can giva you guitar on speakar A. Brass on speakar B. Drums on spaakar C. Vocals on epeakar D. Because of this high degree of sound separation, the listener will hear different instruments and volcas as they wera originally positioned. Engineers call this accurata sound localization. And you gat it only with a discrete system.

A matrix system elso starts with 4 signals. But thay're combined into two signals. Then synthesized again into 4 on the wey to your spaakars. That means a musician can't completely control the music you hear. Because the music he separated into 4 distinct parts in the studio won't come out that way when you finelly heer it. Speaker A will heve crosstalk from speakers B and C. That's why many musicians prefer the discrete systam.



Why Panasonic prefers discrete.

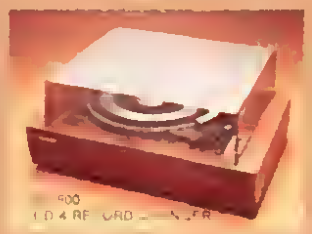
Sound separation. Accurete sound localization. And, on a discrete system, nothing is obsolete. From yesterday's monaural to todey's 4-channal. Panasonic systems play discrete 4-channel 8-track tapes. And stere tapes. Compatible Discrete 4-channel (CD-4) records. Like RCA Quadradiscs. And matrix 4-channel records. And our exclusive Quadruplex™ circuitry improves the sound of stereo tapes,





channel sound you're getting into.

records, and redio. And plays matrix 4-channel FM broadcasts. And if discrete 4-channel FM radio becomes a reality, Panasonic systems can be adapted for that, too.



Series 44.™ Panasonic 4-channel systems.

Panasonic Series 44™ music systems give you any kind of 4-channel sound.

And each system has something speciel. The RE-8840 can pley discrete 4-channel cartridges in your house, car, or boat. Because the 8-track pleyer slides out and fits into an optional car/boat brecket. And when you're home, the 4-channel balance scope lets you adjust the sound for anywhere in the room.

The bonus with the RS-864S is that you can record 2-channel 8-treck tapes. As well as listen to 4-channel tepes. There ere 2 VU meters. And Pana-Ject. To eutomatically eject the cartridge when it's finished.

The RE-8420 not only looks great, with its beautiful champagne gold face. It sounds great. Especially when you hear the price.

These three systems have special jacks for our optional CD-4 record changer, Model SL-800. It has a built-in discrete demoduletor. And plays monaural, stereo, matrix and discrete 4-channel records.

But if you'd rather have e changer built into your system, there's Model SE-4340. With our optional CD-4 demodulator (SE-405) and its semiconductor cartridge, the SE-4340 is a complete discrete 4-channel music center.

Each of these Serias 44™ systems hes a built-in 8-track player. And they all have FM, AM and FM stereo radios. A stereo indicator thet lights up when you're tuned in to e stereo station. A stereo selector swltch. FET to help bring in distant FM stations. And AFC to help keep them from drifting eway. You also get Panasonic's solid-state engineering and lush walnut wood cabinetry.

And all of our 4-channel systems let you adjust the sound to your own taste. With bass and treble controls. And volume controls for the four eir-suspension speekers.

Now that you're through reading. Listen.

There's only one way for you to understand why 4-chennel sound is so exciting. Listen to it. At a Penesonic dealer. The only problem you may have efter that is choosing which Panasonic system you want.





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just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Ave., N.Y. 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call toll free 800 243-6000 In Conn., 1-800 882-6500 Ask about any model.

King 19 mg "tar" 1.4 mg Nicotine Super King 21 mg "tar" 1.5 mg Nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report Aug. '82



Tough turns. Fast track. But lap times good and you're ready to unwind...with the full-bodied flavor only one cigarette delivers...

This...is the L&M moment.

RICH, RICH L&M

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

DAMN YANKEES

Most public comment on the Peterson-Kekich affair, aside from the plethora of jokes, went along the lines of, "It's their own business. It's a private matter. If they weren't ballplayers, there wouldn't be such a fuss."

But they are ballplayers, and there's the rub. It seems terribly obvious to say it, but an intense interest in athletic heroes exists precisely because they *are* heroes. They do things the fan only dreams of doing: catch a touchdown pass, hit a home run, drive in for a layup. Sure, the fan is interested in intimate details about athletes' lives, but at the same time he is uneasy about this humanizing process. Why do so many fans, union members among them, resent athletes going on strike and squabbling about raises and fringe benefits? Heroes are men apart, a juvenile fiction, an ideal representation of ourselves. When they betray human foibles, when they are shown to have problems and worries and personal disasters similar to our own, they are diminished—and so is the fan.

It is neither arch nor sentimental to say that thousands, possibly millions, of youngsters were stunned and distressed to hear about Peterson and Kekich. Does that really matter? Yes, it does, it matters a great deal. An interest in sport almost always begins in childhood, and retention of that interest is, at least in part, an attempt to recapture the joys of our youth. Sport *is* a diversion, fun, something to augment our lives or relieve the pressures. When an athlete's dirty linen *is* washed in public, it hurts the child in all of us.

Does the athlete then have a responsibility off the field as well as on? Probably. In the old musical comedy *Damn Yankees*, the earthy, lecherous ballplayers tell of their rejection of temptation in a song that has more than a modicum of truth in it:

We've got to keep our minds on the game.
We've got to think about the game!
The game! The game!
We've got ta think about the game,
The game, the game!
Booze and broads may be great,
Though they're great they'll have to wait,
While we think about the game!

BLAME McKENZIE

Jacques Plante, veteran National Hockey League goalkeeper, took Foster Hewitt and his son out to dinner. Therefore, says Ken McKenzie of *Hockey News*, seated around the table were the father, the son and the goalie host.

SENIOR CITIZENS

Any pretense that college sport is "for the kids" was abandoned at Rider College in Trenton, N.J. when Basketball Coach John Carpenter dropped five players from his squad for the last two games of the season for the simple reason that they were seniors. "He told us we'd practice Sunday at three o'clock," said Bruce Rembert, one of the seniors. "But we found a note on the door. The 10 underclassmen on the team would practice, but the five seniors would not and would not practice Monday, either. Instead, there would be a meeting.

"At the meeting he told us he wanted to look at the players he would have next year. He said if we wanted to make the trip to the next game [against Catholic University in Washington], we could go on the train, and he'd pay for everything. But we would be nothing more than spectators."

Captain Bill Clark, another senior, said, "He made it clear that we would sit in the stands, not on the bench. It was like we wouldn't even be associated with the team."

Carpenter replied, "Saying I would pay their way to Washington was correct but saying I would make them sit in the stands was erroneous. They could sit on the bench. They just weren't going to play."

He said he expected criticism, but added, "When you coach, you've got to take a little heat. When you're not able to run your own team, it would be time to get out."

COFFEE, TEA OR ZAP!

Atlanta has a woman hockey player. Not the NHL Flames, but the Eastern Airlines Embers in the Atlanta Amateur Hockey League. Patty Lynch is a 24-year-old stewardess who grew up playing hockey in Port Huron, Mich. The daughter of a high school coach, she is the only woman on the airline's 16-person team and one of only five Embers who had ever played the game before the team was founded two months ago.

The style of play is rough but loose—the Embers lost one game 27–6—and, says a male opponent (all of Lynch's opponents are male), "She knocked me on my rear end three times the other night." Nonetheless, Lynch says that when a puck hit her in the nose one night and blood ran down to the ice, "It was nice to be a woman. Both benches came to the rescue and everyone was so relieved that I was O.K. If it had been a guy, no one would have paid much attention.



"I try to act like a lady on the ice," she adds, "although it's difficult at times. It's kind of tough to hit the big guys, but the little ones I go after."

If that doesn't work, Lynch, a 5′ 6″, 123-pound center, has other plays. "Like on a face-off to open the game, I look up and open my eyes wide and blink. Sometimes it works. One guy told me

continued

if I wanted to be fair, I'd paint a mustache on my face."

In fact, Lynch—who dresses alone before the men enter the locker room—doesn't wear much makeup at all while playing: only false eyelashes. "I realize you can't try to look like a debutante on the ice," she says.

OONE ORASS

Forest Hills, bastion of traditional grass-court tennis in the U.S., has decided to dig up its time-honored turf and install an artificial surface. Charles Rider, president of the West Side Tennis Club, which is Forest Hills' formal name, says, "I regret it in some ways. Esthetically, grass is pleasing, and it is a faster surface, which I think is more fun. But we had 128 players in the men's division last year and 90 or so women, and they play singles, doubles and mixed doubles. It's like a gang war out there and grass is very perishable. Too, most tournaments today are not played on grass.

"The change is something the players want," Rider says, "and I think we have to conform to what they want. But there was no ultimatum, as some stories implied. The players hoped we would change, but they weren't going to come after us with a racket if we didn't."

The switch to the new surface will benefit Chris Evert and Ken Rosewall and others who play a defensive, backcourt game. Some deplore this, but Bill Talbert, who directs the Forest Hills tournament, disagrees. "The new surface," he says, "will help the player with beautiful ground strokes. We're going to have a much better game to watch."

SOME GUY

When the Oakland Raiders selected Southern Mississippi's Ray Guy in the first round of the NFL draft, they not only picked up an outstanding triple-threat kicking specialist but a player so skilled in other aspects of the game that he could eventually take over the duties of two or three men currently on the squad. At first Oakland will use him only to kick off and punt (George Blanda still has the field-goal franchise) in the hope that he will displace Jerry DePoyster, who averaged only 37 yards a punt in 1972 and finished last in the league. As a senior in college, Guy led the nation with a 46.2-yard average, including one 93-yarder, and his 44.7-yard career average was second highest in NCAA history.

He also kicked a 61-yard field goal, which means in time he may nudge the ageless Blanda into retirement. Currently only two men in the NFL—Cleveland's Don Cockroft and San Diego's Dennis Partee—regularly handle both punting and field-goal attempts. Having a player like Guy around who can do both means Oakland can afford to carry another quarterback or an extra defensive back, although Guy has talents in those areas, too. At Southern Mississippi he intercepted 18 passes in his career and last spring was even considered the team's No. 2 quarterback. He is 6′ 3″ and 192 pounds and a baseball pitcher good enough to have been drafted by the Cincinnati Reds. Some athlete. In any case, he is certainly a surer tackling safetyman and a better emergency passer than, say, Miami's Garo Yepremian.

UPBEAT NOTE

According to *Today's Health* the 10 American cities with the cleanest air—perhaps one should say those with the least dirty air—are, in order, Seattle, San Francisco, Dallas, San Antonio, Kansas City, Mo., Memphis, Houston, Toledo, Columbus, Ohio and Boston.

PLEASE GO

The pole vault is either the most exciting boring event in sport or the most boring exciting event. Pole vaulters, often the best athletes at a track meet, are also prima donnas, showboats, hams. The long minutes while they stand at the top of the runway psyching themselves for a superhuman try or possibly thinking about what they had for breakfast stretches the event to interminable lengths. At the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, for memorable instance, the pole vault lasted from 10 o'clock one morning until 10:30 that night.

Now Payton Jordan, the Stanford track coach and former coach of the U.S. Olympic team, has come up with a pole vault traffic light. The device sits on a golf cart near the runway. An amber light alerts the next vaulter that it is his turn. When the light turns green, he has three minutes to vault. If he fails to make his attempt before the light turns red, that's it. He has had his turn and the next man moves in.

It seems to work. Jordan says, "Usually the pole vault is still going after everything else is over, but in our first meet, with Fresno State, the vault was finished 30 minutes before the last event."

BONO ON BONE

New York Giant Fullback Charlie Evans has broken his left leg seven times, first as a youngster, later in college, still later in professional ball. The earlier fractures were all of the fibula, the smaller of the two bones in the lower leg, but the last was of the tibia, or shinbone, a much more serious matter. Evans is a superior blocking back, but as such he runs into situations conducive to cracking bones. The Giants' team physicians, Dr. Rudolph Bono and Dr. Anthony Pisani, decided enough was enough. If Evans would not stop breaking his leg they would make it unbreakable. Or at least a little less fragile.

"They felt my left leg was not getting enough calcium because of impeded blood flow," Evans said. Dr. Bono operated on the player and removed a portion of the sympathetic nerve that controls arterial blood flow to the leg.

"The operation is old as the hills," the doctor says. "It's usually performed on elderly people with circulatory problems. The improved circulation will increase the body temperature of Charlie's leg about 5°."

"That's the truth," Evans says. "You can feel the difference with your hand."

"It should bring his calcium metabolism up to a proper level," Dr. Bono explains. "He still has a broken tibia to heal and atrophied muscles to rebuild, but he should be ready when camp opens in July."

And, warm leg willing, go through an unfractured season next fall.

THEY SAID IT

• Golden Richards, Dallas Cowboys' second draft choice, asked where he got the name Golden: "My mother and father gave it to me."

• Reggie Smith, Boston Red Sox outfielder, asked about the New York Yankee wife-swapping deal between Pitchers Fritz Peterson and Mike Kekich: "If this had happened 11 years ago, Mama never would have let me play ball."

• Joe Gilmartin, Phoenix sportswriter, on Connie Hawkins, temperamental Suns star: "The Hawk is a work of art. Some nights he's poetry in motion; other nights, still life." **END**

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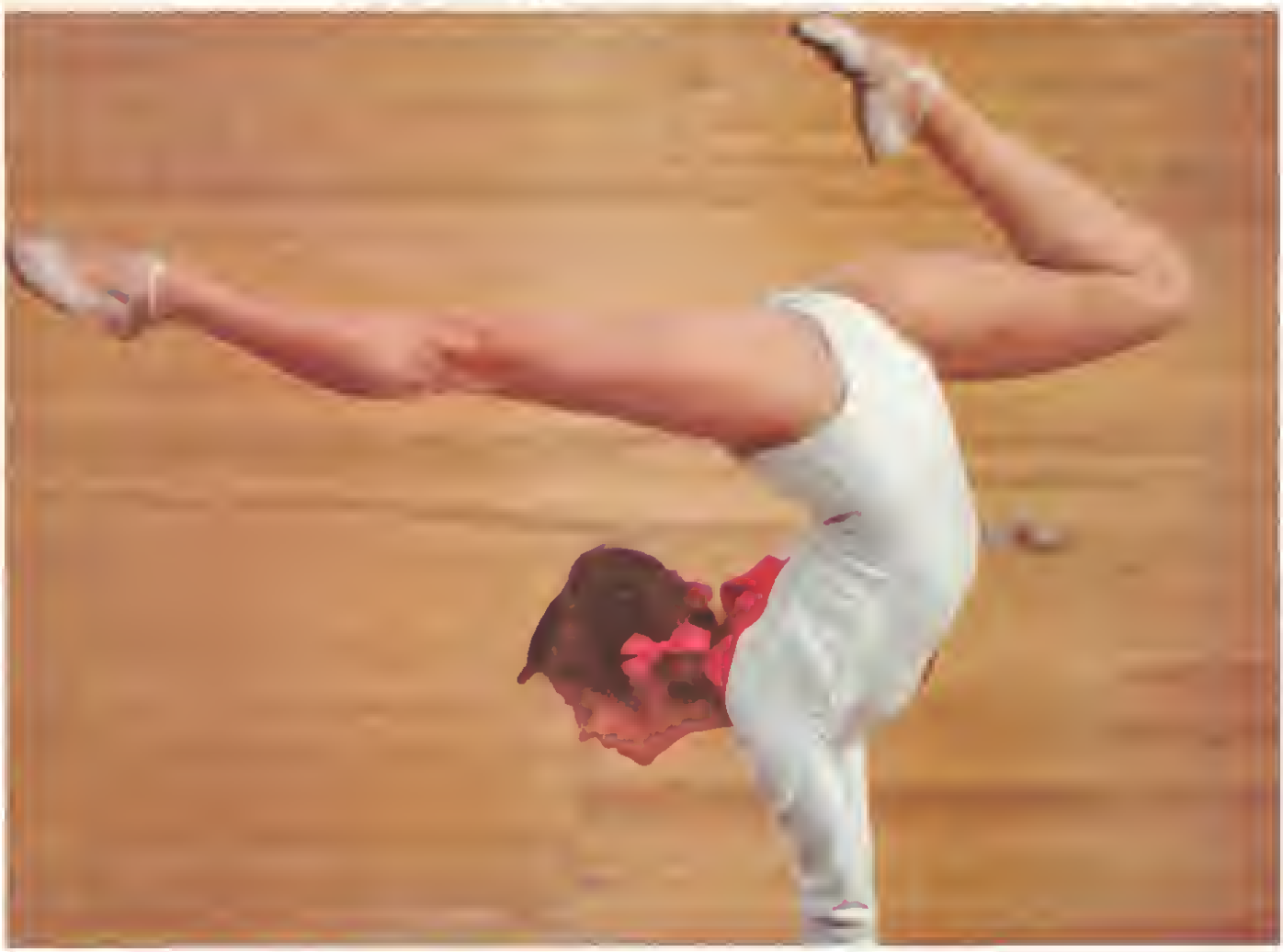
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MARCH 19, 1973

HELLO TO A RUSSIAN PIXIE





Olga Korbut, the girl of tears and triumph at the Olympics, is off on a tour of the U.S., star attraction of the Soviet women's gymnastic team

by MARTHA DUFFY

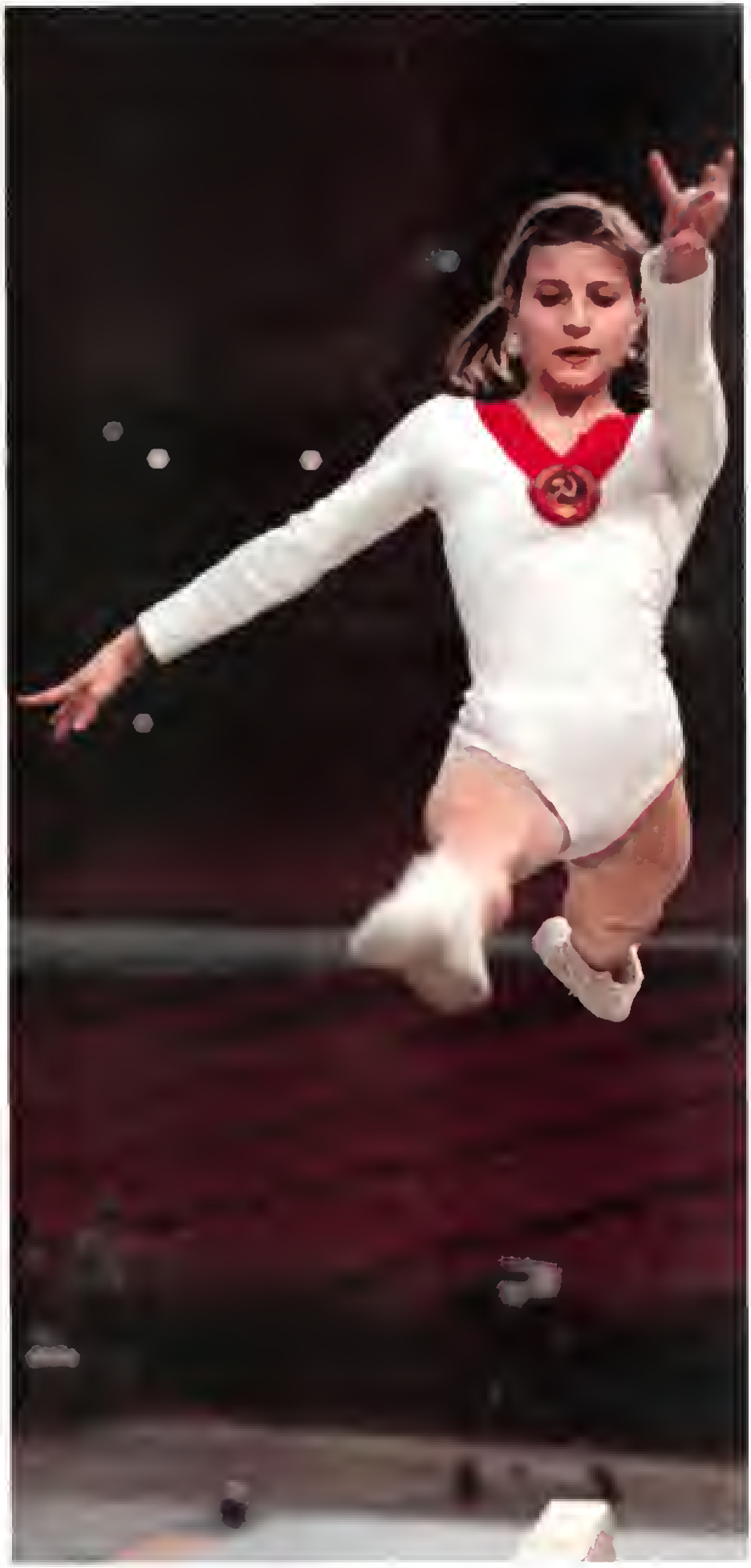
"We want Olga!" The chant came down from the vast spaces of the Astrodome, from a mostly teen-age crowd in Houston shouting for an elfin Russian girl. She grinned back and her smile suffused the Dome. That made them want her even more.

What the world needs every so often is something new, something spontaneous, uncontrived, even transcendent. Last year it actually arrived in the form of Olga Korbut (*see cover*), the tiny Russian gymnast who appeared at the Olympic Games in Munich and, via television, captured the hearts of the world.

Russian girl gymnasts are expected to deliver prodigal amounts of symmetry, grace and daring and reap in return their customary harvest of gold and silver medals. In that establishment 17-year-old 4′ 10″ Olga was totally fresh, without even the most modest advance heraldry. She shed energy on anyone who saw her. Her wide-mouthed smile was out of control most of the time, and it drew the kind of reaction that only a 6-months-old baby can usually manage. When Olga laughed everyone laughed with her; when she wept, it turned out, she had plenty of company, too.

She darted on the slim balance beam, swung high on the uneven bars, and what a flexible flyer she was. Her biggest triumph was a brand-new move, never displayed before by anyone, anywhere. Its technical title is simply "backflip," but even the most casual observer knew down his spine that he had just seen something unique.

continued



Olga performs spectacularly on the uneven bars (top left) and on the beam, where the height of her leap is a mark of excellence.



Rusuden Sikharulidze flips from the floor.

RUSSIAN PIXIE *continued*

She seemed to have wings, but at one point in one event, executing a simple glide kip she had done countless times before, she tripped badly. She was clearly out of the running and she went back to the bench and wept. The camera, already transfixed by her, caught every tear. From an unearthly sprite, a durable human heroine emerged.

Now the Russian women's gymnastic team is on a two-week tour of seven U.S. cities—Houston, Buffalo, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Washington and New York—and there is no question but that it was little Olga who brought them here. There are six girls altogether, and at least two of them, Ludmilla Turishcheva and Tamara Lazakovich, are generally considered more accomplished all-around gymnasts than Korbut. But without Korbut there would be no tour. It says so right in the contract—a document involving the AAU, the U.S. Gymnastic Federation, its Russian counterpart and the cosmetic firm Fabergé, which manages the tour and will underwrite any losses in the interest of sport and publicity. ("Anything that will make people sweat more," said one tired promoter.)

In New York, where they touched down, Olga talked zestfully to the press. She is proud of her English, but her leaders usually insist that she converse through an interpreter. No, she has no boyfriends. Yes, she has studied English for three years. No, this is not the first time she has received roses ("They were in the dustbin in Munich"). Her parents' instructions? "Be careful, be first, be joyful." During the next leg of the trip, to Houston, she sashays twice down the aisle of the plane in her shocking-pink sweater enjoying the stares. From her bulging flight bag hangs an object with a mass of violet hair. It is apparently a hedgehog, and Olga carries it, she says, because it smells of candy. At Houston airport, all the girls are presented with Stetsons. Delighted, they put them on at once, but only Olga gets the angle right—straight down almost to the eyes.

Fabergé people had put together a program of cultural diversions and amusements for the girls. On presenting it to the Soviet team, they received some shocks. Through his pretty interpreter, Leader Vladimir Smolevsky said *nyet* to everything. No lunches, no dinners, no tours. Instead, could they please have a sauna and a place to work out *now*? The AAU man rustled up a local gym, but no one could find a free sauna.

Negotiations continued, with the Russians patiently but adamantly winning every point. The next stop would be Buffalo. Surely the girls should see Niagara Falls. "We will see Niagara Falls if there is no sauna," said Smolevsky.

In short, Fabergé had just encountered the small, closed world of Russian gymnastics, where discipline reigns uncontested. Despite the fact that the girls were ashen with fatigue, Smolevsky explained: "Training is the best way to recover. The most helpful thing is active rest."

His charges would not quarrel with that. They need the gym the way fish need water and, once there, they can no more be reached than trout in a deep pool. Going about regimens that seem to spring from private need or inspiration, they ignore photographers, attendants, other athletes and even some male groupies who try to attach themselves to their entourage.

In the beginning of a workout there is some horseplay—always with 85-pound Olga in the middle. Two teammates swing her like a jump rope. She does a stag leap into another's arms, mocking the bravura end of classical ballet *pas de deux*. Then all the girls lose themselves in dodge ball.

Gradually they separate. Turishcheva, the best athlete and acknowledged group leader, may spend an hour in trancelike motion on the high, four-inch balance beam. Lazakovich, the most musical, traces and retraces her floor exercises. The younger girls are slightly more volatile: Rusudan Sikharulidze, a fiery Georgian; Luba Bogdanova, a daring girl with a loping stride who has not yet quite found her own style; Antonina Koshel, miserable because she has hurt her elbow slightly.

Soon they are unaware even of each other. But who are the three men hanging around on the sidelines staring at the ceiling, counting the empty house? They might be security guards, but they are in fact three of Russia's most famous gymnastic coaches. The three top girls travel with their own coaches, who each also superintends one younger girl during the trip.

At first the noncommunication between coach and pupil seems comical. In the U.S., coaches are constantly underfoot, encouraging or criticizing their

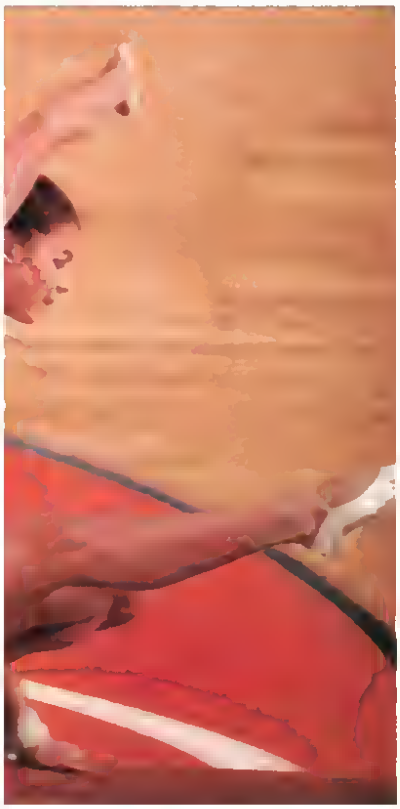
Ludmilla Turishcheva, the group's leader.



charges, "spotting" them—standing ready to catch them—on risky high maneuvers. The Russians look at things differently. Says Vikenty Dimitryev, who coaches Lazakovich, "The relationship is so close that a gesture is usually enough to correct a flaw. This approach makes the gymnast independent, as she must be in competition." He adds that in general it is harder to coach women than men. "They get frustrated more quickly," he sighs. "They like to be loved, to be admired."

Korbut's mentor, Renald Knysh, is the most unfathomable of an inscrutable lot. But between him and Olga there is animal communication. Sometimes they stare at each other from a distance like two cats; then Knysh may turn his back. But their gymnastics are mental as well. They are the two greatest innovators in the sport. "Olga's spectacular moves have evolved slowly," says Knysh. "The relation of the coach and the athlete is very prickly. There is a lot of tension." Knysh knows exactly what he is aiming at. "I am not interested in gold medals. Judges are usually slow in accepting innovation. What I am concerned with is how spectators react to Olga and I try to get her to think the same way." He does not add that the judges will follow, but in fact they usually do. In Munich, Korbut's marks soared after the audience booed her first day's scores.

moves carefully along the balance beam.





Olga's personal coach, Renald Knysh, watches her workouts from a distance, as is his style.

There has been no time yet to develop a new move, but the famous backflip is even more electrifying and technically perfect than at the Olympics. Since then she has received thousands of letters, some of them addressed to "Olga, Moscow," but she insists that she does not feel like a celebrity.

Still, the Olympics brought some changes. For one thing, she was given her own apartment in her hometown of Grodno near the Polish border. What part of town is it in? "In the same house, the same floor, the same corner as mine," says Knysh. Olga acquired some modern furniture along with hand-me-downs from her mother. She would like to decorate the walls with posters of herself, she says, "but there aren't any."

There will be if the voice of young Houston is heard. When the workouts move to the Astrodome, she is dogged by autograph-seekers, many with braces on their teeth. The gymnastic club of Andrews, Texas (for ages 8 to 15) journeyed nine hours and 600 miles to catch a glimpse of her. Hordes of delegates to a convention of high school entrepreneurs attempt to storm the seventh floor of the Astroworld Hotel, where the girls stay. No one succeeds, and the girls are not allowed to go anywhere without the entire party.

They do not seem frustrated, even Olga, for all her theatrical ways. They have quickly learned to love American television and start watching cartoons at 6:30 a.m. They diet strictly. Breakfast is the only real meal of the day and its high point in the U.S. is ketchup. One morning they washed down their eggs with three whole bottles.

It may have been the ketchup or perhaps the lingering effects of flight, but the tour's first performance in Houston had some ragged moments. Olga's flips were brilliant, but elsewhere her timing seemed hurried. Turishcheva fell off the balance beam and curtailed the rest of her program. Even so, her floor exercises—a free program done to music—provided the evening's most lyrical sequence. The crowd gave her two ovations, then went back to chanting for Olga.

When it was all over, Smolevsky pronounced himself satisfied. "They will loosen up now; the Astrodome is not the ideal place for gymnastics. It is a sport of precision as well as strength." He is doubtless right that his proud athletes will loosen up, hunker down, or do whatever else is necessary to bring about perfection. Niagara may have to wait. **END**



NOW PLAYING RIGHT: MANNY SANGUILLEN

With Roberto Clemente gone, Pittsburgh's fielding problems are manifold. Go-go bats must compensate for so-so gloves

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

"I really feel bad, because we miss him so bad," says Manny Sanguillen, the erstwhile Pirate catcher who has been assigned both Roberto Clemente's locker and the task of trying to replace him in right field this spring. "The last few years, to me he feel like my family. We used to have fun together, you know. Like when he try to make a home run inside the park, and Willie Mays throw him out. I put a towel down in the dressing room and slide into it and say, 'Oh, oh, I an old man now.'

"I don't like to talk too much about him. Everything come to my mind about him."

Dave Giusti, the Pirate player representative, cites another reason not to dwell on the memory of his late, inimitable teammate, who died Dec. 31 in a plane crash off the coast of Puerto Rico while trying to fly relief supplies to earthquake victims in Nicaragua.

"He's gone," says Giusti, "and there's not a thing we can do about it. And it may not be wise to talk too much about it. We might start thinking we're going to lose, when instead we should be thinking, 'Hell, we got up to 12 games ahead last year when he was out for quite a while.' "

There is a memorial plaque on the door of Clemente's room in Pirate City, the team's training complex in Bradenton, Fla., and commemorative coins are sold at the games. Each Pirate wears a strip of black material tacked onto his left shoulder.

"But baseball ain't gonna stop for nobody," says Pirate slugger Willie Stargell. "It's just a big business and it's gotta keep goin'."

On the bulletin board in the dressing room someone has pinned a newspaper clipping headlined BENCH SAYS PIRATES WON'T BE SAME WITHOUT CLEMENTE. In the story the Cincinnati catcher says the Pirates won't come off the bench swinging anymore without Clemente to inspire them.

"That's his opinion," says Stargell. "Opinions are like behinds, everybody's got one."

But the Pirates no longer have the man who averaged .317 over 18 years, got precisely 3,000 hits and played right field the way Segovia plays a *malagueña*, only with more bravura. How will they replace him?

Well, the power to get those big Clemente-model Pirate bats around and into the pitch has not passed away with Roberto. Without him Pittsburgh still has nine men—Sanguillen, Stargell, Gene Clines, Milt May, Dave Cash, Vic Davalillo, Rich Hebner, Al Oliver and Rennie Stennett—whose combined lifetime major league batting average is .289. And the list does not include Bob Robertson, who when not slumping is the team's second-best home-run threat.

Just last Saturday the Pirates beat Kansas City on four 380- to 440-foot home runs interspersed with shot after shot after shot. The Pirates did not just dump balls into the outfield or hit a lot of scraggly little grounders. They hit in bold strokes. Rip, rip, rip.

What won't be the same about the Pirates is the defense. As good a hitter as Clemente was, he was a better fielder "Sometime this year," says pitching ace Steve Blass, "somebody is going to go from first to third against us on a single to right. And I'm going to be shocked. It's never happened before, in all the time I've been in the big leagues, because Clemente has always been there. I'll find myself backing up first base on the play, because Clemente knew the lead runner wasn't going to try anything against him, so he'd try to pick off the hitter taking too big a turn."



A plaque marks Clemente's old room.

"Somebody would hit the ball against us," recalls Sanguillen, "and we all say, 'It's gone.' We don't even know Clemente is running. And then he go 'poom' against the fence and catch the ball. I don't know how he do it."

Nobody else knows how, either, but it falls to Sanguillen, one of baseball's best catchers but an untried outfielder, to take over in right if he can, and if *he* can be suitably replaced behind the plate. Sanguillen is one of the few catchers the game has known who has not only the hands, arm and bat but also the speed and heart to take on such a challenge. And to date Sanguillen has played only 30 or 40 games in the outfield, most of them in winter league ball.

In his second game in right field this spring Sanguillen fell down before coming to terms with a single and did some unnecessary scrambling while chasing down a double. Last year in St. Louis, in one of his two outfield appearances, he ran straight at a line drive to his right instead of cutting back to get it on the hop, then lost it in the lights. He fell and three runs scored.

"But I would have caught it in the air if it hadn't been for the lights," Sanguillen says, and maybe—shades of Ron Swoboda in the 1969 World Series—he will be a man to make the unconventional great play. After all, he can hit a ball off his ear or off his toe on a line to any point in the park, and he has organized a flurry of long arms and legs into a consistently distinguished catching performance.

Still, it will be some time before Sanguillen settles in. "You don't know if you going to make the play," he says. "You not sure you going to throw the ball the right place. It is like looking for a new family. Home plate was my family."



Making a shaky start as Roberto's replacement in right field, Sanguillen reaches for a fly.

The removal of Sanguillen from the catcher-infield family raises doubts about its stability. Young May seems capable but still has to prove himself as a regular catcher. And an infield of Hebner, 32-year-old Gene Alley, Cash and Stargell is not the most agile in baseball. One thing that hurt the Pirates in last year's playoffs was that too many ground balls got through that infield.

Stargell, an excellent leftfielder, is a so-so first baseman; Robertson is vice versa. But Stargell will be at first and Robertson—or Clines, Davalillo, Stennett or rookie Rich Zisk—will be in left, because Stargell cannot subject his bad knees to any more outfield pounding.

So this may be the first Pirate team in at least 19 years without any dash afield. It is Stargell's belief, however, that "we'll miss the man more than the ballplayer. There are a lot of men going around saying they're great, but there aren't many good men left."

"Big game or not," says May, "Clemente was always diving to make a play. You'd think, who am I to loaf if a fella like that is busting his butt?"

"But it wasn't life and death every moment," says Blass. "Three minutes before game time he'd be stretched out naked on the training table. We timed him once at 34 seconds getting into a full uniform. We laid it all out and it just jumped on him.

"We'll miss his agitating. Other guys, people just look up for a minute and say, 'Oh, that's just Johnson yelling at Blass again.' But when Clemente got to going back and forth with somebody, you knew it was something *good*, and a crowd would gather."

"Baltimore without Frank Robinson," a baseball man said when Robinson was traded to L.A., "is like, God forbid, a mother of six young children dying." Clemente was not the same kind of strong, stalwart figure on the Pirates. He was a more complex human being He was very proud, and could seem very innocent and also very defensive. He didn't like to play when he fell below par, because he didn't like to misrepresent his abilities. And some of the complaints that kept him below par seemed exotic. The Pirate team he came up with resented his peculiarities, and he remained distant. After the 1960 World Series he dressed quickly, left the clubhouse celebration and went down to whoop it up with the fans.

The grandness with which Clemente approached the '71 Series might have put off many teammates. Stargell was not hitting, Clemente told Sanguillen, so "I'm going to have to sacrifice myself to hit the long ball." The possibility for friction existed between Clemente and Stargell, who always played hurt. There was no such friction.

Clemente's fellow stars in the last few years seemed to realize that having him around was well worth their accepting his own rich sense of himself. And as intent as they were last week on looking ahead and advancing their own careers, they didn't have to be prodded much to talk about Clemente. "I wanted the chance to play," said May, "but if this is what it took for me to get it, . . ."

"He told me that the last three years he was the happiest man in the world," said Sanguillen. "He say, 'When I am sick and go home now I listen to you guys play on radio and I'm so happy because of all the talents, I know somebody going to do something.'

"When he die it was so big in Puerto Rico people stop everything. Nobody have any more parties for New Year's. Everybody go to the beach to try to find him. Try to find the body or at least something. I was really hurt for his wife. I know how much one and the other used to love, and be together. She went down to the beach every day, too, to pray or see what she could do. I think she is still going down there.

"Clemente is still on the ball club. His spirit belong here. You know how great he was in the outfield. And he gives his life for somebody he don't know." **END**


HOUST
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DOWN TO THE SWEET SIXTEEN

The season's survivors continue their battle into the NCAA regionals. By Saturday just four will be left, and only the surprise of the decade will keep one of them from being irrepressible UCLA

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

If somebody will clear the place of all this debris: if the probation sufferers over here and the ineligibility cases over there and all the college basketball people everywhere who have been charged with forgery, bribery, robbery, extortion, kidnap, child abuse, old age and failure to replace the cap on the toothpaste will kindly move out, maybe we can get some kind of a tournament started. Now.

The NCAA coasted into its 35th annual basketball playoffs last week with visions of perfection dancing ahead. Unfortunately, after many seasons of trying, the venerable organization seemed no nearer its ideal than ever before. For when the 1973 NCAA playoffs are remembered in the years to come, it will not be for any sense of logic or sweet reason. Who wasn't there will seem as basic as who was, who retained sanity as important as who won games.

This was the year the NCAA sent South Carolina and its carpetbag full of New Yorkers all the way to Wichita where there isn't even a delicatessen worth the cream cheese. It hid Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons way up in the mountains of Logan, Utah where nobody could hear his funny lines ("We'll have to parachute in there," Abe was heard to say in the distance. "Plus battle some grizzlies.") And finally this was the year North Carolina State—unbeaten, untied and, some said, unscrupulous—was forced to sit at home on probation while everybody else fought for the championship of the other 49 states. A moment of silence, y'all, while the Wolfpack bays at the Carolina moon.

State's problems were of its own making, but baffling any cogent analysis was the NCAA's first-round pairings last Saturday that had the two best teams in the East and the two best in the Midwest facing off against each other. This ploy immediately eliminated the splendid Olympian, Mike Bantom of St. Joseph's, as well as Houston's carnival style. What the pairings also did was establish the credentials of Providence (which beat St. Joseph's 89–76) and Southwestern Louisiana (whose Dwight Lamar scored 35 points while the Cajuns were running away from Houston 102–89) as forces to be reckoned with in the ensuing rounds.

As always the question is can Providence or Southwestern Louisiana—or anybody else—reckon with UCLA? Can Long Beach? Can Marquette? Can Maryland? Can Austin Healy? Uh, Austin Peay? Come again?

All season long, rival coaches have been puzzling over the true worth of the current Bruins. Overrated is one opinion. Can't shoot outside. Don't press that well. One-man team. Other observers claim just the opposite. Pacific's Stan Morrison says there are two leagues in college and one contains only UCLA. New Mexico's Norm Ellenberger insists it is yet to be determined if UCLA is human. Southern Cal's Bob Boyd says the Bruins may be better than ever and that they are to be compared only to the UCLA team of 1968, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's junior year.

With all of this on the UCLA side, can the NCAA tournament be as thoroughly set up for the Bruins to win again as it appears to be? Consider that here is UCLA with its John Wooden and its Bill Walton and its Keith Wilkes and it is permitted to play the West Regional at home in Pauley Pavilion, where its record is 117-2. Here are the Bruins with their 71 consecutive victories and their six straight national championships (eight in the last nine years) and their rebounding strength and their barbed-wire defense and their loaded bench and maybe their best team of all time, and they are granted another favor?

Late developments seemed to make UCLA's task easier than ever. Before the qualifying even started, two more teams with high potential faltered. North Carolina, beaten in the ACC tournament by lowly Wake Forest with the help of the familiar Last Ditch Soviet Bomb Pass; and Minnesota, which had all the talent but not enough heart to withstand the Big Ten's final week.

So we are left with a veritable *Poseidon Adventure* of an NCAA tournament, where audiences at the four regional sites will have to make do with watching 16 survivors of conference races and preliminary rounds battle each other this weekend at Charlotte, N.C., Nashville, Tenn., Houston and Los Angeles. The next week the four winners will meet in St. Louis in a revised semifinals format that sends the West against the Mideast and the East against the Midwest with the championship game scheduled for Monday night, March 26.

The annual frenzied pursuit of UCLA was put in fine perspective in Logan last week when Lemons was asked how he might play the defending champions. "A horrifyin' subject," said Coach Abe. "That's like thankin' about buyin' a cem-

continued

Southwestern Louisiana's Dwight Lamar (10), Kevin Grevey of Kentucky (35) and Providence's Ernie DiGregorio shot opponents dizzy but Maryland's tall Tom McMillen was involved in the dizziest shootout of all.

etery plot." But Lemons was spared any chance when Arizona State dropped in layups all night to beat OCU in the opening round, 103-78.

Coach Ned Wulk's Sun Devils came out of nowhere this season, using "The Flying Chicano," Mike Contreras, along with eight other men to win their league on the final day. They may be the most physical team in WAC history and, against UCLA, they will have history on their side; Arizona State was the last team to defeat the Bruins in championship play. That was in 1963.

Contreras and Jim Owens compose a good backcourt, but the Sun Devils will need 6'11", 260-pound Ron Kennedy playing well above his head and bulk to stay in the game with UCLA. "The Bruins can do a few more things than Oklahoma City," Wulk winks, "and Walton is a comer."

Bill Walton will especially come to play if, as expected, Long Beach gets past San Francisco to qualify for another renewal of that long-running series, The Armenian Meets The Wizard. Coach Jerry Tarkanian's 49ers are not a cinch. If they are sluggish and looking ahead, as they were against Weber State, they will be defeated by an excellent Don team that has rugged shooters in Kevin Restani and Phil Smith as well as size, poise and a notable lack of fear. But Ed Ratleff (sometimes referred to as Ed Ret-Laff by NBC announcers) should prevail and get his team to UCLA on individual talent alone.

In the past two West Regionals the sideline by-play between UCLA and Long Beach has been as nasty as any bitter rivals could want. It erupted in 1971 when a UCLA administrator sat at courtside and badgered the referees while being hassled himself by a Long Beach radio announcer. Last year during their rough, spitfire contest, Wooden had words with two Long Beach players and called the 49ers' play "disgraceful and unethical," after which Ratleff claimed UCLA was "protected" by the officials.

This week Tarkanian is already upset about his ticket allotment in Pauley, where UCLA closed public sale and reserved most of the seats for its own fans. That is SOP for a host team, of course, but the Long Beach coach also says that, to be fair, the NCAA West Regional should be held in Houston anyway. Right on, Armenian.

As for Ratleff, this is his Last Tango in Pauley and he aches to bring off his winterlong prediction that the 49ers will beat UCLA. Two years ago, employing its vaunted 2-3 zone, Long Beach had the game won until Ratleff fouled out. Last year no defenses worked and the 49ers were never in it.

Tarkanian believes the Bruins' outside shooting is vulnerable and that a zone still is the way to stop them, but his own defense has been ineffective with little Rick Aberegg in the lineup, and that is Tark's quandary. Aberegg is too valuable offensively to be replaced.

"UCLA is making a mistake showing its games on delayed TV," said Long Beach's 6'11" Center Nate Stephens recently. "I go home and figure out ways to stop Walton. He can be stopped." Stephens made his observation just after he had held San Diego State's 6'7" John Anderson, a starter who was averaging fewer than 10 points, to 18. So much for Long Beach logic.

However, if the twin power boys,

A LOOK BACK AT THE UCLA RECORD

The Bruins have won the NCAA eight times in nine years. Had freshmen been eligible in 1966 it could have been a sweep.

1964 Unranked in preseason polls, this team led by 6'2" Walt Hazzard still is Coach John Wooden's favorite among all UCLA titlists. It was also his smallest championship team—no starter was taller than 6'5"—but it compensated for its deficiencies with a merciless full-court zone press that shattered opponents. The Bruins were 29-0 when, in the finals, they met Duke with its two 6'10" pivotmen and two future NBA All-Stars, Jeff Mullins and Jack Marin. UCLA harassed the Blue Devils into 29 errors and won with a record score, 98-83. A dynasty had begun.

1965 The power of the press became Subject A in off-season clinics as coaches debated methods of coping with UCLA's swarming defense. The answer seemed immediately at hand when the team was upset 110-83 by Illinois in the season opener. That was only wishful thinking. Wooden decided to let Gail Goodrich, a shooter, run the offense. The Bruins lost just once more before meeting No. 1 Michigan in the NCAA final. Goodrich's thrusts fouled out the entire Wolverine front line. He scored 42 points in a 91-80 victory and UCLA had its second title in a row.

1966 At its freshman-varsity game, UCLA got some good news along with the bad. The Brubabes thrashed the varsity, presaging a year in which UCLA would not win a third straight NCAA championship. But the star of the game was 7-1⅜" freshman Lew Alcindor, who scored 31 points, grabbed 21 rebounds and would soon begin his own three-year era. Had freshmen been allowed to play then, it might have been four. As Don Haskins, coach of champion Texas Western, said, "This was probably a once-in-a-lifetime thing." It was, at least, a once-in-a-decade thing.

1967 Alcindor set a difficult precedent for himself by ramming home 56 points in his debut against USC. Scattered about the postgame debris were some dozen single-game records. But he later followed that with 61 points. Despairing coaches were beginning to say that the last two initials in UCLA stood for Lew Alcindor. The Bruins went over 99 points 12 times and to stop this assault rivals turned to a non-offense, the stall. It did no good. UCLA won each of its last 10 games by at least 15 points, including the NCAA title game against Dayton, 79-64.

Leonard Gray and Roscoe Pondexter [illegible] who is the best sixth man in college—play to their strength . If Aberegg, a flaky sort, can maintain composure . If Stephens can stay awake and help keep Walton off the boards . . . If the 49ers can shoot well, keep close, hold their poise and let Ratleff take over the game, it is possible they will win

Southwestern Louisiana, its suit vs. the NCAA now in the law courts, should get out of the Midwest without too much trouble Of course, trouble has been the [illegible]'s middle name since January when it was charged with 125 violations and afflicted with a neat case of galloping paranoia. Just after that USL was humbled by 42 points at Jacksonville and the season looked gone But two days later, trailing Cincinnati by 19 points at halftime and on the verge of quitting, something stirred inside the Cajuns and right then they turned the season around USL won that game and the team has played with determination and a new sense of purpose ever since

Coach Bert [illegible] Pete] Shipley, Bo Pete Lamar and all the rest have even kept in good humor while being subjected to all kinds of innuendo, insults and "Hey, Big Spender" tunes from opposition bands "I was supposed to have received $100 after a game we played and Roy Ehron $450," jokes Lamar "Now, man, that sounds kind of backwards, doesn't it?"

During recent months Lamar has become a proud father and a complete player, the formerly morose Ehron—whose white headband makes him look like someone the MASH people lost hold of—has stopped loafing and freshman Larry Fogle has quelled his tempestuous personality enough to help considerably No fewer than eight Cajuns could have a future in the pros, and when this team is zooming and unworried by what it considers biased referees, it is nearly impossible to contain

Kansas State, whose Jack Hartman bemoans the worthlessness of his Tartan floor, the lack of media attention for his team and hot water in its showers, will get first crack at USL. His Wildcats have strong Steve Mitchell and Larry Williams up front, feisty Lon Kruger in backcourt and a fine sense of discipline and coaching They are the soundest team in the regional, but they are used to playing with that old 30-second clock on the Big Eight wall. The quicksilver Cajuns should easily beat the K-State zone down the floor, and when they do not Lamar will lire his grenades. The Wildcats should learn quickly enough that Bo Pete can get off a lot of grenades in 30 seconds.

In the other half of the draw the Happiness Boys of Memphis State will meet South Carolina's Kiddie Korps Though Frank McGuire talks a lot about freshmen Alex English and Mike Dunleavy, the Gamecocks continue to play their awful "passive" zone and they have to rely too much on smooth senior Kevin Joyce to carry them

The man with Ulster in his eyes will not be enough against the hungry Tigers from Memphis, whose Larry Kenon should have a field day inside against South Carolina's 7-footer, Danny Traylor. If there must be a dark horse, Coach Gene Bartow's Memphis team is a good choice Besides having rebounders Kenon and Ronnie Robinson, who can go get the ball with anybody, and Larry

continued

1968 College basketball was reduced to two last defenses against Big Lew. One was the NCAA rules committee, which took his dunk shot away; the other was Elvin Hayes of Houston, who said, "Alcindor's not at all what they put him up to be." Prophetic words, it seemed, when the Cougars snapped UCLA's 47-game win streak 71–69 before 52,693 in the Astrodome But Alcindor was playing with double vision caused earlier by a finger in his left eye When the two met in the NCAA semifinals, UCLA routed Houston 101–69 The North Carolina final was anticlimactic

1969 UCLA and Alcindor played out their unprecedented string of three titles in a row with the detached air of those whose success has been preordained. Lynn Shackelford tossed in the free throws that nailed down an 85–82 thriller over Drake in the semifinals, one of the Bruins' few interesting victories, and said "A lot of it has been boring Everybody said we would win three That has taken a lot out of the accomplishment" Alcindor made 15 of 20 shots against overmatched Purdue in the finals and stood on a chair to cut down the nets after the 92–72 trouncing.

1970 Wooden hated to lose the man he would soon call Lewis Kareem, but he looked forward to coaching to win rather than not to lose. South Carolina was the preseason favorite to break UCLA's latest streak, but the pickers had overlooked Steve Patterson, a mechanical 6'9" center who had been redshirted for the day when Alcindor was no longer around, and two multitalented forwards, Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe. For a change, in the NCAA finals Jacksonville had the 7-footers but the Bruins dominated Artis Gilmore and UCLA won easily 80–69.

1971 The team Wooden calls his "most confident" lost only once when Notre Dame's Austin Carr drove through it for 46 points but came close half a dozen other times With reports of racial friction on the squad and Henry Bibby's shooting far off, winning became more difficult than it had been in five years Patterson's 29 points just did stave off Villanova 68–62 in the NCAA final When the clock had almost run out, Wicks told Wooden on the bench, "Coach, it's been a great career" Bounding back to play, he added, "You're really something"

1972 Straight off the Walton Gang looked like another of those three-year UCLA afflictions It began with seven 100-point games and finished with 30 victories Comparisons between Center Bill Walton and Alcindor were inevitable Alcindor's intimidated opponents shot .383, Walton's .382, and each had 466 rebounds as a sophomore. Louisville's Denny Crum, a former UCLA assistant, was back in Los Angeles to see the Bruins beat his Cardinals and Florida State in the NCAA finals. He called this the best UCLA team he had seen The beat goes on

Finch, who smiles all the time he is killing an opponent softly, the Tigers may bring along their *Shaft* fan, Isaac Hayes, to do his number.

Still, Memphis State is not a tournament-tested club and its lack of quickness will be a major factor against a foe like Southwestern Louisiana. It is obvious now that the Cajuns have become almost passionately motivated by their indictments and they are primed to unlimber on anyone who gets in the way. This tournament may be USL's last before banishment ("It's a shame they're in," says the NCAA's Tom Scott. "I hope they get beat quick"), and the Cajuns want it to be memorable.

The surprise of the year in the Mideast is the appearance of Austin Peay (didn't he play opposite Nita Naldi in *The Loves of Satan*?). In reality, Austin Peay is that wild team that came from last to first in the Ohio Valley and did it under a Lake and through a Fly. Coach Lake Kelly and freshman James (Fly) Williams qualified last week when the Governors made enough of the 53 shots they cast off in the first half against Jacksonville to hang on at the end so Fly could score the winning basket in a 77–75 victory.

"I hadda pop the top," said Fly.

It has been a storybook season for high-scoring Williams, who because of his nickname has had to withstand flyswatters, flypaper and at least one batter dressed as a can of Raid. But it isn't over yet. Sheer, raw speed will stand the Governors in good stead Thursday in Nashville against a Kentucky team that has never been accused of setting sprint records.

The Wildcats, appearing in their 21st NCAA tournament (a record), have had quite a fairy tale of their own going this March. At one point they were 3-3 and being booed at home. Worse, they were being ignored by everyone except Adolph Rupp, whose slings and arrows kept zinging into the back of first-year Coach Joe Hall.

Then Hall patiently brought his charges on, watched them "grow up" more times than Tuesday Weld and led them past Alabama at midseason. That contest reversed the flow of things: the 'Cats won their last nine games and Kevin Grevey turned into one of the hottest sophomores in the land.

"We wanted to show that a good white team can beat a good black team," sophomore Mike Flynn said after the Alabama victory. It is likely the Wildcats will get another chance at that since their old sparring partner, Marquette, is back again in the other half of the draw.

The Warriors always have found a way to lose this regional in the past, but the clues say now is their time. They are probably the quickest team in America, for one thing. They have a new dominant big man in Maurice Lucas, for another. Even the superb scrap and hustle that Bobby Knight's Indiana will bring to their game should not be enough to offset Marquette's dazzling movement and board play.

Bobby T, or "General Patton," as Marquette's Al McGuire calls Knight, has done the coaching job of the year in molding a freshman backcourt to go with a couple of sophomores and team leader John Ritter. The Hoosiers' tenacity in outlasting Minnesota at the bell was impressive, and they are very deep. For Indiana to keep winning, however, senior Center Steve Downing has to have exceptional nights, and it is probably too much to expect him to battle alone Marquette's Lucas, Larry McNeil and the King of Garbage, George (Sugar) Frazier, up above the rims.

"General Patton will have his troops ready," says McGuire. "All I hope is they let us play. We like to be physical."

The winner of this game should get by Kentucky to St. Louis. The Warriors especially have a score to settle with the Wildcats from last year when Kentucky not only beat them but took some cheap shots, too. McGuire, certainly, is a master at score-settling, and his team finally should take the Mideast.

Down at Charlotte, meanwhile, all of Lefty Driesell's fans in Carolina are sure to lay out the welcome mat for the prodigal son. Lefty coached at Davidson for nine years. Now he coaches Maryland. You remember Maryland—the Pepperdine of the East. Well, after N.C. State was banished and North Carolina was upset last weekend, Driesell suddenly found himself with the stupefying prospect of having only to beat Clemson, Wake Forest and Syracuse to reach the East final. Quickly, Maryland was two-thirds there, backing in all the way, and everybody still had Lefty to kick around some more.

Maryland is one of the more interesting teams in the country, combining guys who play tennis, quote Ferlinghetti, impersonate clowns, dig paintings by Cézanne and serve on presidential committees. The Terps have two Whites, two Browns, a Bo, a Bozo, a Mac, a Mo and much more—Len Elmore by name. Despite the presence of the more publicized Tom McMillen, it is the 6′ 9″ Elmore upon whose broken foot the hopes of the Terps now rest. Maryland needed him against Wake Forest last week and he won the game with his hobbling rebounding. The next night Driesell's men played so well they almost beat N.C. State without him.

Now peaking and playing its best under the direction of freshman John Lucas, Maryland should get by small and pesky Syracuse, but the East finale might be a different story. There, Driesell's guards, Lucas and defensive ace Bob Bodell, will be hard-pressed to stop a Providence backcourt that is probably the best in the country.

This assumes the Friars defeat their nemesis of last year, Penn, which is no certainty. The Quakers under Coach Chuck Daly have led the nation in defense all season and they eliminated St. John's in the first round by holding Bill Schaeffer to just 16 points. Penn's reconstructed backcourt, with sophomore John Beecroft, handles pressure well, and everybody plays defense with savage flair. But the offense depends entirely on Phil Hankinson and Ron Haigler, and Daly admits to having "reluctant shooters."

This is a grudge battle for the Friars, who thought they could go far in the tournament last season before Penn took them apart. Now Providence has the bigger—and the littler—guns. Little is Ernie DiGregorio, who scored 31 against St. Joe in the first round and who, with 6′ 4″ Kevin Stacom alongside, causes nightmares for any defense. Forward Fran Costello is a clutch shooter. And Marvin Barnes, though a mere 6′ 8″, may be second only to Bill Walton among commanding pivotmen. The Friars had one shot at UCLA already and got rolled. But they proved they could score on the Bruins even on Stacom's worst night of the year, and the handsome transfer from

continued



The name says it all:
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Less 'tar' than 99% of all menthol cigarettes sold. Yet Iceberg 10
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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How to get the for your money.

Buying stereo can be confusing.

One friend says you have to spend a mint. Another tells you about a "special" bargain on a foreign-made set. And overly enthusiastic salesmen might just confuse you with all kinds of technical specs.

Well, fact is you do have to know a little bit about stereo to make sure you're getting the most music for your money. But you don't have to be an engineer. Or even a buff. Just an intelligent shopper armed with a few basic facts.

So here they are



Start with the Receiver

A good music system starts with a good stereo receiver. (A stereo receiver is a combination of a stereo amplifier and AM/FM/FM stereo tuner.) So that's a logical place to begin your buying.

But picking the right receiver is no picnic. Because receivers by themselves don't do a thing you can see or hear. They just receive tiny sound impulses from a record, tape, or radio station, magnify them millions of times, with as little distortion as possible, and drive the speakers with the magnified impulse.

All of which means that two of the most important things to look for in receivers are how much distortion takes place and how much power there is to drive the speakers.

Distortion ratings (called T.H.D.) are simple. The lower the number the better. For example, Sylvania receivers CR2742 and CR2743 both have a rating of 0.5% at full power output, which is considered good.

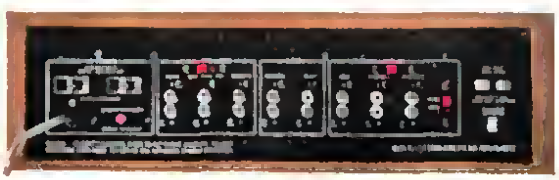
Power is a bit more complicated. There are several kinds of ratings. But the one that counts is the "continuous" or RMS rating. Here the higher the number, the more power you have to drive speakers. A receiver like the Sylvania CR2742, with a continuous power rating of 25 watts per channel, can easily drive four big speakers. If you want an even larger system, with speakers all over the house, the Sylvania CR2743 can handle them with a continuous power rating of 50 watts per channel. If you can't get a continuous power rating, be suspicious!

The next things to check are the features. A good stereo receiver should have solid-state circuitry, Field Effect Transistors (FET's), and ceramic filters. We won't go into their technical functions here, but be sure to look for them while buying. Quality receivers will have them.

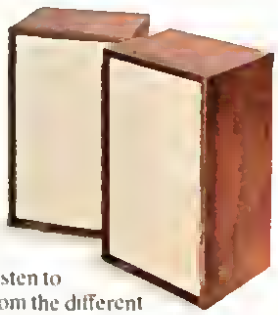
Your receiver should also have a full-function jack panel (like the one on the back of the Sylvania CR2743 shown below) that allows you to add extra speakers, tape decks, headphones, or other equipment. And make sure there's built-in capability to adapt the new quadraphonic sound systems in case you want to expand in that direction.

Every Sylvania receiver, for example, has built-in Phase Q4 matrix four-channel circuitry to enhance ordinary two-channel stereo. This gives the effect of four-channel sound. In addition, you can get true (discrete) four-channel sound simply by adding our special new DMQ2784W quadraphonic converter. (And of course in both cases you need two extra speakers.)

Finally, check the price. As a guide, the Sylvania CR2742 gives you 50 watts total continuous and all the rest for $199.95.* The CR2743 gives you all that and 100 watts total continuous for $279.95.* So no matter what brand you choose, make sure you get just as much for just as little.



most music



Onward to the Speakers

The technical stuff's out of the way. Now comes the fun part.

The only way to buy speakers is to listen to them. Compare the different sounds from the different sizes. Ask the salesman about "air" or "acoustic" suspension speakers. In general, they deliver the most satisfying speaker sound.

Make the salesman work a little. Switch back and forth between the big, medium, and small speakers. Play it by ear. The ones that sound best to you are the ones to buy.

Just keep your eyes out for a few things while your ears are busy. Make sure the receiver driving the speakers you're hearing is the same as the one you're buying. Otherwise you won't be getting the same sound once you get the speakers home and hooked up to your receiver.



And remember, the word "speaker" refers to two things. It means the individual speakers... woofers, tweeter, etc. But it also refers to the whole speaker cabinet, which generally contains more than one individual speaker. Be sure to check out how many speakers there are in any speaker cabinet. Two, a woofer for low notes and a tweeter for high ones, is a minimum. Bigger speakers, like the Sylvania AS125A, will have at least three: a woofer, a dome mid-range, and a dome tweeter.

Prices range from $149.95* for the big Sylvania AS125A with three speakers to a cabinet, down to $59.95* a pair for the Sylvania AS1706W with two speakers each.

But above all else, pick the speakers that sound best to you.

Now It's the Turntable's Turn

There are a few manufacturers who specialize in making turntable mechanisms. It's their thing, and their product is definitely superior.

The only trick to buying a turntable, then, is to make sure that you get one whose guts come from one of these specialists.

Any audio manufacturer should be more than happy to tell you who made his turntable mechanism. For example, Dual (one of the big names) made the changer in Sylvania's T2705 Automatic Turntable. Garrard (that's another big one) made the changer in our model T2703.

Ask for magnetic cartridges on your turntable. They're more sophisticated and pick up sound impulses better than ceramic cartridges. Both Sylvania turntables have them.



Things like cue-pause control (which allows you to gently raise and lower the tone arm to any hand you choose) and anti-skate control (which equalizes pressure on both walls of a record groove to give less sound distortion) are usually standard on quality turntables like a Sylvania.

Price guidelines are $139.95* for the T2705 and $79.95* for the T2703.

E-x-p-a-n-d-i-n-g

Adding tape facilities is a simple way to expand your basic stereo system.

You can add a Cassette Play/Record Tape Deck like the Sylvania CT160 to play pre-recorded cassette tapes over your speaker system. Or you can record your own in two-channel stereo.



Or, you can go the 8-track route, with a Playback Deck like the Sylvania ET2750W. That way you can use car stereo tapes at home, and vice versa.

Good Luck!

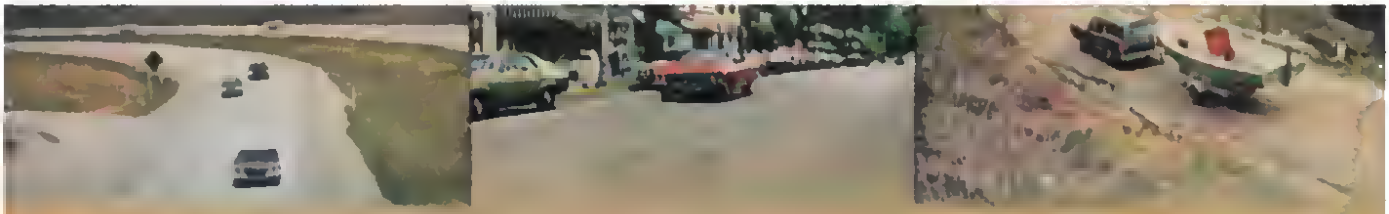
By now you're a lot smarter about stereo. You know basically what to look for. And you've got some guidelines on what to pay.

So now's the time to go out shopping. Look around. Compare. Get the most music for your money.

And even if you don't pick a Sylvania, enjoy your stereo!

*Based on manufacturer's suggested list price.

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When all the roads start to feel like railroad tracks, you know it's time for new shocks.

But maybe you don't know there's more than one type. That's where your Delco man comes in. He has three different types to offer, and he'll be happy to let you know which one is just right for you.

For example, if you spend a lot of time on the highway or especially rough roads, Heavy Duty Delco Pleasurizers are designed to help make riding smooth and handling easy. For city driving, regular Delco Pleasurizers can ease you over the irregularities of city streets. Delco Pleasur-Lifts give the same ride control under normal driving conditions and are easily air-adjustable to help your car haul boats, trailers or carry heavy loads.

When you know you need new shocks, you ought to know you have a choice. So let a Delco man tell you about Pleasurizers, Heavy Duty Pleasurizers and Pleasur-Lift shock absorbers. After all, it's his business to know what's right for your car.

THE MORE YOU KNOW, THE MORE YOU'LL WANT DELCO.

WHEN YOU NEED NEW SHOCKS, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHICH TYPE.

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Holy Cross, whom Coach Dave Gavitt calls "our icing on the cake," should not have another game as bad as that one.

"Barnes gets away with being a center in the East," a Maryland scout said the other day, "but in our league he wouldn't be that effective." O.K., stop Barnes. Now, stop Stacom. Now, stop Ernie D. It is doubtful that Penn or Maryland will be able to pull out that many stops.

Whatever team makes it through the East should bear in mind that it is there on a borrowed ticket, courtesy of the man in the red velvet suit, Coach Norman Sloan.

One last word must be said for Sloan's N.C. State crew, which unquestionably is at least the second-best in the land. It is difficult to live in purgatory, much less play there. Yet that is where the Wolfpack has been all season knowing it could not compete for the national championship. In such a situation it would have been very easy not to care, to ease up, to lie down, to cop out, to fold, or to finesse the year. But with the brilliant sophomore David Thompson, the tall center Tom Burleson and the mini-guard Monte Towe, N.C. State won 27 games and lost none.

The Wolfpack did it while playing in the most harshly competitive league in the country. They did it with everyone pointing for them. They defeated top 10 teams a total of six times and they won the hearts of all fantasists everywhere, if only by giving hope and stirring dreams. In the required mythical matchup between N.C. State and UCLA, State surely would be prepared to acquit itself admirably.

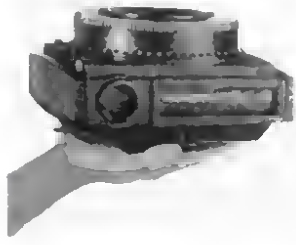
No doubt Towe could handle the champions' press, none of the middle-size Bruins could stop Thompson, and the other fine State shooters—of which there are a bunch—likely would be very effective also. But Burleson is not yet mature enough to contain Walton on defense or get anything done against him offensively either. Walton would run Burleson's legs off, get him in foul trouble and the contest would change right there. Probably, then, the Wolfpack would not win such a game. But it would have been great fun to watch them try. Now, there remains only the prospect of watching all the others. Against UCLA and Mystique. Try. **END**



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HIGHLINING WITH THE SOAKERS OF SOCORRO



When 26 mad fishermen, some hot sticks and some bananas voyaged to a piscatorial paradise south of Baja, their purpose was to find the big grabbers. What they found was each other

by ROBERT F. JONES

Isla Socorro rises like a slag heap from the tropical Pacific, some 1,000 miles from San Diego and 200 miles southwest of the renowned Baja California marlin grounds. Unlike such fashionable fishing holes as Bimini or Walker Cay in the Bahamas, Punta Carnero in Ecuador, Panama's Piñas Bay or even Baja's own Cabo San Lucas, Socorro offers no amenities to the saltwater sportsman. Its total population consists of perhaps half a hundred officers and men of the Mexican navy, a few hundred goats and sheep to keep them company during the long lonely nights, a vast armada of frigate birds and boobies, an active volcano and a whole lot of fish.

Here there are no cool dark wharfside bars into which the weary angler can repair for liquid resuscitation after a day of arm-stretching isometrics under the searing sun, nor any dusky maidens to caress his peeling brow. No steel hand music or mariachi mawkishness, no minstrelsy of any kind. Only the harsh atonal scream of singing drags. Mick Jagger on a 4/0 reel—and the timpani of dying tuna or wahoo beating time with their tails eight, and sometimes 80, to the bar as they thrash their lives away on the hot bloody decks. Socorro, in short, is a fisherman's paradise, provided you can take your paradise straight and strong and salty.

The island was first visited by sport fishermen more than half a century ago, when such piscatorial pioneers as Zane Grey and Gifford Pinchot, Teddy Roo-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BEEBE

sevelt's house conservationist, began tapping the vast potential of Mexican waters, but for some strange reason it is still only rarely visited by noncommercial anglers. Or perhaps not so strange when one considers the fact that modern fishermen have been softened to a large extent by easy jet travel, luxury fishing resorts and fast, sleek sportfishing boats laden with iced beer. Since most Mexican charter captains are content to fish the "inside," where marlin, sailfish and the lesser breeds still abound, and since it takes four pounding, boring, costly, fishless days to run down to Socorro from San Diego, the nearest U.S. port, it is not surprising that so few gringos have wet a line there. Five or six times a year at most, one of the big, long-range party boats operating out of San Diego bypasses the still-productive yellowtail, dolphin and grouper grounds of mid-Baja and pushes its prow into the indigo waters off Socorro. The long haul and high price ($700 a person for two weeks) are worth it, at Socorro it is possible in five days of angling to boat more than 10 tons of big grabbers, mainly wahoo, yellowfin tuna, rainbow runners and Pacific horse-eye jacks, as well as voracious whitetip and hammerhead sharks which do their best to keep the game fish out of the freezer by the simple expedient of chomping them like so many apples before they can be brought to gaff. These are fish like grandpa used to take, many and mighty, but one had better be as tough as grandpa was to try them.

On an evening last December the *Qualifier 105*, a 95-ton party boat under the command of Captain Bruce Barnes, cast off from Fisherman's Landing in San Diego and, after taking 150 seething scoops of live anchovies into her bait tanks, shaped a course for Socorro. Measuring 105 feet in length and with a 28-foot beam, the *Qualifier 105* is the largest sport-fishing boat of its kind in Southern California, if not in the world. Even so the craft draws no more water than a fair-sized football player (6′ 4″); she is kind of a marine middle linebacker, shouldering aside the seas with little diminution of her cruising speed (15 knots) and little discomfort to her passengers (a maximum of 33 for long-range trips). Like everything else in the region, Southern California fishing is a group encounter, and the *Qualifier* is eminently suited to accommodate the hordes. From her stern taffrail and her two topside outriggers she can troll 12 lines simultaneously. The broad, low fantail, unobstructed by masts or rigging, can handle more than two dozen madmen at the same time as they cast for albacore, black sea bass, tuna or wahoo. The more timid souls who choose to avoid the whizzing iron and raucous cries of the fantail can cast more comfortably and in greater solitude from the high-sheered bow. "Bowspirits," they came to be called on this cruise.

Barnes, 46, is everything one expects in a party boat captain: tall, tanned, mustachioed and witty, he combines authority and helpfulness in just the right measure, the outgrowth of more than 20 years of this peculiar brand of fishing. California anglers in the main have always been hardy, hungry meat fishermen. They are at home on converted air-sea rescue boats and sub chasers that ride the seas like burnt-out light bulbs, trailing a steady chum composed of involuntary offerings from their seasick passengers. In the old days the only amenities were clogged heads, cigarette machines that never worked and the one saving grace called cioppino, a savory fish stew made of tomato paste, garlic, onions, oregano, potatoes, olive oil and big, firm chunks of red rockfish. For 35¢ the man or woman who chose to avoid the mob scene at the rail could relax with a bowl of cioppino, a hunk of Italian bread and a glass of homemade red wine.

Over the years the "cattle boats" of Southern California have produced their own ethics (minimal) and lexicon (voluminous). The pushier the fisherman at the rail, the more readily he earns the sobriquet of highliner or hot stick. By contrast the timid or clumsy angler is known as a farmer or a banana. Light tackle in this game is for sissies. The true highliner uses a short, heavy-butted stick (rod) and a deep-spooled crank (reel) mounted with string (line) of no

continued

Aboard the "Q-105" on the long run down the Pacific from San Diego the Aggressors wasted no time in their preparations. Reels were oiled and wound with heavy mono, iron and feathers were dusted and shined







less than 30-pound test and usually in the 60- to 80-pound category. Big fish are known as toads, hogs, dogs or grabbers, terms of seeming contempt that nonetheless mask a real affection and respect. The same is true of the term applied to the Japanese-Americans who constitute a disproportionate segment of the cattle boat contingent: Buddha heads. Most of them are the highest of highliners, competent and uncomplaining anglers who love to fish. The key to success in this kind of fishing is the ability to "short stroke" a fish out of the herd (school) smoothly and swiftly, a technique known elsewhere as horsing, and then to bounce the critter, which may weigh anywhere up to 100 pounds, into the boat without the aid of a gaff or landing net.

Clearly, California cattle boat fishing is for the strong of arm and the thick of hide, particularly when the iron (heavy, treble-hooked diamond jigs) is flying fast and furious. Barnes cannot count the number of hooks he has removed from the fingers, arms, backs, shoulders, necks, cheeks, scalps and eyeballs of various customers, highliners and farmers alike. "The only difference between this boat and Noah's ark," says one of Barnes' crew, "is that we load the animals every week."

On this cruise the zoological makeup of the supercargo was of a slightly higher order than usual. 26 experienced fishermen from all over the U.S., most of them sales representatives of the Sevenstrand Tackle Manufacturing Company, producers of Fenwick rods. These were men who had fished it all, or at least most of it. Steelhead and king salmon on the Dean River of the Pacific Northwest; brown trout and black bass on the streams and ponds of Pennsylvania; bluefish and white marlin off Montauk; bluefin tuna and stripers in The Maritimes; snook and sailfish out of Palm Beach; muskies and walleyes in the slow, flyblown flowages of northern Wisconsin, brim and specks and lunker largemouths in the sloughs of the Deep South; even Nile perch and tiger fish in Kenya's Lake Rudolf. For all that experience—nearly a millennium of years fished in the aggregate—there was not a man in the whole lot who would not ultimately be surprised, humiliated, bruised and exalted by the sheer fecundity and ferocity of the grabbers at Socorro.

A night and a day of steady cruising down the Baja peninsula gave the passengers a chance to prepare tackle and to sniff one another out. Almost immediately the group began to polarize into two classes which might be called the Aggressors and the Gentlemen. Since all hands had been warned that "everything at Socorro has teeth," wire for making leaders was at a premium. The Aggressors quickly monopolized the available supply, and the sound of their snippers soon threatened to drown out the roar of the *Q-105*'s engines. The same with monofilament line, particularly in the heavier weight categories. The Aggressors dominated the spooling machines, cranking on miles of 44-pound, 60-pound and 80-pound mono with the avidity of so many Ahabs. Each Aggressor, it seemed, had at least six reels to fill. "Which one of you bananas has the 80-pound?" one of them would bellow. "I've still got three spools to fill and we'll *be* there in only two days!"

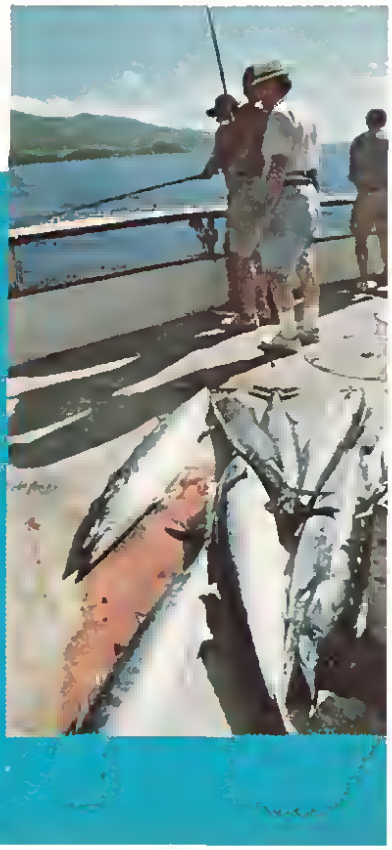
Meanwhile, the Gentlemen stood by, pale and slightly aghast, exchanging quiet tales of the high trout streams or else just staring dazedly at the Baja shoreline, which loomed to the eastward like a string of dead blue lizards. "Bit of a mob scene, isn't it?" one might say casually. "Don't know if I like it, but we'll certainly have time enough to get our tackle ready before we reach Socorro." Not very likely; the Aggressors had an infinite capacity for wire twisting and crank turning. Finally the Gentlemen had to swallow their distaste and shoulder their way into the tangles of gear strewn about on the fantail. And just in time they were, for on the morning of the third day Captain Barnes put in at San Pablo Bay, two-thirds of the





Fish and more fish were caught, and arms ached from the constant pumping that brought in horse-eye jack, yellowfin tuna and enormous wahoo. Some less diligent pumpers lost their catches—or parts of them—to the marauding sharks.





distance down the peninsula, for a quick warmup shot at yellowfin tuna.

The fish were there, all right, with the sun just bloodying the coastal mountains, the tuna began hitting—a triple-header on the troll followed by four or five hookups on jigs and baits. Soon the fantail was a tangle of crossed lines, smoking drags and raucous curses. Aggressors galloped the decks screaming, "Hot rail! Hot rail! Gangway!" The hottest rafter was Jim Giesecke, a Fenwick rep from Dallas who always fished with a long black smoldering cigar in his teeth on the theory, no doubt, that if his curses didn't clear the decks, then the hot coal of his stogie would. Bill Stinson, a relatively quiet Aggressor from Seattle with a barracuda grin and a strong casting arm, brought the first fish of the trip to gaff—a 15-pound yellowfin. But the Gentlemen were not to be denied. Lloyd F. Riss, a grouse shooter and trout fisherman from Du Bois, Pa., lost one tuna on 20-pound line after a quarter of an hour's fight, but then quickly jigged up another. Fighting it quietly, with none of the theatrics of the crass Aggressors, he brought it gently to the gaff and then winced pathetically as the steel sank home. "They *do* fight harder than a Penna. brown trout!" Riss wrote in the log that night, concluding, "My trip complete the first day."

Not by a long shot. The San Pablo interim was puppy-sized compared to what would come. When the action slowed, Barnes took the *Q-105* farther into the bay and bartered for langouste with the natives. In exchange for a few bottles of whiskey, a carton of cigarettes, a box of .22-caliber bullets, some candy bars and a baseball bat, he received enough rock lobster for the evening meal. When one of the Gentlemen, touched by the seeming poverty of the lobster fishermen, threw a $10 bill into their boat, Barnes turned icy. "Don't ever do that; you'll ruin it for the rest of us."

Another day and a night and a day of running, the engine throb meshing with the pulse; more furious tackle building by the Aggressors, more delicate reminiscences from the Gentlemen. By this time a protean character had emerged from the heretofore faceless crew: Simeon Mote, 61, the ship's cook, who looked as though he had just stepped out of a Charles Addams cartoon. Bald, toothless, paunchy and a master of nautical Billingsgate, Si was the ship's alarm clock. Every morning, well before first light, he stalked into the capacious galley, delivered a few vicious karate chops to his pots and pans and then bellowed down the companionway, "All right, you lop-eared, lallygagging sons of a syphilitic sea cook, come and get it before I throw it over the side. Last call for breakfast!" By the time the first fishermen were staggering up the ladder, gummy-eyed and grumpy, their faces as long as a day without breakfast, the bacon and eggs would be frying and the coffee piping hot. From time to time Si would spice up a meal with a little live entertainment. Donning a black wig and stuffing a couple of oranges into his T shirt, he would suddenly appear among the diners to perform a grotesque parody of a cooch dance.

Socorro, when it finally hove into view, bore about as much relationship to the tropical isles of fantasy as Si did to a real live belly dancer. A sullen surf pounded at the black cliffs of its shoreline while scrofulous patches of cactus and mesquite spread like green acne over the crumbling, rust-colored lava of its upper reaches. Its 3,707-foot volcanic eminence, Mount Everman, wore a skullcap of tattered gray rain clouds while ragged skeins of seabirds, black and bent-winged in the early light, rose and fell like windblown trash over the headland of Cape Henslow. A spare, stark setting, fully in harmony (if one can use so gentle a word) for the action that was to follow. Simeon the sea cook looked on as the island drew nearer and the first trolling lines were paid out over the taffrail. "That's the only thing in the world that's meaner and uglier than me," he cackled.

continued

With Captain Bruce Barnes steady at the helm and the fishing good, distinction between Aggressor and Gentleman swiftly blurred. Nick Elowitt (Hippie) and John Beck (Mr Fraternity) even got together for daily water fights





Just so. Within a minute there were multiple wahoo strikes. The wahoo is an outsized mackerel weighing up to 140 pounds, and in common with its smaller cousins it is possessed of mind-boggling speed in its initial run. That run can go in any direction, and usually does. On an earlier cruise, Captain Barnes had warned, a wahoo of about 40 pounds had jumped aboard, clearing two rails and narrowly missing a few wide-eyed fishermen before it crashed like a Stuka on the engine room hatch. Since the wahoo's mouth is full of teeth that are longer and much sharper than a dog's, it makes a mighty impressive spear. These wahoo came aboard only with the greatest of reluctance, but in the meantime they did their best to foul lines, straighten hooks and send the Aggressors into paroxysms of outraged purpose.

For two hours—from shortly after six a.m. to nearly 8:30—the wahoo strike continued, with as many as 15 fish hooked and fighting at once. Never was it necessary to troll for more than five minutes without a hookup, and then casting immediately produced more fish. Live bait, hex heads, chrome jigs, red and yellow or green and yellow hula skirts—the wahoo hit everything.

The psychology of the fishermen changed radically under this first assault, and more radically again when yellowfin tuna began hitting in conjunction with the slimmer, less durable wahoo. What began as bloodthirsty glee among the Aggressors and calm, once-is-enough curiosity among the Gentlemen slowly but irresistibly turned into a nightmare of compulsive exhaustion. There was no end to the fish. And no end to the fisherman's need to hook one. Finally the fish won. The sun was growing hotter as the men grew weaker. No wind. A dead boat. A tangle of lines. Curses slowed and softened and wound down like a record player with terminal emphysema. One by one the anglers slunk away from the fantail, easing into the galley for a rest in the shade and perhaps a "Milwaukee orange juice," as the beer was euphemistically called.

Men who remained on the fantail prayed that their next hookup would be a rainbow runner, one of those small carangids akin to the amberjack but rarely weighing more than 20 pounds. Easily short-stroked and readily tagged for release or bagged for mounting, the rainbow runner provided an honorable excuse for taking it easy. But with the tuna it was different. There is no way to rest on a yellowfin, not now that the sharks had appeared. Those who let their tuna "soak" rather than horsing them in were rewarded with a sudden flurry of scarlet water, a slackened line and a bug-eyed tuna head trailing a few tendrils of red meat when it was finally reeled in.

"The more hookups we get, the more sharks we'll attract," said Captain Barnes, leaning laconically on the deckhouse railing. "It's your own damned fault if you're sharked. You can't rest a minute at Socorro. Old Man Shark keeps you honest."

One man who never rested was J. Charles Davis III, better known to the assembled company as Charlie Tuna, or C. Ahi (the Hawaiian equivalent) or Carlos Atun (in Spanish). Davis, 44, is the son of a West Coast outdoors writer and a veteran of the California sport fishery since its beginnings. An avid reader of Zane Grey as a kid, he had dreamed about Socorro for most of his life. In 1970 Davis finally got there and enjoyed a fulfillment of his wishes rarely granted to any angler, waking or sleeping. On that two-week excursion Mr. T. caught more than 60 fish, 35 of them yellowfins (the largest weighing in at 154 pounds) and most of the rest wahoo or yellowtails. "I wasn't in shape for Socorro the first time," Charlie said. "My left arm—the pumping arm—got sore as hell very quickly. This time I spent a couple of months doing exercises before we left. Zane Grey used to work out on a rowing machine, but that was because he was a little guy and always used a fighting chair. I fish standing up, so most of the strain is on the arms. I did curls with barbells, about 100 or









The blood and sharks were a common sight, but there were also pleasant surprises. Dave Myers landed a 150-pound striped marlin—the only billfish of the trip—and one evening some tasty langouste supplied by natives made the menu

more a day, and so far it's paid off."

Shortly before noon Charlie Tuna tied into a big grabber on 44-pound mono. In a matter of seconds it stripped most of the line from his reel and Charlie called for a backup rod. "Tuna!" he gasped as he spliced on the line from the new rig. "Gotta be a big one, the way he's got his head down." With 500 yards of line gone from his first reel, Charlie tossed the rig aside and continued the fight on his backup gear. The fish walked Davis twice around the boat, peeling off at least 200 yards more of line before Mr. Tuna stopped his namesake. Then the weight lifting began to pay its dividend. With sharks plentiful in the vicinity—other men were being sharked constantly during Charlie's hour-long fight—he got the tuna headed in toward the boat and short stroked like a drag-racing engine. It came to the gaff sullenly, green and gold and gigantic. The tuna weighed in, finally, at 100 pounds even. Charlie went on to boat a 70-pound wahoo later in the day, the biggest he had ever taken, though on 80-pound line.

That evening, with the glowering cliffs of Socorro shining red and black in the sunset, Captain Barnes dropped the hook close inshore to fish for live bait—mackerel and cavillito, mainly. Most of the fishermen, arm-weary from the day's action, sacked out immediately after dinner. But now a strange sea change occurred. Many of the Gentlemen, who had been a bit put off by the bloody scuppers of the day's work, found themselves in their element once the sun had gone down. Out onto the fantail they drifted, fly rods or light spinning outfits in hand. They cast easily into the pool of light that surrounded the *Qualifier 105's* anchorage, and they found plenty of action. Flying fish skipped across the water, sometimes crashing into the boat or even flying through the portholes of the galley in their attempts to escape unseen predators. All it took was a cast with a feather jig or a spoon into the area from which the flying fish took wing to hook up a big Pacific horse-eyed jack up to 15 pounds, or a smaller but no less voracious Socorro jack of perhaps five pounds. Amberjacks, bluejacks, carangids that no one could identify—the light-tackle boys were in their element. Then, once again, the sharks arrived. Gentlemen who earlier in the day had disdained the biggest of tuna now found themselves hooking huge slabs of cut bait onto 16/0 hooks and drifting them into the milky floodlit water behind the boat in hopes of nailing a shark. Don Hanson, a burly, slow-talking plainsman from Kansas City, Mo., became the epitome of the shark killer. "I know what they mean now by loving to pull fish," he said one night when the rest of the company was in slumberland. Beads of sweat squirted from Hanson's forehead as he cranked on a big whitetip shark. "This guy don't even know he's hooked. He just moves along as gentle and steady as can be, and I don't doubt but that he's feeding as he goes." The reel gave a painful little zizz, and Hanson straightened his back, letting the shark fight the rod, not the drag. He finally boated it after 50 minutes, then caught four more before the night was out. His nickname from then on was Sharkey.

Hanson's transformation from a soft-spoken observer to an ardent shark killer was only one of many personality changes wrought by the big soakers of Socorro over the next four days. Jack Sokol, a kindly Gent from Stevens Point, Wis., was so switched on by the mob action on tuna that soon he was shouldering even Charlie Davis aside at the taffrail. "Jack is getting so good at 'yig' fishing that he's going to go home and bounce those 'valleyes,' " said one onlooker. "Next thing you know he'll hang up his 'Yoon Bug Spinner' for good." Dave Myers, a young Fenwick fly-fishing instructor, was another mutant. He came aboard Cub Scout straight, laden with jars of wheat germ and Tiger's Milk with which to spike his breakfast cereal and a guitar on which of an evening he was wont to strum old Vaughn Monroe tunes. By the time the trip was finished Dave was chugging Milwaukee orange juice, cursing like a trooper and even using live bait—anathema to the fly-rod fraternity. "Rock 'n' Roll," as Myers came to be known, reverted to form just once—when he hooked up the trip's only marlin and fought it for 19 minutes on 44-pound line. As the taffrail rowdies gathered around him during the fight, offering rude advice and obscene suggestions, Myers stiffened slightly and in a voice as dry as a Quill Gordon fly, said: "I would prefer no conversation during the struggle." Silence prevailed as young Rock 'n' Roll subdued the 150-pound striped marlin, his first ever.

So it was that the distinction between Aggressor and Gentleman swiftly blurred under the fishing pressure. And

continued

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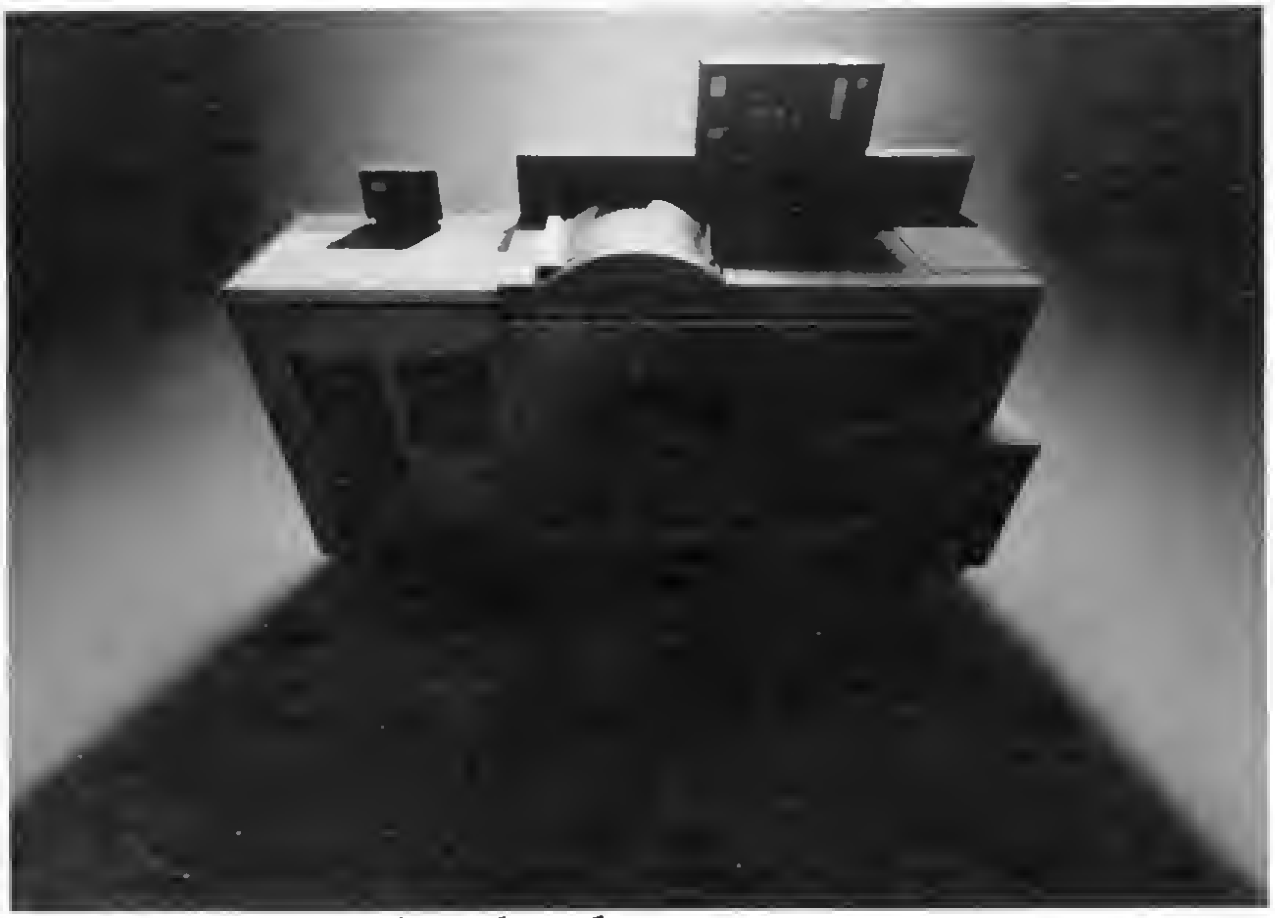
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the pressure was intense. One afternoon off The Arches, a black jumble of eroded lava pierced with blowholes and adorned with natural bridges, 60 tuna and an equal number of wahoo were boated in 3½ hours—"the finest day of tuna fishing I've ever seen," said Captain Barnes.

As the newfound seagoing solidarity developed among the fishermen, some strange alliances arose, none stranger than that between Nick Elowitt and John Beck. Nick was the only longhair in this merry band, a quiet, shaggy, thoughtful Los Angeleno whom the straight types quickly labeled Hippie and kidded mercilessly about his hair, his clothes and his granny glasses. Beck, by contrast, was Mr. Fraternity, and his idea of a good time was a fantail water fight in which he could douse the Gentlemen with buckets of dead anchovies from the bait tank. Yuckety yuk! Beck, who came to be known as Fumbles and/or Big Bad John, held a territorially imperative perch on the port quarter of the taffrail from which, three mornings running, he caught the first fish of the day, usually a tuna. On the fourth morning he was hooked up again when Captain Barnes stalked quietly up behind him and cut his line. When Fumbles turned in outrage, Barnes pointed to Beck's bare feet. "You will wear shoes while you're fishing on my ship," he snarled. "I don't want to go cutting hooks out of *those* gummy gunboats." The Beck-Elowitt Alliance was forged soon afterward, and quickly took revenge on Barnes by dumping a bucket of anchovy water over the captain's head as he emerged from the galley with a cup of coffee in his hand. The daily series of Beck-Elowitt water fights that ensued, each perfectly timed and executed to achieve maximum wetness for all hands, became a welcome and cooling diversion during the scorching midday lulls in the fishing.

And so the days—and nights—thrummed on: a welter of fish blood and salt water, pearl-gray mornings yielding to the fierce wince of high noon and then fading toward a harsh blue and black and bloodred sunset, nights full of sharks and starlight, arms numbed by short stroking, hands stiff and sore with line cuts and hook punctures, lips pustulant with sun scabs, the eternal outrage at being sharked and the self-reproach; the slow realization that on this vessel 26 men, each a distinct individual,

continued

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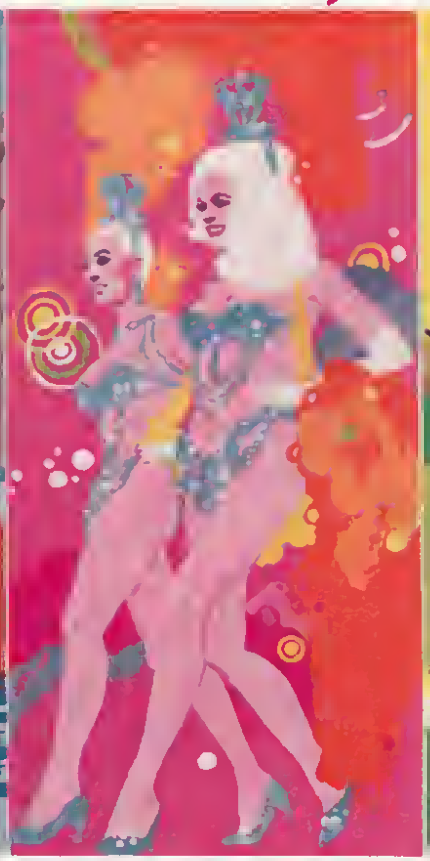


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had learned to work as a team, avoiding both tangled lines and tangled egos. When stately, plump Buck Buchanan, Fenwick's supervisor of plastic products, tied into the largest tuna of the trip, not a man begrudged him the catch even though it meant that Buck would win the lion's share of the $500 jackpot put up at the start of the cruise. It was late afternoon of a tiring day. For an hour and a quarter the big grabber led Buck around the deck. Finally he asked for a chair, and eager shipmates accompanied him on his rounds yelling "Hot seat! *Hot seat!*" whenever another man with a hookup was in the way. Simultaneously, hard-boiled little Hu Riley of Seattle—an inveterate steelheader whose suntan lotion, it was alleged, was concocted of turkey fat and vin rosé—had nailed a big fish on a chrome jig and was being dragged by his grabber directly into Buck's path. At one point the two men met at the port quarter taffrail, and their rods bowed to one another over the gunmetal backdrop of sea like two stately gentlemen. There were no tangles. When Buck's fish finally came to gaff it proved to be a yellowfin of 130 pounds, the jackpot winner free and clear. Cheers and rebel yells filled the air, and Buck collapsed with a wan smile and a hefty belt of Scotch. Moments later, when Hu Riley's fish hove into view and proved to be a whitetip shark, albeit a game one, groans of dismay ensued, along with enraged shakings of the fist and a heartfelt sorrow that Hu, too, had not boated a truly big grabber.

Finally, of course, the killing had to pall. Statistically the 26 anglers on this cruise of the *Qualifier 105* had caught and killed 207 wahoo, 235 yellowfin tuna, 78 rainbow runners, one striped marlin and a motley assortment of groupers, jacks, sharks and reef fish totaling just over 12 tons in gross weight. Spiritually of course they had captured much more: they had transcended the cattle boat nature of this type of fishing, partially bridged the gap between dry-fly purist and live-bait fisherman and emerged finally as a well-coordinated team, each man pulling for himself, for the others and for the ship as a whole. Lloyd Riss, the Gentleman from the grouselands and trout waters of northwestern Pennsylvania, summed it up best: "Socorro tested us at all levels, and no one failed, not even the fish." **END**



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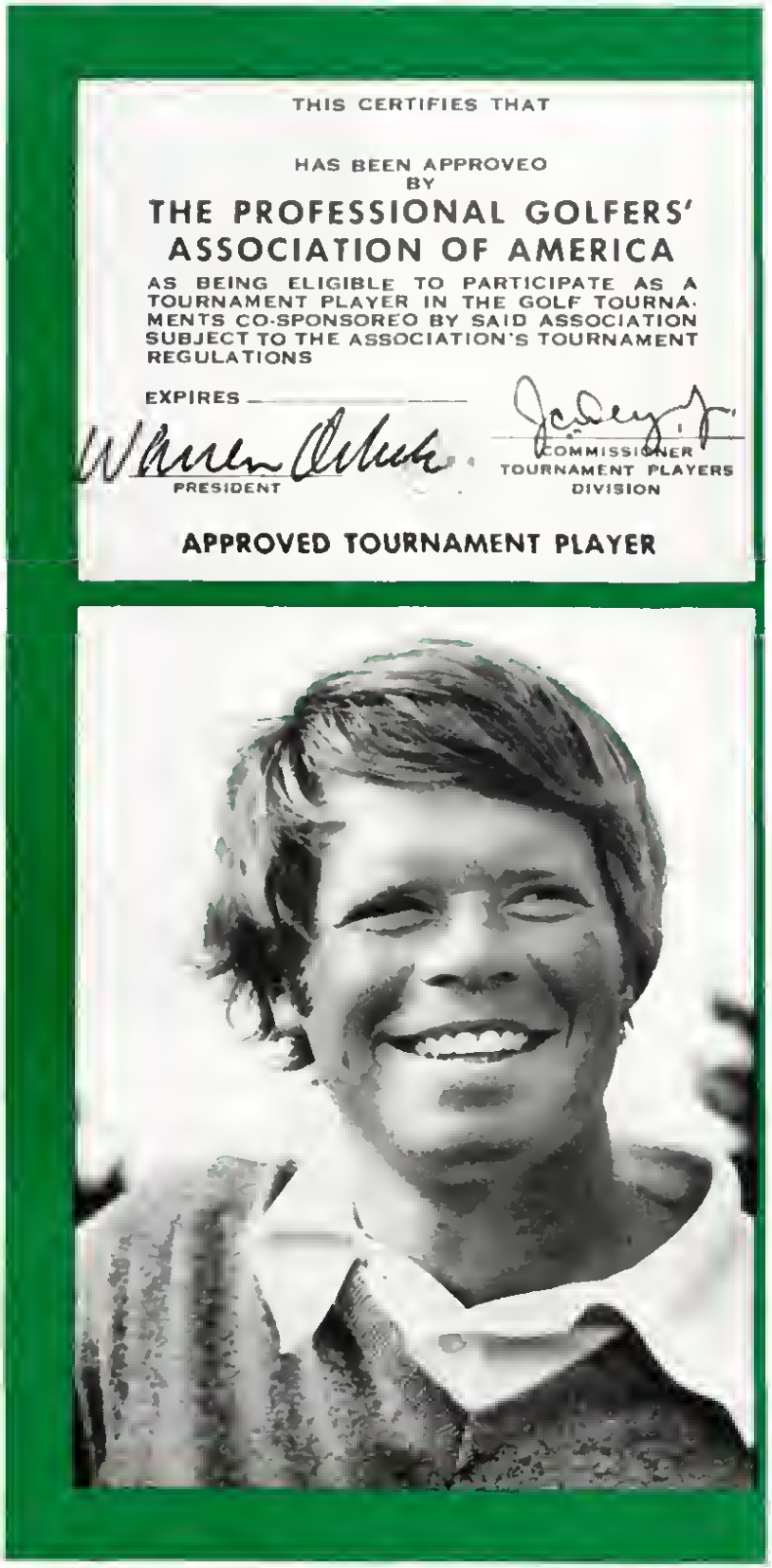


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To a professional golfer, a players' card is a passport to the tour. Without it he is not eligible to compete, at least not regularly. Even with a card he is not necessarily in, for he must still qualify for a starting spot in any given event. But if he has no card, that 3¾-inch by 2½-inch piece of pasteboard stating that he is eligible to play in the tournaments of the Professional Golfers' Association, he does not even have the right to try to qualify.

Players earn their cards at the annual PGA school, for which the final examination is an arduous 108-hole tournament. Only the top finishers get their cards, the exact number depending on the overall ability of the class. The 1972 school was held in Napa, Calif. in October, and one of the contestants was 22-year-old Jim Simons, a Wake Forest graduate who as an amateur led the 1971 U.S. Open after three rounds, eventually finishing fifth, and who tied for 15th in last year's Open. At Napa, however, these impressive achievements were worthless. Simons was merely one of 81 golfers fighting for a chance to play the pro tour with Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino. Here is his story.

Thursday, Oct. 26

I'm scared. I've been that way since I drove up to the Silverado Country Club in Napa last Tuesday night. I've waited for this for a long time. I started playing golf when I was 3 years old in Butler, Pa., and I honestly can say that it didn't take me long to figure out what I wanted to do with my life. There have been very few days in the last 15 or so years that I haven't worked at or thought about the game of golf. I've practiced in the snow, worn gloves because of the cold, chipped ice out of the cups on the greens, played in the drenching rain and planned my vacations and selected my college with the sport in mind. I'm just like a few thousand other kids my age who watched Arnold Palmer making miracles in the late 1950s and decided that was what they wanted to do, too. There have been a lot of days when I didn't feel like standing on a putting green under a broiling sun for two hours or hitting a bagful of practice balls and walking out and picking them up so I could hit them again. But I did it because I knew there were other guys on other putting greens or other practice ranges doing it—all for this week.

And now, if it's possible, I'm scared and I'm confident at the same time. I know that I should be able to play a little better than most of the people here. But there have been others who came to this tournament feeling that way and ended up disappointed. Former Amateur champion Bruce Fleisher and David Graham, who played for Australia's World Cup team, both failed in their first attempts at the qualifying school. There are 41 guys here this week who missed it in previous years and are back again. And there are some talented players who did not even make it this far. They were eliminated in one of the three regional qualifying tournaments held two weeks ago.

Friday, Oct. 27

The guys have been calling me Jim Brown. A bunch of us drove into San Francisco the other night for a little bit of bright lights, big city. We visited Chinatown and the North Beach area where they have all of these topless shows. Anyway, we ran into a couple of guys who looked sort of rough, and when they asked me my name, I blurted: "Jim Brown." So now everybody is calling me Jim Brown. Normally I'm a pretty cautious fellow, I guess. In San Francisco I hid my money in my shoe. I figured if anybody looked there I would need more than a sand wedge to get out of the trouble I was in. Last year Dave Clark and John Mahaffey went to New York City for the All-American Collegiate Golf Dinner, and they were mugged. Nothing like that happened to Eddie Pearce, Nate Starks, Jim Black or myself. We wound up at the Playboy Club. We all joined, although we won't be using our new memberships for a while. The trip was just a one-time thing. You don't want to work too hard and get all uptight this week, and at the same time you don't want to play around and forget why you're here. I've tried to think of everything that might give me an edge, including giving up caffeine for the week. Coffee tends to make me nervous, and many times soft drinks have had the same effect. So I'm on the wagon until the tournament is over.

One of my friends who is competing here, Larry Stubblefield from Hawaii, has a unique attitude about the players' school. Although he has had little amateur tournament experience, he refuses even to discuss the possibility of failure. Maybe that works for him, but I have to feel and know that fear about not succeeding. I want to worry about it all week. One thing I am worrying about right now is the number of spots we are playing for. We won't know until after the first two or three rounds are completed and the PGA announces the figure. I wish we knew now.

Saturday, Oct. 28

Today Tom Kite and I were discussing the different types of pressures the players here are experiencing. Tom, Eddie Pearce and I are mentioned by a lot of people as the "favorites" to do well. That adds a little pressure. In addition, we all have played well in international competition in the past few years and our records have helped us make some preliminary endorsement contacts. I have a contract with the Ford Motor Company, part of a group Ford calls the Young Thunderbirds. It includes Johnny Miller, Jerry Heard, Lanny Wadkins, Grier Jones and me, and if you look at the first four names on that list you will see that they averaged more than $100,000 apiece on the 1972 tour. Obviously, people expect me to do well, too. That adds to the pressure.

We are playing Silverado's South Course, which has a par of 35-37—72. It is not long, but it is tight and the rough is heavy and the greens have quite a bit of slope so we will have to putt well. All the par 5s can be reached in two if you want to gamble. However, they all have trouble near the greens, and if a player loses his patience it will be easy to make double bogeys or worse. When the tournament starts I think I'll tuck my gambling shots into my shoe along with my money. Unless I'm certain to carry the trouble I'll be laying up on the long holes.

I'm not hitting a lot of practice balls this week. Instead, I am trying to prepare myself mentally. Golf is a lot like a chess game. You must discipline yourself and plan ahead while making each move one at a time. I didn't always understand this. I played in my first U.S. Open when I was 17 and Arnold Palmer introduced himself to me in the locker room and asked me to play a practice round with him the following day. I was so excited that I went out the next morning and played 18 holes to *warm up*.

I have a caddie. Some guys carry their

continued



PAST GLORIES, INCLUDING U.S. OPEN PAIRING WITH NICKLAUS, DID NOT HELP AT NAPA

own bags or use a golf cart, but I've found that I play better with a caddie, although this caddie is the first I've ever had with a beard and a pony tail. But this is California, isn't it?

Sunday, Oct. 29

My day consisted of relaxing on a drive up in the mountains.

It is really beautiful up there, unspoiled. Down below you can see the vineyards of the Napa Valley, which is the wine country of California. The drive really relaxed me. Basically I am a quiet person. I don't feel comfortable in flashy clothes or around gregarious people. Maybe that is why I like golf. It is a solitary game. Nothing is as lonely as standing over a difficult shot in a pressure situation.

Jack Nicklaus, who I'll admit is my idol, once told me that very few bachelors do well on the tour. His theory was that you need someone for companionship and you need someone to help with organizing things so you can concentrate on golf. Jack said that a husband and wife work together as a team on the tour. At the moment I'm single, but I have a steady girl, Sherry Turner, who is the daughter of my college golf coach, Jesse Haddock, and I guess you could say we're thinking about marriage. [They are now engaged.]

I just finished making out a list of things I want to do this week. 1) I want to get involved, not let my mind wander. 2) I want to keep in mind that there is plenty of time, six rounds, and that I must play only one shot at a time and not press if I start out poorly. 3) I want to ignore anyone else's early low scores because there will be some; I don't think anyone will shoot good scores for six rounds. I'm in the first group off the 10th tee at 9:30 a.m. tomorrow. I hope I sleep well tonight.

Monday, Oct. 30

Today was unreal. What happened to our good weather? When I got up there were winds between 35 and 45 mph. The temperature was down around 50, maybe lower. I was five over par after six holes, and starting to think that I might shoot an 80. But I didn't panic, because I knew the rest of the field had to be in trouble, too. All those short dinky holes suddenly were hard to reach with your two best shots when you were into the wind, and going downwind it was impossible to judge what club to use. A wedge could sail 140 yards. The wind started diminishing near the end of my first nine, and I settled down and played the last 12 one under par to shoot a 76, which ties me for 18th. Twenty-five guys shot 80 or worse, and I can certainly understand it. Victor Regalado of Tijuana, Mexico had the low round of the day, an amazing 70, which is even more astounding, considering that he had a triple bogey seven on the first hole. Maybe he thinks he's Lee Trevino.

Most of my friends managed to escape a catastrophe. They all broke 80, which is well in the ball game. There were two 87s out there today, and I'm surprised there wasn't a 90.

Tuesday, Oct. 31

All of my fears came true today. In beautiful weather, just a gorgeous day for golf, I shot a stupid 76, and now I'm in real trouble. I talked about how I wanted to feel *fear* this week. Today fear was handing me the clubs. I didn't hit the ball too badly, but I putted like a moron. There were seven holes on which I gave away shots with bad chips or bad putts. Just stupid. I found it so hard to think positively when I got a couple over par. The pressure enveloped me. I tensed up because I knew that I couldn't afford to make any mistakes. I knew it was going to be like this and I tried to prepare myself, but I'm really down. I can't wait another year for something I've been thinking about and dreaming about all of my life. I know I'm ready. The pressure is tremendous. I feel as if all of my work and preparation for years will mean nothing if I fail to get my card this week. I've been having some absurd immature thoughts. Like I wish we could start all over.

I felt today as if I was flinching on my putts, which would indicate how nervous I am or that I'm out of position at address so that I have to do something unnatural to hit the ball on line. Now I'm tied for 31st place, and as bad as the scores are I don't think the PGA will give out 15 cards. Thirty-three guys

continued

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shot 74 or better today. Regalado had a 72 to keep the lead and Tommy Evans had a 68 for the low round. It was just a perfect day, and instead of picking up ground, I lost it!

But maybe I shouldn't feel so bad. Eddie Pearce had his second straight 79 today, and now he really has to go. I understand that he is putting even more poorly than I am, but I don't believe it. Tom Kite came back with a 73 today, and Denny Satyshur kept our room from being a complete tragedy by also shooting a 73. The three of us went to the movies tonight and saw *Skyjacked*, and I could really sympathize with that pilot flying that plane and waiting for the bomb to go off. That is just about how I feel right now. If the Ford Motor Company hears about this, they're liable to recall one of their Young Thunderbirds.

Wednesday, Nov. 1

My dad isn't here this week. I can honestly say that he lives to see me play tournament golf, but for this week I asked him not to come because I wanted solitude. He understood. I talked to him on the phone last night and he cheered me up. He told me he knows I can play under pressure, and today I did a lot better. I had a 70 that could have been still lower, but I'll take it. The weather was beautiful. If anything, that increased the pressure because I knew I would have to shoot a good score. I was one under par through four holes, but a sloping fairway on the fifth got me, and I bogeyed to fall back to even. Then on the sixth hole I rammed a 10-foot birdie putt about five feet past the cup. The silence as the players, caddies and a couple of spectators watched let me know what they were thinking. If I bogeyed here I would feel just like the captain of the *Titanic* when he hit the iceberg. I made the putt, then made tough pars on the next two holes and birdied the ninth. I was on my way. I hit most of the greens, kept the ball in play and lagged my long putts well, but I was still flinching on some short ones. Occasionally I flinched the right way.

The greens were soft and the pins set in easy spots, and the scores were low. Stubby had a 65, a remarkable round, and took the lead. Eddie Pearce played another poor round. He shot a 74. He needed something under par to get him going and his chances are getting bleaker. Tom Kite had a 75 and now is three

continued



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strokes back of me. I'm at 222 and tied for 10th place, and feeling a lot better. I also feel pretty good about the number of spots they are giving out. The PGA announced tonight that there will be TPD player cards for the low 22 and ties. Letting in the ties is a humane thing to do. They used to have a sudden-death playoff for the last spot, and one guy here this week, Terry Small, lost out in playoffs in 1969 and 1970. He missed the school last year, too, and is not doing very well this week.

Someone said an interesting thing before I teed off today. I was talking to a guy on the practice putting green who is not having much luck, but he didn't seem to mind. He commented that most of us here have goals, like winning the U.S. Open or the Masters or something like that. "Well," he said, "my goal always was to marry a rich girl—and there she is, standing right over there." No wonder he's relaxed.

Thursday, Nov. 2

Now I'm in a solid position. I had another 70 and I'm tied for sixth. I can shoot a pair of 75s in the last two rounds and probably still qualify, and that might be pessimistic. I'm at four over par and it looks like 12 or 13 over will qualify. I'm feeling so good that I might even eat in the clubhouse tonight. The prices are kind of high there, and most of us have been wearing out a steakhouse in Napa which is offering a 30% discount to the golfers.

Something happened to Larry Stubblefield today that got me thinking. He went to pull a gallery stake out of the ground and felt a pop in his shoulder. At the time he didn't think he could continue with the round, but he went ahead and found that the shoulder did not hurt when he swung a club, only when he was picking up or lifting something, like his golf bag. It would have been terrible if Stubby had been forced to withdraw while he was leading the tournament. The incident pointed out how precarious everyone feels this week. You could smash your hand in a car door, or get the flu, or twist an ankle; almost anything could happen to you, and it would mean sitting out a whole year, or it might mean the end of your career. A guy's confidence could really be shaken if he failed this week, and surely the year's layoff from top competition would hurt because he could not go back to playing the amateur tour. He would have to play in any small professional tournaments he could find. A good example of this is Bruce Fleisher. Everyone thought he would be a big star when he won the 1968 U.S. Amateur, but he failed to qualify in the PGA school, sat out a year and never really has gotten started. Of course, you could say that about a lot of young players. I looked at the PGA money list recently, and the only two rookies in the top 60 were Lanny Wadkins and John Mahaffey.

The game is such a mental exercise. Mentally I was not ready for the first two rounds, especially the second. It was the same sort of thing when I played in the Westchester tournament on the tour this past August. I shot 69-66 in the first two rounds and then I was paired with Nicklaus in the third round. I'm a deliberate player and so is he, and all day I felt as if I was hurrying so that I wouldn't be in Jack's way. I shot a 79, and even though I came back with a 72 on Sunday and won $1,083 it was a real disappointment to me. But all of this is part of gaining experience. The secret is to gain the experience while still making a living.

Even with his bad shoulder Stubby shot a 72 and is tied for first place after 72 holes with Regalado, seven ahead of me. There is some prize money involved, although not much. The PGA is offering $300 to the low player and the next nine places get something, too, and Munsingwear has put up a total of $3,000, with $1,000 going to the winner. But Stubby can have the money. I'll settle for my players' card.

Friday, Nov. 3

This was one of the least enjoyable rounds I have ever played. It rained from the fourth hole on, anywhere from a drizzle to a downpour. I really wanted to have a good score so that I'd be in a position to coast in the last round tomorrow. I shot a 73, but it was hard going. I played poorly on the first nine, and no wonder. I took off my sweater at the turn and it felt as if it weighed 10 pounds! It was water-soaked. I played in a windbreaker on the back side, felt a lot freer and had a string of four straight threes, which helped a lot.

Surprisingly, there were lots of good scores today. Considering the weather, you would have thought that 75 would have been a good round, but it turned

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If you go unprepared, then a lot of little things can crop up which can make your vacation a lot less than you want it to be.

And that's exactly what we can help you avoid.

At Pan Am we've been flying for 45 years, taking people to Europe, Latin America, Hawaii, the Pacific, Africa, and the Caribbean. And we've amassed a tremendous amount of knowledge about traveling abroad. Knowledge that can help you.

And since scheduled airlines charge the same fares over the same routes, you don't pay any more for the extra help you get when you fly with us.

We can tell you everything you have to know about where you're going.

We can give you some pretty good ideas on where to go if you haven't yet made up your mind.

And we've put all this information into books, booklets, tape cassettes, and pamphlets, available at Pan Am travel agents and Pan Am offices, so that you can share our years of experience.

This booklet will give you a pretty good idea of what we mean.

When you pack for a vacation abroad, remember you're only going to visit.

There is nothing more aggravating than being weighed down with a lot of excess baggage. Especially when you don't have to be.

The trick to "traveling light" is in the kind of luggage you use (it should be as lightweight as possible) and the amount of imagination you employ in packing.

Women will find that a cocktail dress will see them through all but the most formal occasions.

And a dark business suit, sports jacket and slacks will do the same for men.

And if you stick to one basic color theme you'll find that "mixing and matching" gets you a lot of mileage out of a relatively small amount of clothes. So the best advice we can give you is to take only clothes that you can interchange. That way you will be able to make up a variety of outfits. (Another bit of advice: leave furs and jewelry home unless you really need them.) The thing to watch out for is shoes.



They're heavy and they take up a lot of space so try to take a maximum of three pairs, one of which should be good walking shoes already broken in.



If you're required to take pills or other prescription items, take enough to last your entire trip. Brand names of medicines differ from country to country and you might not be able to get refills, so it doesn't pay to take chances.

The same goes for eyeglasses. Take an extra pair, if you have one. (Broken glasses could cost you a half a day's sightseeing.)

One last tip.

Since you'll undoubtedly be coming back with more stuff than you left with, buy an inexpensive, collapsible suitcase here which can fit neatly into your luggage.

This will save you the expense of buying more costly luggage abroad.



Getting a passport.



To get a passport you will need to show proof of U.S. citizenship. Your birth or baptismal certificate will do. If you cannot produce either, then an affidavit attesting that you were born in the United States is sufficient providing it is signed by a relative or person who has known you for a long time.

You will also need some form of identification that bears your signature, such as a driver's license.

Two identical photos, front view, 2½" to 3" square on a white background, and you're ready to apply.

Application must be made in person. At your county clerk's office, in some areas at your post office, or in most large cities at the Passport Agency of the Department of State.

It costs $12.00, and normally takes a minimum of two weeks for you to get your passport from the time you apply (three in the Spring or Summer) so don't wait till the last minute.

While you're traveling keep your passport with you at all times except when you have to turn it over to your hotel for registration purposes.

Do not pack your passport in your luggage. Should you lose your passport report it to the nearest American consulate or embassy.

Shots.

You can stop wincing. Most countries require no shots nowadays. However, it is wise for you or your travel agent to check with us regarding the specific countries you're going to.

And if you do have to get any shots, take them well in advance of departure as you may experience a day or two of discomfort.

An explanation of U.S. Customs regulations before it's too late.

The last person in the world you want to hear an explanation of U.S. Customs regulations from is the Customs Inspector who goes through your luggage on your return home. Because if he has to explain something it probably means you have something in your luggage you shouldn't have. So rather than getting embroiled in that kind of situation it's a good idea to know what you can't bring back before you go.



You can't bring back meat products, fruits, vegetables, plants or plant products without special permits usually unavailable to the tourist.

The same holds true for the skins and hides of animals classified under "endangered species" (leopards, alligators, etc.). Products from North Korea, North Vietnam, Southern Rhodesia and Cuba are also banned.

You can bring back almost anything else.

And you're exempt from paying duty on the first $100 worth of merchandise. ($200 worth from the U.S. Virgin Islands and Guam.)

Once you're over the exemption you must pay duty, but even that leaves room for bargains.

Buying a watch that sells for $50 abroad, for example, and paying duty is still a lot better bargain than buying the same watch here for $90.

One last point.

If you own a new camera of foreign make and you plan to take it abroad with you, remember to register it (a quick, painless process) with U.S. Customs officials before you leave. You don't want to pay duty on something you already own when you come back. (Don't laugh. It's happened.)



How many Groszys do you tip the waiter if the check comes to 87 Zlotys?

Handling foreign currency is not one of the American tourist's strong points.



And while it may be funny to hear stories of how someone tipped some waiter $5 on an $8 meal, or bought a pair of shoes for $45 when he thought he was paying $16, you're not going to find it funny if it happens to you.

And the only way to avoid it is to "learn" something about the currency of the countries you're going to visit.

To help you do that every copy of our Clipper Magazine, available free on Pan Am flights, has an up-to-date currency converter chart.

Using the chart, you'll be surprised how fast you'll come to think of a British pound as about $2.50. Or a 100 Polish zloty note as about four dollars.

And when you understand the currencies, then you can read up on the tipping procedures for the different countries. (Pan Am's comprehensive new "World Guide" gives particulars for each country.)

It also helps to understand the art of overtipping.

If you plan to return often to a place, the breakfast room of your hotel, for example, be a little generous the first time. It pays dividends.

How you can get the best rate of exchange.

For the most part, travelers checks and credit cards are the answer to money problems abroad. Most hotels and stores accept them.

Should the need arise to convert a large amount of dollars into local currency, you'll find the best official rate of exchange at banks and "exchange" houses. (Hotels tend to be somewhat less generous, although the convenience of exchanging money at the hotel may well be worth it.)

Change only as much American money into local currency as you think you will need, because you can lose money exchanging one foreign currency into another foreign currency.

And in case you run out of money, you can cash an emergency check of up to $50 at any Pan Am office just by showing your Pan Am ticket.

The art of sightseeing.

Before you go sightseeing, it's smart to have some idea of what you want to see.

To help you do this, you can buy Pan Am "Tours on Tape," handy little cassettes that consist of walking tours around major cities of the world, complete with maps.

You can play the cassette before you leave the hotel, and then take it right along with you and have your own "guided" tour. (Incidentally, this is where those broken-in walking shoes come in. You won't want to have to skip things because your feet are killing you.)



We also have Pan Am City Map/Guides that not only tell you things to see, but also places to eat and shop, for major cities around the world.

One very important thing. Some people actually avoid the great sights, like the Eiffel Tower for example, because they feel they're too touristy. But once you're on top, looking out over all of Paris, you'll realize how silly an attitude like that is.

What to eat, what to drink, and where to eat and drink it.





tells you about food and lists restaurants throughout the world.

It tells you where you can dine like a king at kings' prices and where you can dine like a king at your prices.

And can direct you to where you can get a mineral water in Italy that was recommended by Michelangelo back in the 15th century or to a meal in Japan for only $.30 (soba-buckwheat noodles, meat and vegetables).

We also have a handy new book called "The Real Restaurant Guide to Europe" that not only tells you about the best restaurants, but also tells you where to get the best food for the money.

A famous movie star when asked what was the greatest thing he had seen on his trip abroad, was reported to have replied "The veal cordon bleu with pomme souffle and artichoke vinaigrette."

The chances are he wasn't kidding.

Food abroad is a much different thing than food here.

In fact, you'll probably start to regret that you only have three meals a day to give to your stomach. (Providing you eat in the right places and order the right things.)

Which is where we come in.

Our new "Pan Am's World Guide"



And, wherever in the world you are, the people in our Pan Am offices can recommend the places they know about that are too new to be in anybody's guide book.

(They can even tell you where you can get a hamburger if you get a little lonesome for home.)



The best buys.

Between the last great monument and the next great meal there is always time to indulge in that great American pastime. Shopping. The trick, as in eating, is to know where to go and for what.

Our Pan Am Shopping Guides contain information on shopping in more than 85 countries around the world.

They tell you what the best buys are in each country (topazes, amethysts, aquamarines and tourmalines in Brazil) and even what stores to go to.

They also tell you where you can bargain and where you can't. (You can in Morocco. You'll be wasting your time in Switzerland.)

How about a place where you get a 15% discount for using travelers checks? Or a 20% deduction on luxury items (gold, silver) provided you send them directly to your home in the U.S.

The Shopping Guides also give you a chart which lets you convert your American clothing sizes into the sizes used locally.

And of course, the people in our local offices are available for tips on the latest bargains.

The nicest thing about shopping abroad, however, is that it's more than a collecting process.

Walking and browsing in places like the covered bazaar in Istanbul, Paris' flea market or the floating markets of Thailand expand your knowledge and appreciation of the places you're visiting. Even if you don't spend a nickel.



Common courtesies, local customs and things to watch out for.

Good manners are universal. Please, thank you and you're welcome go a long way anywhere in the world.

If you can learn to say them in the local language you'll be a step ahead of anyone who can't. If you can't, English will do just fine. In most countries a handshake or a slight bow serve as a hello or a goodbye.



If you are invited to someone's home a small present (flowers, candy) will be deeply appreciated. (Shoes off in many places in the Orient.)



In many countries (Turkey, Japan just to name two) a polite burp at the end of a meal is a compliment not a faux pas. Don't overdo it however. (Our new "World Guide" book sets out a list of common courtesies.)



Since you'll undoubtedly be taking a camera please remember that people's privacy and property should always be respected. Ask permission (sign language works) before you shoot.

A few things to watch out for.

The electrical current in some countries may not be compatible with your shaver or hair dryer. Check it out first. (Or better yet, take along a voltage converter which you can buy at most appliance stores here before you leave.)

In small buildings in France an elevator will take you up, but you are expected to walk down.



In Amsterdam, a great place to buy expensive diamonds cheap, there are people who sell cheap diamonds expensively. Since you can't tell the difference readily, only buy in reputable places.

As a matter of general information, don't buy from people who approach you on the street with "deals" anywhere.

Different ways to go.

The whole question here is, "to tour or not to tour?"

But before you jump one way or another you should know what a "tour" is.

Nowadays, a tour is a pre-arranged vacation plan. In some cases it involves traveling with a group.

In some cases it doesn't. The pre-arranging also comes in varying degrees.

Altogether we have 1500 tours to places all over the world.

We have tours where every single detail is taken care of. You don't have to worry about tipping, speaking the language, the customs, what sights to see, where to eat or anything.

These tours are the best way to go for the person who doesn't like to worry about details.

Then there are such wide-open tours as the fly/drive tour. Terrific for the person who likes to "free-wheel" it a little.

Here we take care of your air travel, set you up with hotels and inns and arrange car rental for you and outside of that, you're on your own.

We also have some very special tours that we call our "Pan Am's World" tours. And we offer them to Europe, the Pacific, Latin America and the Caribbean.

We have them for the person who's never

been abroad, and for the person who has been somewhere before, and wants to go back to see it in more detail.

And we have them for people who have a lot of money to spend or a little money to spend.

And every Pan Am's World tour gives you everything it promises. (We even have "Tour Testers," people who stay at the hotels on our tours to make sure they are maintaining good service. If they aren't, we take them off our tours.)

And, of course, if you want to, you can always "go it alone."

The people who do this usually have no itinerary or at least a loose one, and just take things as they come.



If you want, we can arrange to have a Pan Am's World Rent-a-Car waiting when you arrive. We have a wide selection of models. And in many cases you can pick up a car in one city, and leave it in another at no extra cost.



Going on your own is a great idea. But it doesn't hurt to be somewhat familiar with the language. (We have a "pocket translator" that can help you.)

And whether you're going on your own, or on a tour (or even if you don't know where you want to go yet) a good idea would be for you to visit a Pan Am travel agent or Pan Am office, where you can browse through our Holiday Travel Center, with color brochures explaining the vacations we offer all over the world.

What's the best time to vacation abroad?

Air fares and the cost of hotel accommodations vary from season to season.

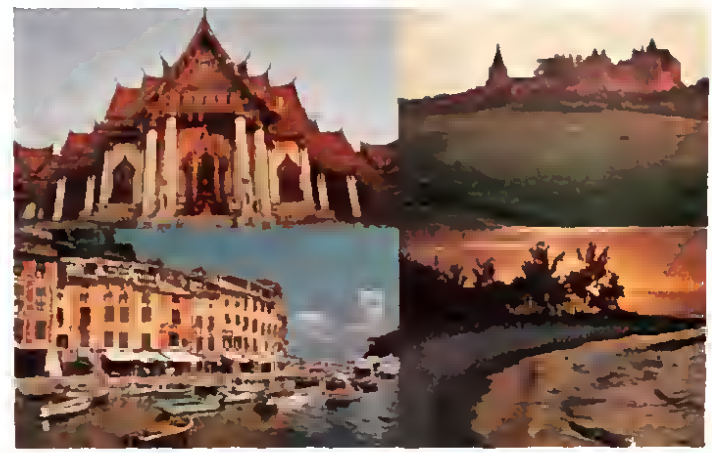
If you want the most vacation for your money, the best times to travel are when other people aren't.

For example, to Europe in the winter, and the Caribbean in the summer.

However, some places like the Pacific cost about the same the year around, because they're relatively uncrowded the year around.

Your Pan Am travel agent or the people at a Pan Am office can explain how the cost of air fares and accommodations can vary at different times of the year.

And, if you want, they can also arrange for you to charge your trip on a Pan Am Take Off Card or Pan Am's World Travel Credit Plan.



Airlines charge the same. Airlines don't give you the same.

One thing *not* to consider in choosing an airline is what it will cost you.

Because all airlines that belong to the International Air Transport Association charge the same fares to the same places.

So since you can't choose an airline on the basis of what it charges you, you might as well choose one on the basis of what it gives you.

To most airlines that means what you get on board a plane. A hot meal, a movie, a drink and some little nuts in a bag.

At Pan Am we think airline service is much more than what you get on board a plane.

The knowledge that we can pass on to you through our experience over the years is part of what we consider "service."

We have 235 Pan Am offices in 120 cities in 84 countries around the world.



In our offices you'll find people who do a lot more than just sell tickets and confirm flights.

We can give you tips on interesting side trips you may want to take.

We can even perform as your post office, so you can keep up with your mail.

We have our own Pan Am's World Rent-a-Car system in Western Europe, Israel and Morocco and will soon have it in other parts of the world.



We have our own Inter-Continental Hotels in 43 countries. (Every hotel is different. But our high standards of service are the same.)

And if you fly on Pan Am via New York, you'll find another kind of service.

Our new terminal at Kennedy Airport, the largest private air terminal in the world.

It's designed to make your stay on the ground shorter and more pleasant. (You can be driven right up to your gate. And we have our own U.S. customs and a unique baggage-handling system.)

There's another part to our service. An important part.

We are the most experienced airline in the world.

We were the first airline to fly the Atlantic, the Pacific, to Latin America and around the world.

We opened more of the world to air travel than all other airlines combined. And we introduced almost every plane into commercial service. From the beginnings of international commercial aviation, right through to the 747.

Our knowledge and experience in this area is so vast that 24 of the world's airlines sent their pilots and crews to us for training.

As you can see, Pan Am is a lot more than just a hot meal and a movie.

Of course, we're pretty good in that area too.

In fact, we started it all by being the first airline to serve meals and show movies on board a plane.

Another innovation of ours is First Class dining rooms on our 747s. And if you fly economy class, it might interest you to know that last year 13 of the world's airlines came to us to prepare meals for them too.

What it all adds up to is this.

We help you before you go, help you while you're there, and give you a pleasant flight in between.

So if you're planning a trip abroad, see a Pan Am travel agent. Or visit a Pan Am office. Or send in our coupon.

And find out how much an airline can do to make your vacation abroad more enjoyable.

Pan American World Airways Inc.,
P.O. Box 884,
Trenton, New Jersey 08605

Please send me your Travel Planning Kit(s) checked below. Each kit contains our Pan Am's World Guide for the area, Shopping Guide, Travel Planner, Tour Brochures and a copy of Clipper Magazine

- ☐ Europe & Mediterranean Kit $2.50
- ☐ Caribbean Kit $2.50
- ☐ Pacific & Hawaii Kit $2.50
- ☐ Latin America Kit $2.50

Also please send me Pan Am's:

- ☐ "Real Restaurant Guide to Europe" $2.00
- ☐ "Dial-a-Phrase" handy pocket translator wheel for phrases in: Each $1.00
 ☐ French ☐ German ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish

My check for $_____ is enclosed.

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The world's most experienced airline.

out that 75 lost ground to the field. I stayed in sixth place with my 73, so if I shoot 80 tomorrow I still will make it. Now I admit I'm starting to think about the prize money. I'm five strokes back of first place and Stubblefield.

A lot of guys eliminated themselves today. A few already had withdrawn and I guess a couple more won't show at the first tee tomorrow. My good friend Eddie Pearce is not going to qualify, and it is a real shame. He dropped out of school to play the pro tour, and now he will have to wait another year, although I think most people agree he is ready to play. He had a 76 today and is tied for 55th. My roommate, Denny Satyshur, had a 79 and appears to be out of the running now. Tom Kite had a 74 and needs a fairly good round tomorrow to make it. I think he'll do it. He is a real competitor.

Saturday, Nov. 4

I saved my best for last. I hit all 18 greens, shot an easy 71, finished tied for third place at 436 total, called my parents and signed on with Ed Barner as my business manager on the pro tour. Quite a day.

Stubby and John Adams tied for first at 434, and on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff Larry drilled in a 40-foot putt for a birdie and first place, so he'll be going out on the tour with a little change in his pocket.

There were plenty of tragic stories on the scoreboard. It took a score of 447 or better to qualify and 25 guys, the low 22 plus three ties, made it. One who didn't was Barry Jaeckel. Barry just missed qualifying in last year's school, then played in Europe during the summer. He had quite a record, including a victory in the French Open. Barry sank a five-foot putt on the 18th today, and his caddie let out a big yell. He thought the putt gave Barry a 78 for the day and a total of 447, but when they added up the card it came out to a 79, just one big stroke too many. What a disappointment that must have been. Bob Panasiuk, who is the Canadian PGA champ, shot a 42 on the last nine holes and missed qualifying by four strokes, and Jim Masserio, my partner in the National Team Championship last summer, shot a 78 for 450. Eddie Pearce and Denny Satyshur finished well back at 454. Tom Kite had a 71 and made it easily at 442.

I played with Victor Regalado in the last round, and Victor startled everyone by taking an eight on the first hole. He drove into a pond right in front of the tee, but he settled down and shot a 78 to qualify at 439.

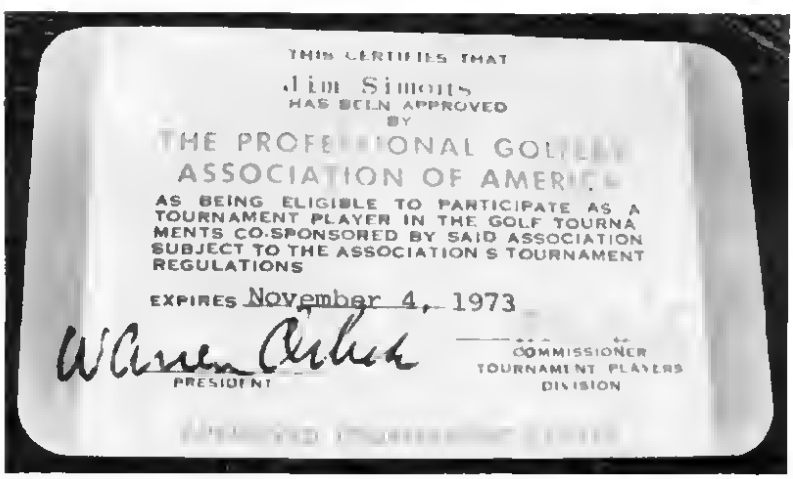
All day long I was keyed up, but with about four holes to go I got a real shot of adrenaline. All my emotions let loose and I thought, "Well, you're going to make it." I'm sure that many of the other guys had the same feeling sometime today. You think back over everything you've done to reach this particular moment and it is overwhelming. I hit good shots the rest of the round and I came up with two of my best on the par-5 18th, two wood shots that left me only 18 feet from the cup. I was really soaring.

Throughout the week a lot of us have talked about what would be a fairer way of qualifying for the tour. Six rounds is a lot of golf, but at the same time it all takes place in a week, and if a fellow has a bad week, he doesn't make it. The only fair way would be to play about 40 rounds. Perhaps golfers could be subsidized on a regional satellite tour for six to eight weeks and the top money-winners from that tour would qualify for the big tour. In six rounds things just happen too quickly. I know that after those first two rounds if I had panicked, I easily could have failed to qualify, and that would have crushed me. As it was, I played the last 72 holes in four under par.

I guess the turning point for me came in the third round when I kept my wits and sank that five-foot putt for my par on the sixth, then parred the seventh and eighth holes and birdied the ninth. That got me going. All week long I kept to my game plan. I concentrated on the mental aspects of the game, did not practice in the evenings and swung slowly and well within myself.

After the final round the PGA had a buffet dinner for the qualifiers. Someone compared it to the last meal before they fed us to the wolves. They took a class picture and also collected $475 checks from each of us for initiation fees and dues and such things. I was happy to write that check. Everyone else was, too. Stubby said something poignant when he accepted his first-place money. He said, "There are 25 first places here this week, and that's all that counts. We'll all be out there." Those words were like music to me. When I heard them I realized that for the first time in a while, I wasn't scared.

Having earned his card, Jim Simons joined the tour late last year, but so far he has found it a struggle. His brief record shows his best finish in six regular tour events this year was a tie for 51st at Tucson. Second place in the pro-am part of the Crosby gave him his largest purse so far, $2,300, and through the Florida Citrus Open his total winnings for 1973 were $3,809. Tom Kite, who was in contention during the final round of the L.A. Open, leads the Class of '72 graduates this year with $10,737. Andy North is second with $10,469. Larry Stubblefield, who won the school tournament, has earned only $590. Eddie Pearce is playing the Tampa mini-tour. He plans to try it all again next October. **END**



PEOPLE

How did American prisoners of war kill time? By playing imaginary golf, imaginary football and imaginary chess, it seems. Colonel **George Hall** of Hattiesburg, Miss. says he played 18 holes of golf in his mind daily. "I parred every hole," he reports. Major **Murphy Neal Jones** of Baton Rouge, once a linebacker at Tulane, relived his high school and college games. "Tulane's games came out much better," Jones said. "We beat LSU every year." (Tulane has not beaten LSU since 1948.) Lieut. **Bruce Seeber** of West Monroe, La. played chess mentally. And then there was Lieut. Colonel **Thomas Curtis** of Alexandria, Va. When he found out about people like Colonel Hall playing 18 holes of imaginary golf every day, Curtis says that *he* kept busy by worrying about their sanity.

Raoul Rodriguez, deplaning from Colombia at New York's Kennedy Airport with a bowling bag, looked nervous. "Why should a man carrying a bowling bag look nervous?" the customs officers asked themselves. So they took Rodriguez aside for questioning. Rodriguez did not look less nervous. The inspectors drilled into the bowling ball and struck $300,000 worth of cocaine destroying some wild trips down the alleys.

Frank Stranahan, the longtime former amateur golf champion, used to walk and stand and wait as a young man, just as all golfers do. Now, at 50, Stranahan runs and runs some more, as marathon racers do. Last week he finished a St. Louis Marathon course in three hours and 38 minutes, quicker time than he sometimes required for 18 holes of golf, and ended 71st in a 105-man field. "I run when I get time, mostly in an area near Yankee Stadium," says the Champion Spark Plug heir. Stranahan worked his way up from six miles a week to 50, but then had to cut back. "I got water on the knee and I lost all my toe nails," he says.

Peter Traynor, a young multimillionaire who started by turning an afternoon job mowing lawns into an $18,000-a-year part-time landscaping business by his junior year in high school, has an interesting explanation for his money collecting. "I would rather play the game of money than do anything else," Traynor says. "I amass money because it measures the success of what I am doing, the way time measures a runner's speed. I am compelled to know how good I am." He's pretty good at his game. His Leverage Funding Systems, which invests money for that affluent group, physicians, made a $2 million profit last year. And the sports metaphor comes naturally. Another Stranahan, Traynor rises at 6:30, drives his $20,000 Mercedes from Beverly Hills to UCLA and jogs seven miles.

The average charity ball is about as exciting as a slow drizzle, but the wives of Dallas Cowboy players recently put on a benefit for the Girls' Adventure Trails that was different. This one included an auction, and on the block was Linebacker **Chuck Howley's** jersey, No. 54. The opening bidder? His wife Nancy, who has hinted broadly that after 14 years in the NFL her husband might cast about for something else to do. Spotting the plot immediately, Chuck shouted, "You're not retiring *my* jersey!" and spiritedly bid up the price. The jersey eventually went for $475 to Nancy. Moaned Chuck, the first player who ever had to pay to retire his own jersey, "It only *cost* $5."

The Texas A&M basketball coach, **Shelby Metcalf,** is writing a Ph.D. dissertation entitled "An Investigation of Variables Affecting Crowd Behavior at Basketball Games in the Southwest Conference." How did he choose the subject? Well, Metcalf was involved in an A&M-Baylor free-for-all at Waco last year, and he started his project shortly afterward. "I got blamed for the fight," he explains, "and I wanted to see how much of a part I really did play."

Ernie Nevers, one of the all-time football players, underwent knee surgery last month at age 70. Nevers said he remembered exactly when it started to hurt. "It was the game at Portsmouth 40 years ago. It's been awful the last three years. I can hardly walk, can't play golf... terrible. There was no cartilage left." His wife added, "My advice to Joe Namath is to take his celebrated knees and get out of football."

Bowie Kuhn was telling how he visited Disney World and was assigned one of those attractive girl guides to show him around. Knowing she had an important guest but apparently forgetting just exactly who, the girl kind of hemmed and hawed and finally asked, "Sir, may I ask what your business is?" "I'm the commissioner of baseball," Kuhn replied. "Oh," said the girl. She paused. Then she blurted, "What ever became of Branch Rickey?"

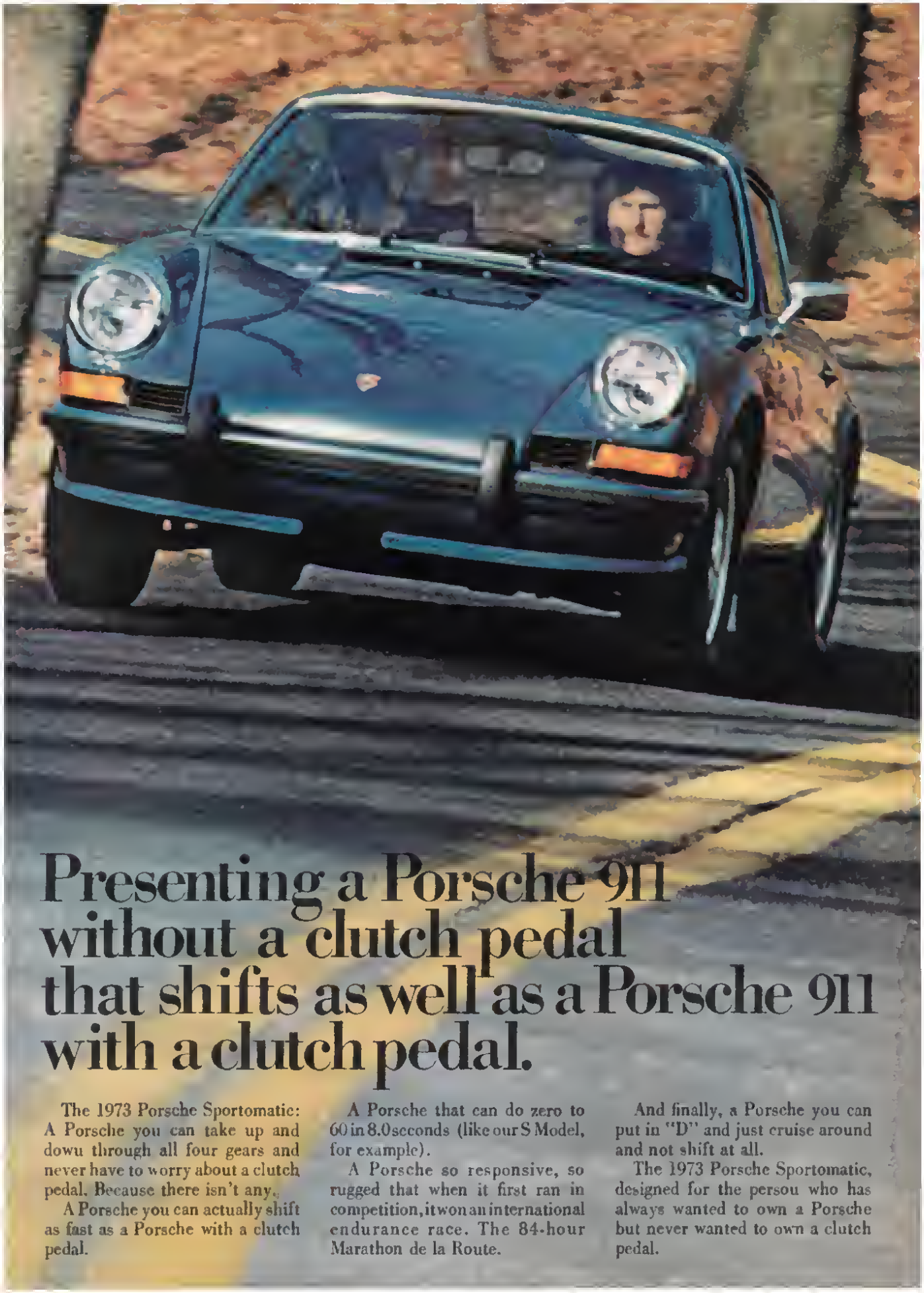
• There's this odd situation at the University of Southern California. No fewer than three head coaches in three major sports have sons playing for them. Football Coach **John McKay** found Split End **J. K. McKay** a very noticeable help.



Basketball Coach **Bob Boyd** is more than happy to have 6' 7" **Bill** at forward. And now on deck for the baseball season are Coach **Rod Dedeaux** and son **Terry,** an excellent infielder and hitter. If this be nepotism, USC makes the most of it. The Trojans won national championships in both football and baseball last year, and the basketball team is going to the NIT this next Saturday.







Presenting a Porsche 911 without a clutch pedal that shifts as well as a Porsche 911 with a clutch pedal.

The 1973 Porsche Sportomatic: A Porsche you can take up and dowu through all four gears and never have to worry about a clutch pedal. Because there isn't any.

A Porsche you can actually shift as fast as a Porsche with a clutch pedal.

A Porsche that can do zero to 60 in 8.0seconds (like our S Model, for example).

A Porsche so responsive, so rugged that when it first ran in competition, it won an international endurance race. The 84-hour Marathon de la Route.

And finally, a Porsche you can put in "D" and just cruise around and not shift at all.

The 1973 Porsche Sportomatic, designed for the persou who has always wanted to own a Porsche but never wanted to own a clutch pedal.



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A stack of paperwork—Clark forklifts get it done.
They're converting refuse to energy and a Melroe Bobcat loader helps.



Clark Equipment gets it done!

You can count on it. Because the equipment is good to begin with. And because your Clark dealer knows how to keep it that way. When you're under pressure to get a job done, that's good to know.

CLARK EQUIPMENT

Buchanan, Michigan 49107

Clark compactor puts the finishing touch on a German autobahn





Used Clark lift trucks will outwear many new non-Clarks on today's market.

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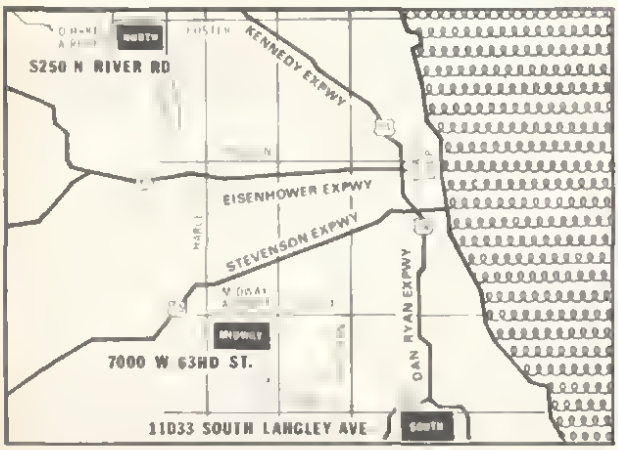
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Another annuity for two old Aussies

In the insurance capital of the U.S., Ken Rosewall and Roy Emerson continued an Australian policy and collected the World Cup once again

Let us face it, tennis fans and vessel lovers. Compared to the Davis Cup, America's Cup, Rose Bowl, Wightman Cup or Old Oaken Bucket—and even your old fraternity beer mug—the Aetna World Cup does not stack up in the hoary-tradition department. It has never been bent out of shape in some undergraduate tug-of-war. It has not sat rusting in some spotlighted trophy case since the administration of Franklin Pierce. In fact, despite its grandiose name, the world took little note last week when a group of superior athletes met in Trinity College's small gymnasium in Hartford, Conn. to battle a fourth time for the cup's possession.

The idea of the World Cup is to pit the best players from the U.S. and Australia against each other for seven matches, five singles and two doubles, with $20,000 going to the winners, $10,000 to the losers and any residue of goodwill to the sponsoring insurance company, which foots the bills and gives ticket and program proceeds to charity. If you think this sounds a little like the Davis Cup, you're right. Except, of course, that a few dozen tennis-playing countries and several vast continents are eliminated right off the bat—er, racket—without any of their players getting a chance to lace up a shoe. Perhaps it is all a capitalistic plot by Aetna to avoid associating its name with Rumania's Ilie Nastase.

Anyway, it was just Aussies vs. Yanks in Trinity College's gym, fighting it out the way they so often have in Davis Cup finals. The deciding match came on Sunday in a confrontation between America's tall Stan Smith, voted the best player on earth in 1972, and stubby Ken Rosewall, at 38 an ancient of the sport who last represented his country in international play 17 years ago. That was in the 1956 Davis Cup and since then Rosewall has helped to bring professional tennis from the dim courts and paltry—sometimes nonexistent—paychecks to the point where he earned $100,000 for winning the last two pro championships.

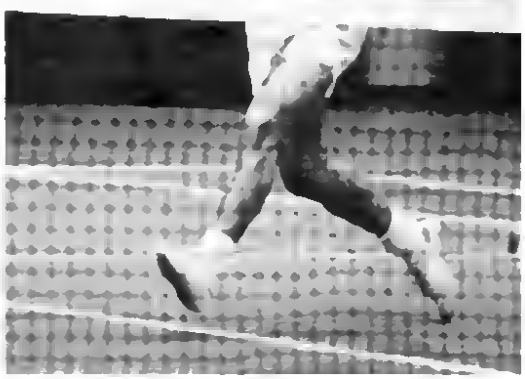
Even though Rocket Rod Laver was kept out of play by an aching back, Australia led 3–2 going into the Smith-Rosewall match, so Smith had to win or the remaining doubles match between Marty Riessen and Arthur Ashe of the U.S. and Aussies Roy Emerson and John Newcombe would be meaningless. In the first set Smith broke Rosewall to take a 6–5 lead and had only to hold service to win it, but Rosewall broke back to force a 12-point tie breaker. Stan took that tie breaker, but from then on he hardly seemed to be in the match. Rosewall won the next two sets, 6–0, 6–4, and took the World Cup for Australia for the third time in four years. The meaningless doubles match was also won by Australia, 7–6, 3–6, 6–3.

It was time for the Aussies to give out with their victory chant, which ends, "Moll moll honolu, Tiparoo tiparoo. We are the boys of kangaroo. Who are we? We are they, we are the boys of kangaroo, ya ya ya." We presume that it is only chanted late at night after many celebration beers.

The World Cup started in 1970, the result of much hard work and patient haggling by Jim Smith, a persistent seeker of decent tennis facilities for Boston's inner city, and Bud Collins, columnist for *The Boston Globe* and a man of many distinctions, one of which is that he once was Abbie Hoffman's tennis coach at Brandeis University. "A real character builder," he describes him-

continued





KEN ROSEWALL: WILL HE EVER GIVE UP?



ROY EMERSON: HE BEAT AN OLD NEMESIS

self. Smith had the idea, Collins had the contacts and with much help from former Davis Cup captain Donald Dell and Arthur Ashe, they plowed through 10 miles of red tape and got it going. For a bit of instant tradition, they ordered their trophy—on credit—from the same Boston jewelry store, Shreve, Crump & Low, that for $750 had crafted the Davis Cup back in 1900. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, its publisher's arm being gently twisted by Collins, paid part of the tab.

The first year two Aussies, Newcombe and Fred Stolle, stood off four Yanks, Ashe, Smith, Clark Graebner and Cliff Richey, to win $11,000 (the losers split $9,000). There was some money left over to buy and refurbish some tennis courts at Jim Smith's Sportsmen's Club, where the surfaces had been unfavorably compared with a cobblestone street. In 1971 the prize money went up to $30,000 and Dennis Ralston was the hero in a U.S. victory, even though the Aussies took unfair advantage by showing up with four men. But the event was now getting too big for Smith and Collins.

Enter Aetna, which figured it might as well join Commercial Union, Virginia Slims, Miller High Life, Michelob and all the other American companies riding the tennis wave. Aetna moved the show to its sports-starved hometown, Hartford, and agreed to help the Sportsmen's Club each year in addition to kicking in to some Hartford charity. A dingy armory was rejected as the site and Trinity College was picked until a 10,000-seat civic arena could be completed. Last year the Aussies took a 2-1 lead in the series and did it convincingly, whomping the Yanks 6–1. Charlie Pasarell was the lone American winner.

The squads this year were Smith, Riessen, Ashe and Bob Lutz for the U.S., with Ralston the captain, and Rosewall, Newcombe, Emerson and John Alexander for Australia, the team captained by Stolle, that master of Down Under psychology.

"Hold this serve," he would say to Emerson during the rest periods, "there's a nice cold beer waiting for you."

Certificates of bravery should be awarded to Lutz and Alexander, each of whom interrupted his honeymoon to be on hand. Five major life-insurance companies are headquartered in Hartford and there are few things an insurance salesman loves more than a newlywed. One could envision Alexander sitting down at courtside for a breather after having had his service broken and getting an earful of sales pitch from a Travelers agent sneaking in on Aetna's territory. But it never happened. The earfuls came from captains Stolle and Ralston, who did more than just wipe off racket handles.

Ralston, whose two bad knees have forced him into being a part-time, fill-in player on the pro circuit, coaches a college team in his hometown of Bakersfield, Calif. Last year, as captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team (a job he also holds this year), he worked well with Smith, battling in Bucharest against the antics and tirades of Nastase and Ion Tiriac, and Ralston was not about to let the press believe what he considered to be Australian propaganda, such as the word going around that Rosewall was playing poorly and that Newcombe had not played in two months.

"They may say that Ken Rosewall is not up to his usual form," said Ralston, "but I saw him in Chicago last week. He played good tennis even though he lost. In one situation he won 15 of 16 points. You'd have to call that good tennis."

And had Newcombe really been in hibernation in the Outback?

"I can't believe John hasn't held a racket in his hand for two months," said Ralston. "When you're a tennis player you just don't do those things."

After a celebrity tournament that featured comedian Bill Cosby as the world's funniest and least competent net judge, the serious competition began on the slow Supreme-Court surface. Smith met Newcombe, three-time Wimbledon champion and the only World Cupper not supplied by the World Championship of Tennis troupes. Newcombe, as Ralston had noted, claimed he had been resting at home in Sydney, keeping a safe distance from his racket. Smith had five WCT tournaments behind him and ranked second to Rod Laver in Group A. He was just back from risking his valuable limbs on the ski slopes of Utah. Smith and Newcombe had a close, tough match, the first service break not coming until the 29th game and the first two sets going to tie breakers. Smith won 7–6, 6–7, 7–5, and the U.S. was assured of at least matching last year's score.

"The adrenaline wasn't coming," complained Newcombe. "There wasn't enough killer there."

Smith and Ralston had gone over their strategy carefully and decided to make Newcombe volley with his backhand as much as possible. Not that his backhand volley is weak, but at least an opponent has a chance to get to it, whereas the forehand volley resembles a howitzer shot.

On the second night Ashe met Emerson, who had not beaten him in seven years, and the U.S. seemed to have a second point in the bag. But no, old Emmo won 6–4, 4–6, 6–3. Said Ashe: "When Emmo puts on the Australian jock or shirt or whatever it was he wore tonight, he does well." Then Riessen, who had beaten Rosewall four out of the last five times they had met, was beaten by the little star from Sydney 6–2, 7–6. It was probably Rosewall's best match of the year (he ranks five notches below leader Riessen in WCT's Group B).

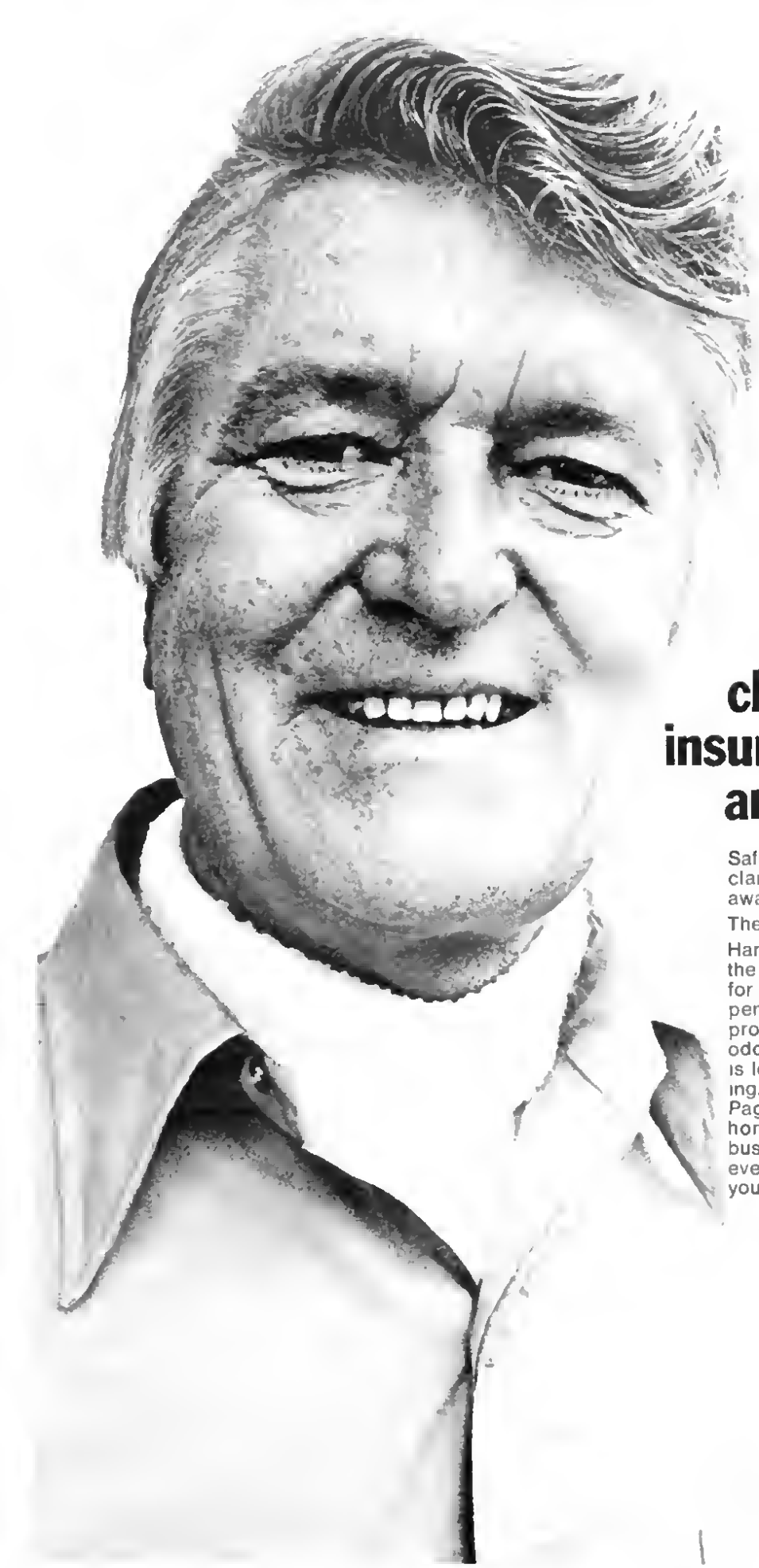
Saturday night Riessen, using the same tactics that had worked for Smith, beat Newcombe 6–3, 5–7, 6–4 and showed off his improved first serve and his running forehand down the line. The two countries were tied 2–2 and it seemed certain that America's best doubles team, Smith and Lutz, would beat Rosewall-Alexander, who had played together just twice before (Rosewall is a mere 17 years older than the bridegroom). The Aussies had three match points against them in the 10th game of the third set but fought back to win in a tie breaker 3–6, 6–1, 7–6. Rosewall and Alexander concentrated on spinning serves close into Smith's body on his backhand side so that he didn't have room to swing out.

That set up Rosewall's cup-winning singles match against Smith, after which Ken skipped a TV interview with Bud Collins and jumped into the whirlpool. Collins apologized to his audience, saying Rosewall had to take care of his old bones.

"My legs have probably run more miles than Bud Collins' tongue has waggled," said Rosewall in retaliation, "and that's saying something."

A short while later captain Stolle walked into the training room and found Smith stretched out naked on a table getting a rubdown and sipping a cold soft drink.

"Fred, what's wrong with that old guy?" asked Stan. "Doesn't he get tired at all? Won't he ever give up?" **END**



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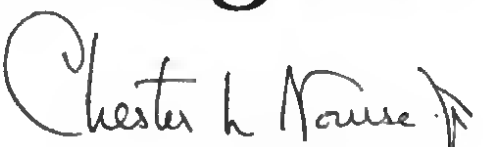
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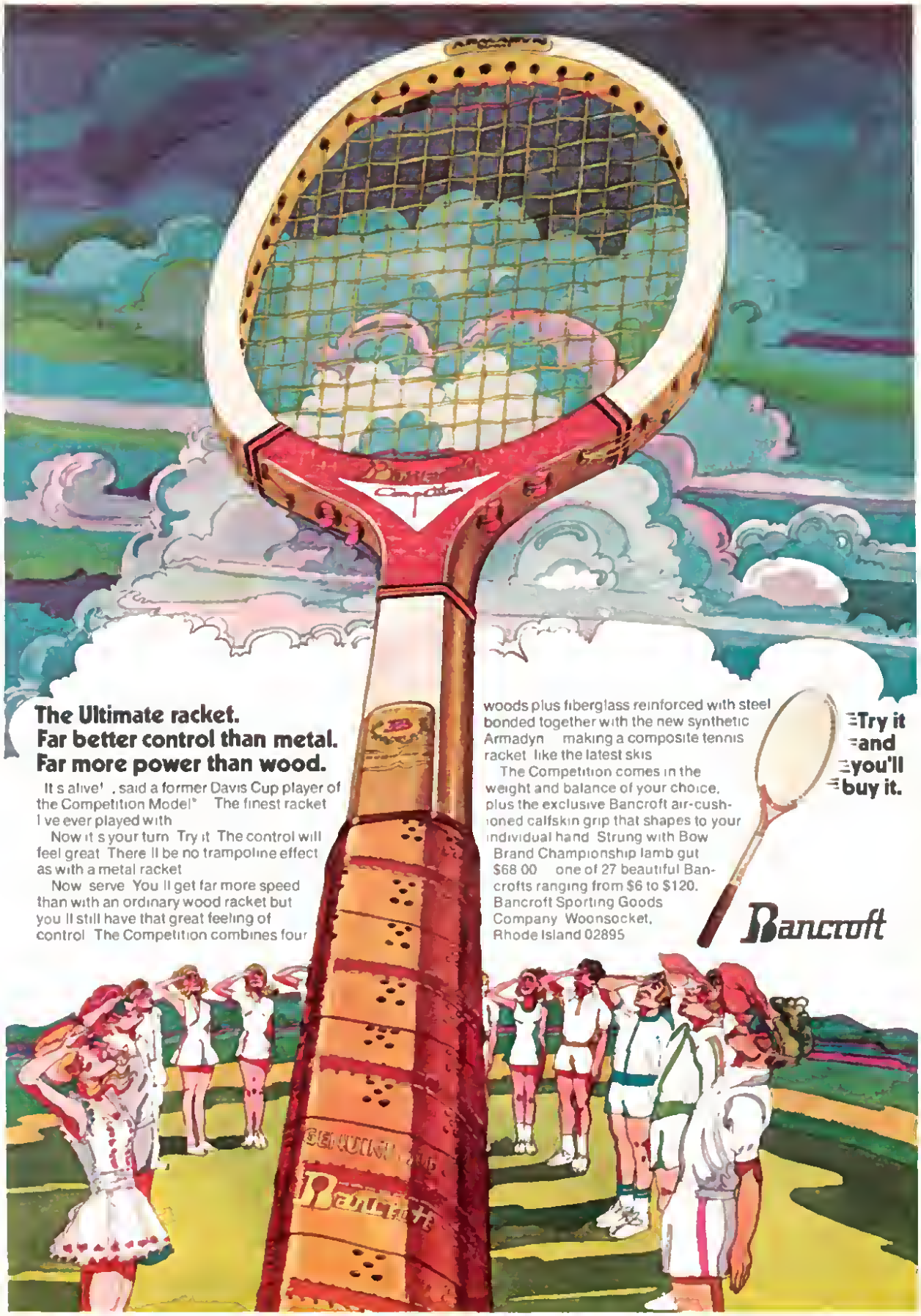
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TRADED BY THE SONICS, CAVALIER WILKENS SHOWS HE STILL HAS THE OLD BOOM

Lenny Wilkens is a skinny little man with no jump shot and a hairstyle by Dagwood Bumstead. He plays guard with one hand—his left—better than all but a few other pros do with two. "Lenny plays his position the way it should be played," says Chicago Coach Dick Motta. "There are a few other guards around who are more dangerous, but when it comes down to playing the position, to knowing what should be done and how to do it, Lenny's my standard."

In his previous 12 NBA seasons Wilkens has sometimes averaged 20 points a game, just as he is doing this year, or led the NBA in assists, or been named the Most Valuable Player in the All-Star Game. But none of those achievements reflect his value. The word that Wilkens' current coach, Bill Fitch of the Cleveland Cavaliers, and many of Lenny's opponents use most often in discussing him is "professional." It is an attribute not easily found these days among the many players who like to think of themselves as pros even while they go one-on-one to the basket and the bank. Meanwhile, Wilkens sticks quietly and expertly to the most guardly of virtues, the direction of a team's activities on the floor. He can dribble through a brier patch. He knows the perfect pass to make and, perhaps more important, realizes that most often it need not be a fancy one. He picks the proper moments to shoot one of his feathery hooks off the drive or to pull back for an old-fashioned, one-hand set shot. Best of all, he has the ability to pace a game, to enforce a tempo so adroitly that nine larger and meaner men—foes as well as friends—often end up playing to the rhythm set by the player the Cavs call The Little Fella.

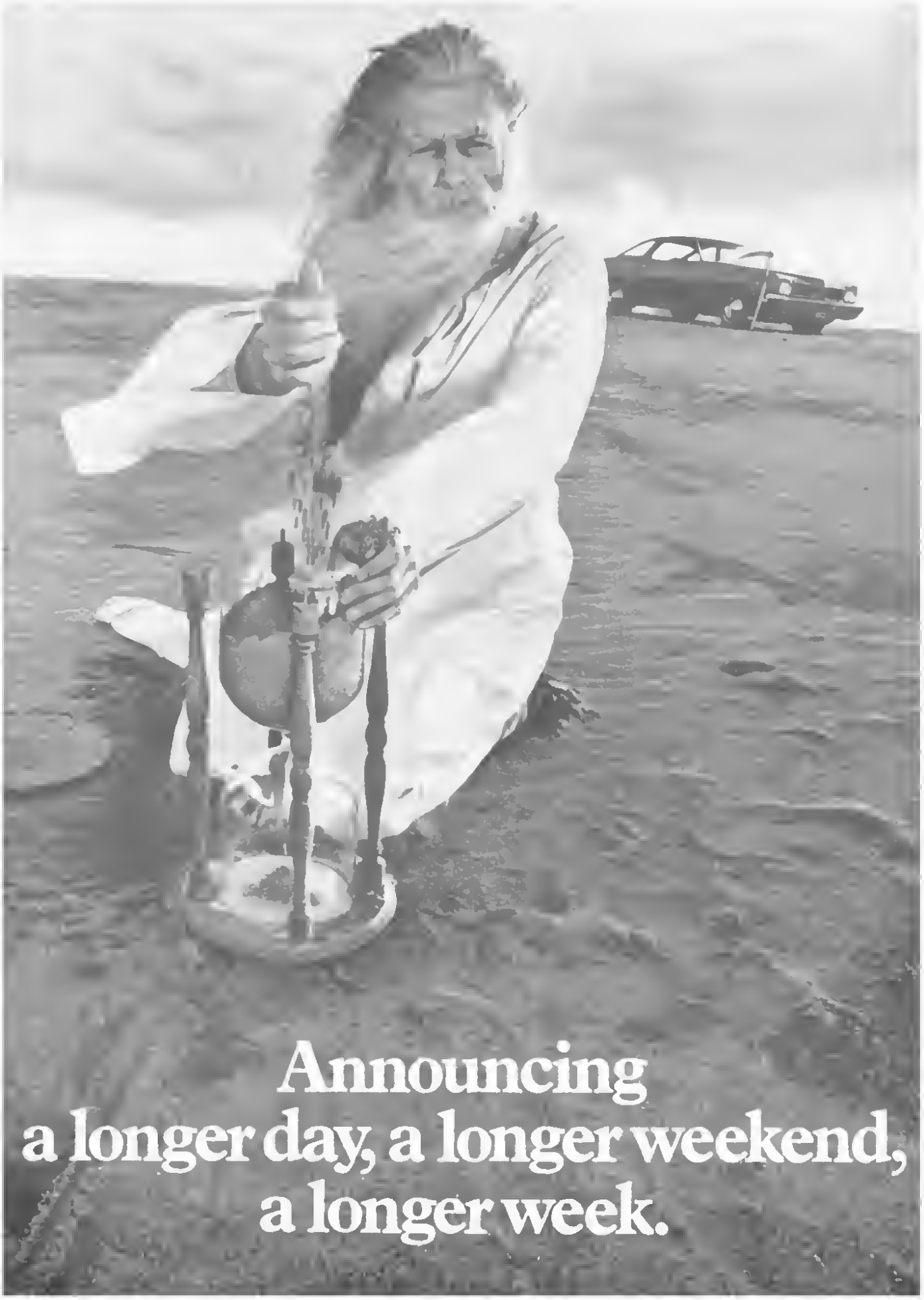
Consequently, the measure of Wilkens' effectiveness is not found in his statistics, although his numbers this season (20.9 points and eight assists a game, and a $100,000-plus salary) are worth measuring. The only accurate gauge of a playmaker's success must be drawn from his team's record, and rarely has the value of a guard's guard been as clearly delineated as in the cases of Wilkens' two clubs.

One of them is the Seattle SuperSonics, the team for which he had played the past four seasons, which he had coached the last three and which unceremoniously shipped him out of town late in August. During his tenure the Sonics progressed from awful to artful. Last spring Seattle finished with a 47-35 record, its first over .500, and was widely regarded as the most promising young team in the NBA. Seattleites certainly thought so. They came to games at an average rate of 11,107, many of them apparently out of love for Lenny, whose absence has contributed to an 18% attendance drop.

His departure also has left the Sonics flying as low as the SST. They may not win more than 25 games, and Tom Nissalke, the coach hired to replace Wilkens, has been fired. Seattle's two remaining quality players, Forward Spencer Haywood and Guard Dick Snyder, obviously miss The Little Fella. Snyder is now too often left out of the action altogether while Haywood is in it too much. Without Wilkens around to set him up inside, Haywood has been coming outside to get the ball and trying to blast his way back in toward the basket one-on-one.

In *their* first season, 1970-71, the Cavaliers won only 15 games. A year ago solid coaching by Fitch and steady performances by some young players, particularly Center Rick Roberson, Forward John Johnson and Guard Austin

continued


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Carr, resulted in 23 wins. This year Cleveland scored its 23rd victory with 20 games remaining and are hopefully battling the Houston Rockets for third place in the Central Division with a 25-46 record.

In the bad old days Cleveland's set offense consisted of five men standing around taking a vote on where the first pass from the guard would go. This time-consuming procedure usually left the 24-second clock ticking perilously close to zero as someone threw up a shot from near half court. Now the attack is crisper, although the fact that they are the league's worst group of shooters—the complexities of the layup seem to elude them—tends to undermine the good execution of plays.

Wilkens' value to the Cavs extends beyond directing set plays. "I think John Johnson described it best when he said that last year we were like a family of five kids out on the floor without a father," says Fitch. "We're still using basically the same offense we've had since the team's first year, but now if it breaks down, Lenny will make a play. A playmaker isn't a guy who simply runs patterns for you. He's the guy who can make things happen when the set things haven't panned out. When the clock gets down to five or six seconds, he'll go to one of the basics—one-on-one, pick-and-roll, pass-and-cut. And he'll make 'em work."

"I think the big thing Lenny's done for us is all head stuff," says Carr. "Take the fast break, for example. If you're in the middle with the ball and your center is filling one lane and he's going full blast, you shouldn't give him the ball because he's not used to handling it in that sort of circumstance. You should wait until he's at the basket before you throw it so he's in his customary position. Lenny does that."

Wilkens' arrival in Cleveland was precipitated by a series of events that began last spring when the Seattle ownership told him to choose between playing and coaching. He decided to remain in uniform and told his employers they could expect his full loyalty to the new coach. In return, he felt he had been assured he would not be traded. During the summer trade rumors buzzed through Seattle and he again asked if he would be shipped out. The answer, says Lenny, was no.

His future in Seattle was of particular importance to Brooklyn-born Wilkens because of his newly developed love for the woods and open spaces in the Northwest. For the first time in his pro career he had bought a house not for its resale value but for its hominess. He and his wife Marilyn had decided this was the place they wanted to live and raise their three children.

When Nissalke, last season's ABA Coach of the Year at Dallas, came to Seattle with a three-year contract, he decided the Sonics would not become title contenders for several more seasons. He surmised that Wilkens, who at 35 is the oldest starting guard in the NBA, would be too elderly by then and he thought he had the full support of management when he traded Lenny as part of a long-term youth movement.

Had he looked hard at his franchise's previous efforts to improve, Nissalke might have been less surprised when he was fired three months into the season. While other teams patiently attempted to upgrade through drafts and trades, the Sonics had tried to buy a championship out of the ABA, even though NBA rules prohibit the tactics of Seattle Owner Sam Schulman. He took his own league to court and won. Of the three former ABA All-Stars on the Sonic roster, only Haywood has been a success. Center Jim McDaniels remains a high-priced substitute and Forward John Brisker, in addition to playing poorly, has been a discipline problem. The agent retained by all three to hustle them out of the ABA is Al Ross of Los Angeles, a man who reportedly tries to take a hand in the management and coaching of the teams for which his players perform. Seattle and Phoenix, the two NBA clubs that have signed former ABA players advised by Ross (the Suns have Charlie Scott), are the teams that have failed most dramatically to live up to expectations.

On the day the trade was made, Lenny was off playing golf. The Sonic front office called Marilyn Wilkens and told her of the deal only five minutes before a relative from New York phoned to say he had heard the news over the radio. Summoned home from the practice green, Lenny was shocked by the trade, dismayed by the prospect of playing for a club as poor as Cleveland and upset because he thought he had been judged over-the-hill.

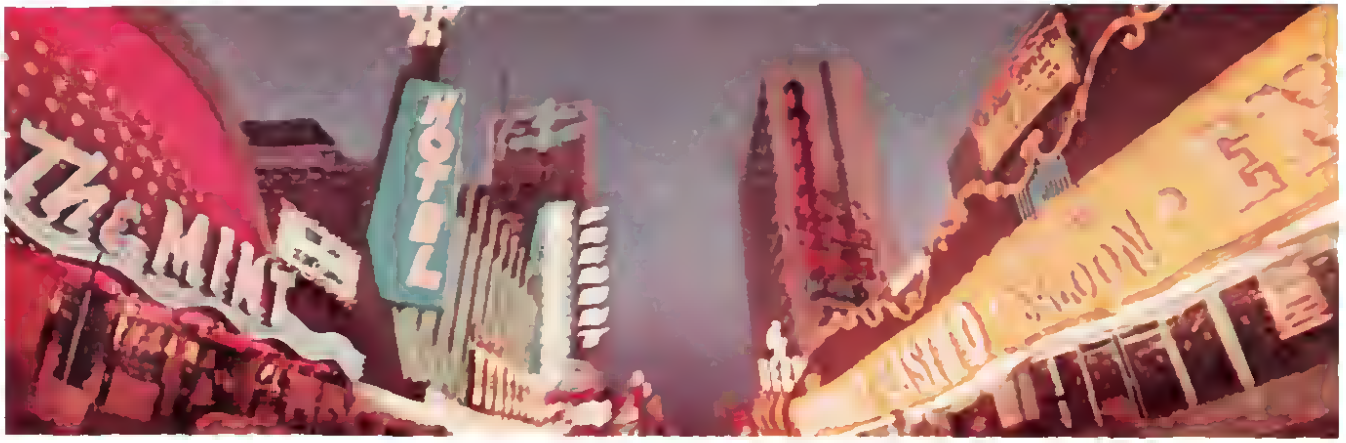
"It was like they had said, 'We don't want you. You're worn out and of no use to us anymore. You're a piece of baggage,'" Wilkens said recently. "I felt justified in thinking that I had helped a lot in developing that franchise, but I guess they didn't consider things like that. I wanted security and I got the feeling that I finally had it. I forgot for a moment that no athlete in professional sport is secure. Then I really got depressed wondering if they thought I couldn't play anymore."

The Seattle fans saw nothing wrong with his ability. On the day of the trade a man threatened Nissalke's life, and 200 others signed a petition headed, "If Lenny Goes, I Stay Home." Wilkens has a large packing carton full of sympathetic letters, which he is keeping as a memento of the public's loyalty.

At first Wilkens refused to join the Cavaliers, but when he finally did—after the team had an 0-6 record to start the season—it set the stage for a triumphant return to his old home floor. The second-largest crowd in Seattle's history, 13,174, turned out to give him a three-minute standing ovation, to boo the home team and to roundly cheer the Cavaliers as they won 113–107. It was the first time Cleveland had ever defeated the Sonics, and it began a trend. The Cavs have won three of four against Seattle this season and have a better overall record.

All of which would be a particular source of delight for Wilkens if he were a vindictive man. "I can't feel happy about what's happened to the Sonics," he says. "I have too many old friends on that team. Besides, I'm not that kind of person and I hope I never become one. I guess an old tiger like me just doesn't change his stripes." Or his style for that matter. In a recent win at Detroit the score was tied 104–104 with 28 seconds to play and Cleveland in control of the ball. Time had almost expired on the shot clock as Forward Barry Clemens, who was a throw-in in the trade that brought Wilkens to the team, dribbled near the foul line. Lenny's man was playing him far to his left, a wise strategy until late in games when Wilkens always seems to unveil his right hand for the first time. A quick fake to the left, an even quicker dart to his right toward the basket and a nifty bounce pass from Clemens resulted in an easy, right-handed layup and a 106–104 win.

As they say in the NBA, a very professional move. **END**



American Express takes pleasure in exposing Las Vegas.

What's left in Las Vegas to expose? Perhaps the forgotten fact that Las Vegas and vicinity is marvelous in the daytime.

Imagine. You and your Money Card have just been welcomed by the Las Vegas Hilton, the largest resort complex in the world. You chose a Lanai suite (or would you rather have a serene Oriental room, or one done in impeccable French decor?).

LAS VEGAS HILTON



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A glorious, full-color picture of the Goodrich Blimp.



What? No blimp?
Look again.
Not at the picture, the name.
Goodrich.
Not Goodyear.
Goodrich doesn't have a blimp,
Goodyear does.

We haven't advertised as much as Goodyear, either. So it's not too surprising a lot of people forget our name and remember theirs.

And if you're confused about our blimps, when we don't even have one, just imagine how confused you can get about our tires.

Who knows, you might even go to Goodyear to get them. And that's too bad.

You see, in 1965, Goodrich introduced the first American-made radial tire.

For five years, nationally, we've advertised nothing else.

Not because everybody wanted radials.

But because the radial tire was, and is, the most important innovation in tires in nearly a quarter century.

No conventional tire we've ever made, none, stops as fast, corners as well, and lasts as long as our Goodrich Lifesaver Steel Radial.

It's the result of our company's commitment, for ten years, to make the most advanced radial tire on the road.

Now you watch. You'll probably see Goodyear featuring a steel radial, too.

Along with all their other tires.

It'll be good. But it won't be Goodrich.

And if you still get our names confused, just look up in the sky.

If you see an enormous blimp with somebody's name on it, we're the other guys.



Lifesaver® Steel Radials.
If you want Goodrich, you'll just have to remember Goodrich.

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*offer valid only where legal—limited time only

Is Early Times really necessary in your Pussycats? Anything else, and you might wind up with an alleycat.

That's some kind of cat

It was everything a horse race should be and too few are: a pounding, gritty homestretch fight, a victory by inches, and then a lingering stewards' inquiry before 60,000 anxious fans knew who had won and who had lost. It was also a dramatic illustration of the training skills of one man: Charlie Whittingham. The race was last Saturday's Santa Anita Handicap won by the Whittingham-trained Cougar II over the Whittingham-trained Kennedy Road.

The marvel was not just that the Californian had sent out horses to finish 1, 2 in the $170,000 stakes (his third entry in the race ended up last), but that he had been able to prod and bully Cougar, a horse who had trained lackadaisically in recent weeks, into prime condition without a single prep race. The 7-year-old stallion had not competed in more than four months.

Many people questioned Whittingham's approach. After all, Cougar had been beaten for one reason or another in both the 1971 and 1972 Santa Anita Handicaps. He was second to Ack Ack the first year and to Triple Bend the next. The big race is held over a mile and a quarter, the most testing distance there is for American handicappers, and every previous winner had had at least one prep, and most of them had started from three to five times at local meetings before the Handicap.

Whittingham certainly knew the risk involved. Not long ago his mentor, Horatio Luro, had expressed concern about Charlie's program. "Those kinds of tactics require perfect timing on the part of the trainer and also a very good horse," Luro said. He himself once tried to win a major race the same way, but his horse, Rico Monte, was narrowly defeated by Triple Crown winner Assault. One has to look far back in the record book to see a horse who performed successfully under such conditions. Seventeen years ago the late Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons trained Nashua to win the Widener Handicap in his first start of the season, and racing people were properly impressed.

Whittingham was not in the least bothered by all the talk his training methods were provoking. "Cougar has come back after layoffs before," he declared, "and there is no reason he can't do it again. Last year he was away from the races from June 24 until Oct. 14, and on that date he won a stakes. This time he's been away longer—his last start was on Nov. 1—but I believe he can do it or I wouldn't be trying this."

Whittingham had an excellent reason for not wanting to start his horse earlier. He had nominated Cougar for the San Antonio on Feb. 24, and the horse had drawn topweight of 130 pounds in that event. Whittingham realized if Cougar won that race with such a staggering load, he was just asking for more troubles—and weight—in the Handicap. It was a better bet to run the stallion fresh.

When the weights were posted for the Handicap, Cougar again topped the list, but this time with a reasonable 126. His closest rival, Bicker, was assigned 120 pounds. At 119 were Royal Owl, Kennedy Road and the dollar wonder horse Crusading (SI, March 5).

Whittingham's training schedule for Cougar called for 16 serious gallops before the Handicap, including four at one mile, two at a mile and an eighth and, finally, two at the full distance of a mile and a quarter. Those last two workouts turned out to be disappointing, as the horse made no effort to extend himself. On the Tuesday prior to the Handicap, Whittingham decided something had to be done—and fast. It was then he staged

continued



FRESH AND FIT, COUGAR ROARS UP ON THE OUTSIDE AND ON TO VICTORY IN THE SANTA ANITA HANDICAP

a personal race for Cougar, matching him over a mile with a well-regarded stablemate, Quack. The workout took place in the afternoon just before the first race, and the hope was that Cougar, seeing 18,303 people in the stands, might be convinced of the seriousness of the task at hand. The track was muddy, but the time was an excellent 1 37²/₅. Cougar lost the contest by a head.

Because of the threat of rain—and some skepticism that Cougar could really be ready for a top effort—the Handicap drew a sizable field, 14 entries. Several trainers said the track condition would determine whether their horses actually started. Crusading and Bicker needed a fast surface; Crimson Clem and Curious Course would run only in slop. As for Cougar, Whittingham said, "He can perform all right on an off-track, provided it is not overly deep. Some trainers feel the deciding factor in whether a horse can or cannot handle a muddy track is the shape of his foot. I don't agree. I think the key is an animal's action and his breeding. A runner who stretches out low to the ground usually cannot handle mud. A high-action horse can. It may be a matter of heredity, too. For example, all the Reigh Counts and Count Fleets loved the mud. On the other hand, Round Table disliked it, and so do most of his offspring." Bicker and Crusading are sons of Round Table.

Though rain threatened, it did not fall on race day, and the enormous crowd, the largest since Johnny Longden's famous last ride in 1966, sent Cougar off at 3 to 2. Californians have dubbed the stallion "Big Cat," and he has become a tremendous local favorite. He is loudly cheered from paddock to post.

Ten horses lined up at the start, and when the gates opened, Kennedy Road took the lead, moving out with Royal Owl as Cougar lay back in sixth. Along the backstretch Crusading made a mild but futile bid and soon retired. Cougar began his move under Jockey Laffit Pincay half a mile from home and he moved magnificently. He passed the weary Royal Owl and took aim at Kennedy Road, who had been setting a stern pace, running the mile in 1.35. Cougar gained gradually, foot by foot. At the 16th pole Pincay, on the outside, was riding knee to knee with Don Pierce. The two straining horses humped (the contact was not sufficiently serious to cause a disqualification) and drove on to the wire. The horses' heads were bobbing unevenly and as they crossed the line Cougar's dropped down in front by a nose. At that split second Kennedy Road's head was on the upswing. It was four lengths back to the third-place finisher, the 118-to-1 shot, Cabin. Crusading was sixth.

Neither Cougar's owner, Mary Jones, nor Mrs. A. W. Stollery, who races Kennedy Road, was sure who had won. And when that was decided and the placings posted, they still had to endure the long stewards' inquiry. Whittingham watched coolly as his two owners tensely awaited the outcome. "Either way," he said, "I can't lose." **END**

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And say you're a tough customer. We'll take you on, too.

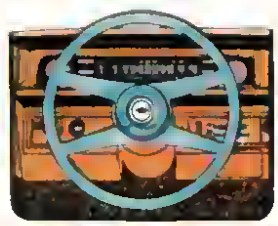
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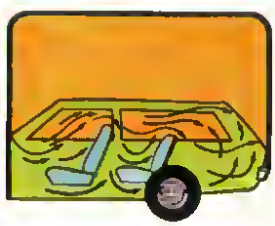
Our new Vega wagon has a lot more standard features than meet the casual eye. What you see, of course, is the rich, warm look of wood-grain vinyl over a goodly portion of its little body. But if you squint a little you'll also notice wood-grain vinyl accents on the door handles. Plus some nifty looking trim rings on the wheels. Got 'em spotted? OK, now look below and see what else is neat about Vega Estate from Chevrolet, America's family wagon builder.



4-spoke steering wheel with assist handle on instrument panel, wood-grain vinyl accents on doors, rear ashtrays



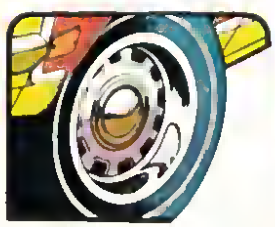
Roll-up tailgate opens to a clear view of Vega's 2nd seat that folds down to 50.2 cu. ft. of storage space



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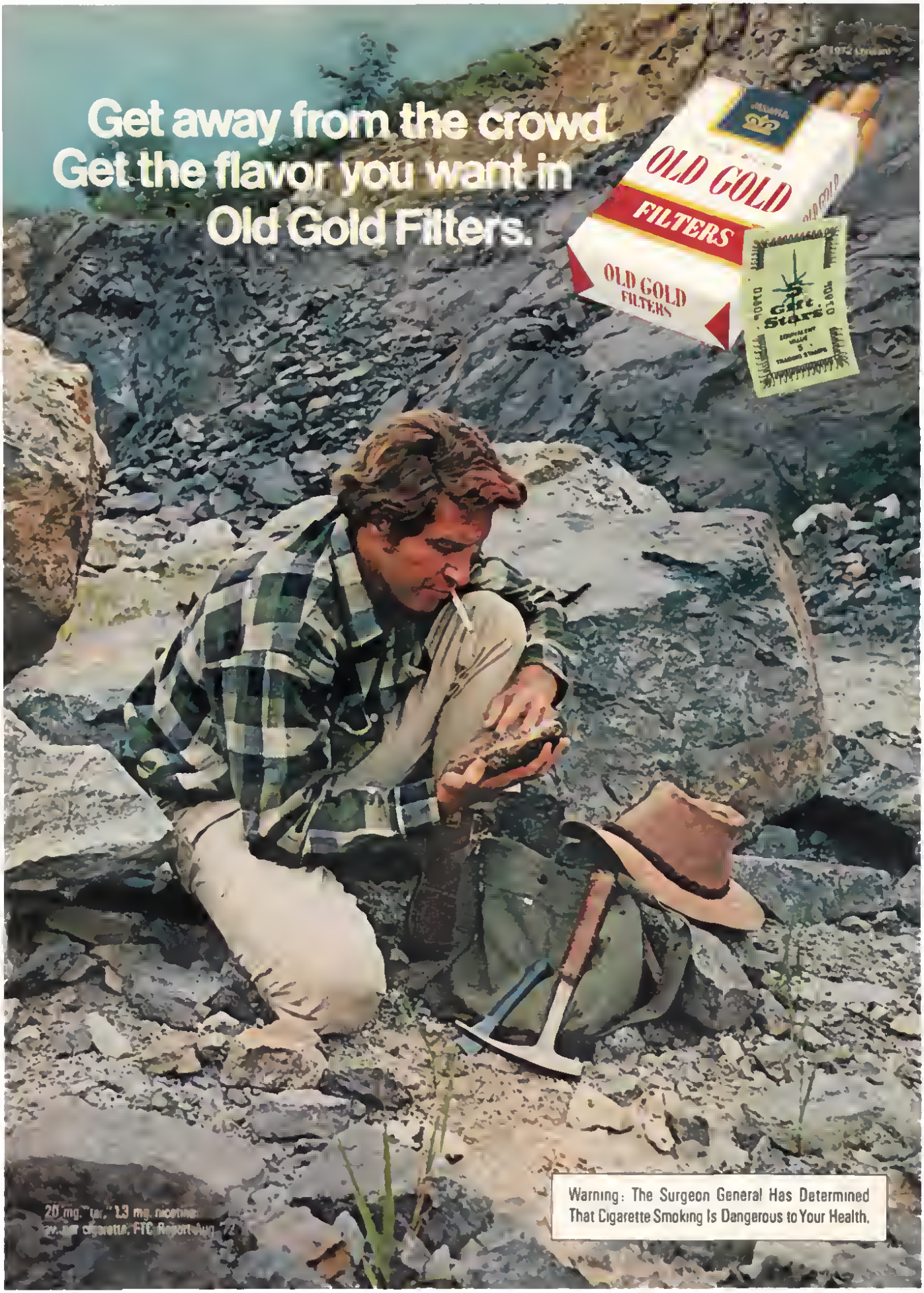
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When the Eagles crowed

Little Clarion State gags it up to relax, but there is nothing funny about its performance on the mat, where it won three NCAA championships

It used to be that the only impressions Clarion State College wrestlers made at the nationals were on the mat—deep impressions where their shoulder blades had been firmly pinned. But last season they forsook such backward ways and appeared at the NCAA championships in quality if not in quantity. Gary Barton, at 134 pounds, and Wade Schalles, 150, won the first two individual titles ever for Clarion and, although small-college teams cannot compete for the major-college team championship, the school piled up 36 unofficial points that would have been good enough for sixth place. This winter Clarion qualified four men for the NCAA tournament at the University of Washington in Seattle, wound up with 57½ more unofficial points, a theoretical fourth-place finish and three very official champions: freshman Don Rohn at 134 pounds, Schalles at 158 and Bill Simpson at 167. The only loser was freshman heavyweight Chuck Coryea, who went out in the opening round. No other team had more than two titlists.

The man behind this refeathering of the Golden Eagles is Bob Bubb, a coach who lives by the down-home philosophic point once scored by Will Rogers: "Even if you're on the right track you'll get run over if you just sit there." Bubb no sooner arrived at the Clarion campus on the edge of the Alleghenies in northwest Pennsylvania than he began to move straight up the track. As his teams kept improving he branched out and recruited further afield. He brought theatrics to the deadly boredom of wrestling drills, perhaps the dullest in all sport: today the Golden Eagles wrestle to lively music in the workout room and, at Bubb's orders, tell jokes, dance, recite homemade poetry and act out farcical playlets. This might not make for superior theater, but it does wonders for wrestling in the round.

Bubb's aim, aside from the obvious psychological one of taking the boys' minds off their miseries, is "to help the kids mesh as soon as possible and get to know each other. We try to blend them and their personalities by assigning a freshman and an older boy or an extrovert and an introvert to perform together."

Now, not all coaches are going to buy this sort of thing. As Schalles (pronounced Shall-iss) says with some wonderment, "Coach'll laugh at our jokes even." It is a high price to pay but one that earns dividends. Simpson, a junior, wanted to quit but was glad-talked into remaining and continuing with the relentless conditioning that makes champions. He and Rohn, who runs five miles each morning and can bench-press more than 300 pounds, well over twice his weight, are silent people who probably can use whatever kicks they get out of outrageous puns and heavyweight humor. Schalles needs none of it. Built, in Bubb's words, "like he had rickets when he was a youngster," he acts as though he had Mexican jumping beans for lunch. Bubb would like to quiet him down, "see him a humbler person."

Except, that is, when Schalles goes into action. Then he is college wrestling's most creative and dazzling performer. He ambles out for a match with all the enthusiasm of someone lugging out the garbage, but that is a front to lure opponents into false feelings of security. As soon as they lay a hand on Schalles he detonates. He picks up his man, slams him down, whirls this way and that and entangles him in a maze of arms, legs, whizzers and cradles. A superb counter-wrestler, Schalles will get himself into tight spots Houdini would have balked at and then extricate himself with ludicrous ease. His success stems largely from his plastic body, which he can contort into pretzel shapes while still retaining his gyroscopic balance and uncanny leverage.

Schalles admits that he comes on strong. When he was a high school junior in Hollidaysburg, Pa., he got a lesson in the troubles a large ego can bring. Cocky and 12-0 for the season, he was only too pleased to oblige when an older man at the local Y challenged him. "I figured I'd show him how good I was, especially since he was smaller than me," Schalles recalls. "For the next hour and a half he tore me apart, bloodied my nose and mouth. He turned out to be Gary McCarthy, who had been wrestling around our part of the country a long time. When we were done he said, 'O.K., are you ready to learn now?' " For months Schalles worked out twice a day with McCarthy and became a wrestler.

Fortunately, the training took no serious toll of his personality. Schalles has a long nose, droopy eyes, shaggy hair and a scar on his right cheek where his dog clawed him. He also has a huge grin and an effervescent love of life that at times is irrepressible. He will be walking down a street in Clarion on his way to class when he will spot a tree that simply has to be climbed. Up he goes, for the sheer joy of living. Schalles is also apt to run out in the rain and jump barefoot through the puddles or go scuba diving or sky diving.

"My father is a captain in the Merchant Marine," he said last week after winning his second national title, "and I see him only one or two times a year, so to that extent I've never really had a dad. But I've had plenty of second dads. I'm outgoing and when I see other people heading somewhere I say, 'Hey, can I go along?' "

He generally can. And so, sometimes, can Jim Crumley (SI, March 12), the stumbling star from Oregon State whose style is not unlike Schalles' but whose fortunes are. Crumley, really to the surprise of nobody, arrived at Seattle with a pinched nerve in his neck. Unable to work out all week, he fought bravely, won his first bout but lost the second and finished fifth in the 177-pound class. It was a week in which only four favorites won. By Saturday night, when all the bodies had been separated, Iowa State was the winner for the fourth time in five years, holding off Oregon State 85–72½, and Clarion State's Golden Eagles were crowing, or whatever it is golden eagles do when they beat up on the big boys. END

MODEL	Champion Spark Plug
AMERICAN MOTORS	
(All Models)	
6 Cylinder Engines	
1971-73 232, 258 cu in	N-12Y
1964-70 199, 232 cu in	R-14Y
1962-64 196 cu in OHV (127-138 h p)	H-14Y
1962-65 196 cu. in OHV (125 h p)	H-18Y
1962-65 196 cu in L-Head	H-10
8 Cylinder Engines	
1966-73 290, 304, 343, 360, 390, 401 cu in	R-12Y
1970 390 cu in (340 h p)	R-10Y
1960-66 287 & 327 cu in	H-14Y
BRONCO	
1973 200 cu in 6 cylinder	RF-11Y
1972 170 cu in 6 cylinder	F-11Y
1973 302 cu in V-8	RF-11Y
1972 302 cu in V-8	F-11Y
1969-71 302 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1966-69 All 6 cylinder Engines	870
1970-71 170 cu in 6 cylinder	860
BUICK	
1970-71 250 cu in 6 cylinder	RBL-15Y
1972-73 350 cu in	RBL-17Y
1971 350 cu in V-8	RBL-17Y
1971-73 455 cu in V-8	RBL-15Y
1970 455 cu in V-8	RBL-11Y
1969 400, 430 cu in V-8	RBL-13Y
1967-68 400, 430 cu in V-8	BL-13Y
1965-66 400, 401 cu in V-8	J-12Y
1969 250 cu in 6 cylinder	RR-12Y
1968 250 cu in 6 cylinder	R-12Y
1969-70 350 cu in V-8	RBL-13Y
1968 350 cu in V-8	BL-13Y
1962-67 All V-6 Engines	J-12Y
1965-67 300, 340 cu in V-8	J-12Y
1964 300 cu in V-8, (½" Reach Alum Hds)	L-12Y
1962-66 425 cu in V-8	J-10Y
1958-65 401 & 364 cu in V-8	1-12Y
* .040" in 1972 & 1973 Models	
CADILLAC	
1969-73	RR-12Y
1968	R-12Y
1957-67	J-12Y
CAPRI	
1972-73 155 cu in (2600cc) V-6	XR-9Y
1971-73 122 cu in (2000cc)	RF-9Y
1971-72 98 cu in (1600cc)	XR-9Y
CHEVROLET	
(CAMARO, CHEVELLE, CHEVY II, MONTE CARLO, NOVA, VEGA)	
4 & 6-Cylinder Engines	
1972-73 140 cu in 4-cylinder	RBL-9Y
1970 4-cylinder 153 cu in	RN-12Y
1970-73 6 cylinder 230, 250 cu in	RBL-15Y
1969 4 & 6 cylinder	RN-12Y
1963-68 4 & 6 cylinder	R-12Y
V-8 Engines	
1971-73 454 cu in.	RBL-15Y
1971-73 400, 402 cu in	RBL-13Y
1971-73 350 cu in. (4-bbl)	RBL-13Y
1971-73 350 cu in. (2-bbl)	RBL-15Y
1971-73 307 cu in	RBL-17Y
1970 400 cu in 265 h p	RJ-12Y
1970 402 (375 h p) & 454 cu in	RBL-7Y
1970 402 cu in (350 h p)	RBL-15Y
1967-68 350 cu in.	J-12Y
1969-70 350 cu in	RJ-12Y
1969-70 307 cu in.	RJ-12Y
1967-68 302 cu in	RJ-10Y
1969 396 (C-I Hds) & 427 cu in Hi Performance Options	RR-12Y
1969 396 Aluminum Heads	RR-10Y
	RN-10Y

MODEL	Champion Spark Plug
CHEVROLET—Continued	
1965-68 396 & 427 cu in	N-12Y
Hi Performance Options	R-10Y
1968 307 cu in	J-12Y
1955-67 283 & 265 cu in	J-12Y
1969 327 cu in	RJ-12Y
1962-68 327 cu in 250-275 h p	J-12Y
300-340-360 h p Hi Perf Options	J-7
Competition	UJ-6
1961-65 409 cu in	N-5
CHRYSLER	
1972-73 440 cu in V-8 (4 bbl carb)	1-11Y
1972-73 400 cu in V-8 (2-bbl carb)	J-13Y
1971-72 360 cu in V-8	R-13Y
1966-71 440 cu in V-8 350 h p	J-13Y
Police & Hi Perf Eng 375 h p	J-11Y
1961-64 361 cu in V-8	J-14Y
1955-71 383 cu in V-8 (2 bbl carb)	J-14Y
1966-67 383 cu in V-8 (4 bbl carb)	J-13Y
Police & Hi Perf (4 bbl carb)	J-11Y
1968-71 383 cu in V-8 (4 bbl carb)	J-11Y
1959-65 413 cu in V-8	
Two 4 bbl carbs (1963-64)	XJ-11Y
Hi-Perf 300 Series & Police	J-11Y
Standard Engine	J-14Y
COLT	
(Dodge) 1600cc	R-9Y
COMET	
1972-73 6 cyl 170, 200, 250 cu in	RF-11Y
1971 6 cyl 170, 200, 250 cu in.	RF-9Y
1971-73 302 cu in V-8	RF-11Y
1971 351 cu in V-8	RBL-13Y
1969 250 cu in 6 cylinder	860
1969 351 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1968-69 302 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1967-69 427 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1966 390 cu in V-8	F-11Y
1967-69 390 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1960-65 144 & 170 cu in 6 cyl	870
1964-68 200 cu in 6 cyl	860
1964-67 289 cu in V-8, (2 & 4 bbl carb)	F-9Y
1963-64 260 cu in V-8	F-11Y
CONTINENTAL	
1973 460 cu in	RBL-11Y
1971-72 460 cu in V-8	RF-11Y
1966-70	F-9Y
1958-65	F-11Y
CORVAIR	
1960-68 All Standard Engines, (95 h p and under)	L-15Y
1960-68 All others	L-12Y
1969 All	RL-12Y
CORVETTE	
1971-73 454 cu in V-8	RBL-15Y
1970 454 cu in. (390-460 h p)	RBL-7Y
1970-71 454 cu in (465 h p) (Aluminum Heads)	RN-10Y
1961-283 cu in V-8	J-7
1971-73 350 cu in V-8 (4 bbl carb)	RBL-13Y
1969-70 350 cu in V-8 295, 300, 350 h p.	RJ-12Y
370 h p	RJ-10Y
All other engines see CHEVROLET	
COUGAR	
1971-73 351 cu in. V-8	RBL-13Y
1971 429 cu in V-8	RBL-9Y
1969-70 351 cu in V-8 (18mm)	F-9Y
1970 351 cu in 4 bbl. 14mm Hds.	BL-11Y
1970 428 cu in.	F-9Y
1968-70 302 cu in V-8 Std. Eng.	F-9Y
1970 302 cu in H.D. 14mm Heads	BL-7Y
1967-68 289, 427 cu in V-8	F-9Y

MODEL	Champion Spark Plug
COUGAR—Continued	
1968 390 cu. in V-8	F-9Y
CRICKET	
(Plymouth) 1500cc (92 cu. in.)	R-7Y
DATSUN	
1973 (1800cc) PL610	N-9Y
1971-73 (1600cc L16 Eng) PL510, PL521	R-7Y
1971-73 (1200cc A12 Eng) LB110	N-9Y
1970-73 (2393 L24 Eng) 240Z	R-9Y
1968-70 (1600cc L16 Eng.) PL510, PL521	R-7Y*
1967-70 (2000cc - U20 Eng.) SRL311	N-7Y
1966-70 (1600cc R Eng.) SPL311, RL411	R-7Y
1966-69 (1300cc J Eng.) PL411	R-9Y
1966-69 (1300 J Eng.) L520, L521	N-9Y
(1200cc - E1 Eng.) PL410, L320	R-9Y
(1500cc G Eng.) SPL310	R-7Y
(3956cc P Eng.) L60, KL60	R-7Y
(3956cc P Eng.) L60, KL60, (Shielded)	XMN-12
All Early Models - ⅜" Heads	J-11
* For Eng. Serial No. above 018000 only	
DODGE (POLARA, DART, DEMON)	
6-Cylinder Engines 1960-73 (OHV)	N-14Y
1957-59 (L Head)	XJ-7
V-8 Engines	
1973 340 cu in	N-12Y
1972-73 400 cu in V-8 (4-bbl. carb)	J-11Y
(2-bbl. carb.)	J-13Y
1972-73 440 cu in V-8	J-11Y
1971-73 318, 360 cu in	N-13Y
1968-72 340 cu in	R-9Y
1966-71 426 cu. in (2-4 bbl carb.)	N-10Y
1966-71 440 cu in 350 h p. 375, 390 h p	J-13Y
	J-11Y
1963-65 413 cu. in. Standard Eng.	J-14Y
Hi Performance Eng.	J-11Y
1964-69 273 cu in (2-bbl. carb.)	N-14Y
Hi Performance (4 bbl carb.)	R-10Y
1967-318 cu. in ⅜" Reach Heads	J-14Y
¾" Reach Heads	N-14Y
1968-70 318 cu in	R-14Y
1960-66 318 & 361 cu. in	J-14Y
1960-71 383 cu in (2 bbl carb.)	J-14Y
1960-67 383 cu in. (4 bbl carb.)	J-13Y
Police Hi Perf. (4-bbl carb.)	1-11Y
1968-71 383 cu in. (4-bbl. carb.)	J-11Y
1963-65 426 cu in. (Do not use ¼" reach plugs)	J-11Y
FORD	
(LTD, GALAXIE, FAIRLANE, FALCON)	
6-Cylinder Engines	
1972-73 240, 250 cu in	RF-11Y
1971 240, 250 cu. in.	RF-9Y
1969-70 250 cu in.	860
1965-70 240 cu in.	860
1962-65 170 cu in.	870
1962-70 200 & 223 cu in.	860
V-8 Engines	
1973 460 cu in. Police	RBL-13Y
1972 429 18mm Hds.	RF-14Y
1972-73 429 14mm Hds	RBL-13Y
1971-73 302, 351 18mm Hds	RF-11Y
1971 429 18mm Hds.	RF-11Y
1971 390	RF-9Y
1971-73 351 14mm 400 cu in.	RBL-13Y
1971 429 14mm Hds.	RBL-9Y
1970 351 cu in 2 bbl. 14mm Hds.	BL-13Y
1970 351 cu in 4 bbl 14mm Hds	BL-11Y
1969-70 351 cu in Hds 18mm	F-9Y

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MODEL	Champion Spark Plug
FORD—Continued	
1968 70 302 cu in Standerd Eng	F-9Y
1970 302 cu in H.O 14mm Hds	BL-7Y
1970 429 cu in. Nascar Street Version	BL-7Y
1959-66 352 & 390 in	F-11Y
1967 70 390 cu in	F-9Y
1963 67 289 cu in	F-9Y
1966 70 428 429 cu in	F-9Y
1962-68 406 & 427 cu in Hi Perf	F-9Y
1958 65 221, 260, 332 cu in	F-11Y
1958-62 292 cu in.	F-14Y
IMPERIAL	
1972 73 440 cu in. .	J-11Y
1970 71 440 cu in	RJ-12Y
1966 69 440 cu in	J-13Y
1959 65	J-14Y
JEEP (American Motors Corp.)	
1972-73 401 cu in V-8	N-12Y
1971-73 304, 360 cu in V-8	N-12Y
1971-73 232 258 cu in 6 cylinder	N-12Y
1969 71 350 cu in V-8	RBL-13Y
1968 350 cu in V-8	BL-13Y
1966 71 V-6 Engine	J-12Y
1965-69 327 cu in V-8	H-14Y
1965-70 232 cu in 6 cylinder	N-14Y
1963-71 4 cylinder	J-8
1963 66 Tornado Engine	L-12Y
LINCOLN	
1973 460 cu in.	RBL-11Y
1971-72	RF-11Y
1966 70	F-9Y
1958 65	F-11Y
MERCURY (MONTEGO, CYCLONE Incl.)	
1973 460 cu in.	RBL-13Y
1973 429 cu. in	RBL-13Y
1972 460 cu in V-8	RF-11Y
1972-73 200 250 cu in 6 cylinder	RF-11Y
1971 73 351 cu in 14mm Hds	RBL-13Y
1972 429 cu in 18mm Hds	RF-14Y
1972 429 cu in 14mm Hds.	RBL-11Y
1971 429 cu in 18mm Hds.	RF-11Y
1971-73 302 351 cu in 18mm Hds	RF-11Y
1971-73 400 cu in 2 bbl	RBL-13Y
1971 429 cu in 4 bbl	RBL-9Y
1971 200, 250 cu in 6 cylinder	RF-9Y
1964-70 200 250 cu in 6 cylinder	860
1968 70 302 cu in V-8, Standard Engine	F-9Y
1970 302 cu in H.O 14mm Hds	BL-7Y
1970 351 cu in 2 bbl 14mm Hds	BL-13Y
4 bbl 14mm Hds	BL-11Y
1969 351 cu in 18mm Hds	F-9Y
1966-67 410 cu in, V-8	F-9Y
1966-70 428 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1961-66 390 cu in V-8	F-11Y
1967-70 390 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1963-68 406 427 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1969-70 429 cu in V-8 Std Eng	F-9Y
1970 429 cu in Nascar Street Version	BL-7Y
1963-65 6 cylinder	870
MUSTANG–MAVERICK	
1973 200 250 cu in	RF-11Y
1972 All 6 cylinder Engines	RF-11Y
1970 170 cu in 6 cylinder	860
1971 All 6 cylinder Engines	RF-9Y
1971-73 302 cu in V-8 18mm Hds.	RF-11Y
1971 302 cu in V-8 14mm Hds.	RBL-7Y
1971-73 351 cu in V-8 14mm Hds	RBL-13Y
1971 429 cu in V-8	RBL-7Y
1970 351 cu in 14mm Hds	BL-13Y
1969-70 250 cu in 6 cylinder	860

MODEL	Champion Spark Plug
MUSTANG–MAVERICK—Continued	
1968 70 302 427 428 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1969-70 302 cu in H.O 14mm Hds	BL-7Y
1970 429 cu in Nascar Street Version	BL-7Y
1967 69 390 cu in V-8	F-9Y
1965-70 200 cu in 6 cylinder	860
1964 170 cu. in 6 cylinder	870
1964 68 289 cu in, V-8	F-9Y
1964 65 260 cu in V-8	F-11Y
OLDSMOBILE	
1971 73 350 cu in (2 bbl carb.)	RJ-12Y
1971 73 350 cu in V-8 (4 bbl.) M T	RJ-12Y
1973 350 cu in (4 bbl.) A T	RJ-12Y
1971 72 350 cu in V-8 (4 bbl.) A T.	RJ-18Y
1972 73 455 cu in V-8 (4 bbl.)	*RJ-18Y
* Hi Perf use	RJ-12Y
1973 250 cu in 6 cylinder	RBL-15Y
1970 71 250 cu in 6 cylinder	RBL-15Y
1969 250 cu in 6 cylinder	RN-12Y
1966 68 250 cu in 6 cylinder	N-12Y
1964 65 All V-8 Engines	J-12Y
1971 455 cu in V-8 (4 bbl carb.)	RJ-13Y
1971 72 455 cu in V-8 (2 bbl carb.)	RJ-18Y
1970 455 cu in	RJ-12Y
1969 455 cu in (4 bbl.)	RJ-10Y
1969 71 350 & 400 cu in (2 bbl.)	RJ-12Y
1969 70 350 & 400 cu in (4 bbl.)	RJ-10Y
1971 350 cu in V-8 (4 bbl.)	RJ-18Y
1959 68 330, 350, 371, 394, 400, 425 & 455 cu in V-8 (4 bbl carb.)	J-10Y
(2 bbl carb.)	J-12Y
1961 63 Aluminum V-8 F-85 Standerd Engine	L-15Y
F-85 Power Option, F-85 Power Option, Cutlass, Jetfire	L-12Y
OMEGA	
6-Cylinder Engines 1973 250 cu in	RBL-15Y
V-8 Engines 1973 350 cu in (2 & 4 bbl carb.)	RJ-12Y
OPEL	
1971–73 1900cc (1 9L)	L-87Y
Thru 1970 1900cc (1 9L)	UL-82Y
1700cc (1 7L)	L-87Y
1500cc (1 5L) ¾" Heads	N-9Y
1000cc (1 0L), 1100cc (1 1L)	L-87Y
PINTO	
1971 73 98 cu in (1600cc)	XN-9Y
1971 73 122 cu in (2000cc)	RF-9Y
PLYMOUTH–VALIANT	
6-Cylinder Engines 1960 73 (OHV)	N-14Y
V-8 Engines	
1973 340 cu in	N-12Y
1972 73 400 cu in (2 bbl carb.)	J-13Y
1972 73 400 cu in (4 bbl carb.)	J-11Y
1972 73 440 cu in V-8 (4 bbl carb.)	J-11Y
1971 73 318, 360 cu. in	N-13Y
1968 72 340 cu in.	N-9Y
1965-69 273 cu in. Std. Engine 2 bbl carb	N-14Y
Hi Perf 4 bbl carb.	N-10Y
1967 318 cu in ⅜" Reach Heads	J-14Y
¾" Reach Heads	N-14Y

MODEL	Champion Spark Plug
PLYMOUTH–VALIANT—Contd.	
1968-70 318 cu in	N-14Y
1960 66 318 & 361 cu in.	J-14Y
1961 71 383 cu in (2-bbl carb.)	J-14Y
1960 67 383 cu in (4-bbl carb.)	J-13Y
Police Hi Perf (4 bbl carb.)	J-11Y
1968 71 383 cu in (4-bbl carb.)	J-11Y
1966 71 440 cu in Police & Hi Perf	J-11Y
1966 71 440 cu in Standard	J-13Y
1966 71 426 cu in.	N-10Y
1963 65 426 cu. in.	J-11Y
PONTIAC (INCL. FIREBIRD, TEMPEST, VENTURA)	
4-Cylinder Engines 1962-63 195 cu in.	J-12Y
6 Cylinder Engines	
1970-73 250 cu in	RBL-15Y
1969 250 cu in, OHC	RN-12Y
1968 250 cu. in OHC	N-12Y
1967 230 cu. in OHC	N-12Y
1966 230 cu in OHC	J-10Y
1964 65 215 cu in	N-12Y
1962 215 cu in.	L-12Y
8-Cylinder Engines.	
1972-73 307 400, 455 cu in.	RBL-17Y
1972 73 350 cu in	RBL-15Y
1971 307 cu in	RBL-17Y
1971 350 cu in	RJ-18Y
1971 400, 455 cu in (4-bbl carb.)	RJ-12Y
1971 400 cu in. (2-bbl carb.)	RJ-12Y
1971 455 cu in (2 bbl carb.)	RJ-18Y
1970 455 cu in. (2-bbl carb.)	RJ-12Y
1969-70 350 cu in	RJ-12Y
1968 350 cu in	J-12Y
1969 70 400 cu. in	RJ-12Y
1967 68 400 cu. in	J-12Y
1969 428 cu in	RJ-10Y
1967 68 428 cu in	J-10Y
1959-67 389 cu in (2 & 4 bbl carb.)	J-12Y
(3 – 2 bbl. carb.)	J-10Y
1963-67 326 cu in	J-12Y
THUNDERBIRD	
1973 429, 460 cu. in	RBL-13Y
1972 400 cu in. V-8	RBL-13Y
1972 429 cu in. V-8	RF-14Y
1971 429 cu in V-8	RF-11Y
1972 460 cu. in V-8	RF-11Y
1970 429 cu in V-8	RF-9Y
1966 69 428 & 429 cu in V-8	F-11Y
1961-66 390 cu in V-8	F-11Y
1967-68 390 cu in V-8	F-9Y
TOYOTA	
1973 Corona Mk II (4M & 2M)	N-9Y
1972 73 Crown (2563cc 4M)	N-9Y
1971 73 Corona 2000 (1987cc-18RC)	N-9Y
1971 73 Celica (1987cc 18RC)	N-9Y
1971 73 Corolla, Carina (1600cc - 2T-C)	N-6Y
1971 73 Corolla (1200cc - 3K-C)	N-9Y
1971 73 Hi-Lux Pickup (1987cc - 18RC)	N-9Y
Thru 1970 Corona, Mk II (1858cc - 8RC)	N-6Y
Thru 1970 Hi-Lux Pickup (1858cc - 8RC)	N-9Y
Thru 1970 Crown (2253cc - 2M)	N-9Y
Thru 1970 Corolle, Stout	N-9Y
Lendcruiser (F Eng.) ¾" Heads	N-9Y
Lendcruiser (F Eng.) ⅜" Haada	J-10Y
VOLKSWAGEN	
1973 Model 412	N-7Y
1971 72 Models 411 (1700cc)	N-7Y/N-8B
1971 73 1600cc Engines	L-88A
1970 & Earlier (All 1600, 1500, 1300) .	L-88A

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Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, was a first-rate competitor in numerous sports. Although he eventually came to detest writing about Holmes, he couldn't resist equipping the great detective with formidable physical skills to go along with his unmatched intellect

by Robert Cantwell

The Adventure of the Aspiring Athlete

Sherlock Holmes. "Rather over six feet," in the words of Dr Watson, "and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller." His eyes sharp and piercing, his nose thin and hawklike. And that superb mind. But you might never suspect from the old movies in which Basil Rathbone portrayed Holmes largely by turning up the collar of his greatcoat that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle conceived of his peerless detective as an athlete, as well as a man who could live by his wits on Baker Street in London and amaze the good Watson by his feats of deductive reasoning, his profound knowledge of rare drugs, secret societies and the criminal mind. Yet it is all there in the stories: Holmes' lightning reflexes, his stamina, his skill as a wrestler and marksman. Even Watson, in his first attempt to appraise his new friend, marks him down as "an expert singlestick player, boxer and swordsman."

Conan Doyle could, without the least difficulty, invest Holmes with a credibly lithe and active image—so unlike many of his fictional descendants, wizards of detection who had no physical resources at all. Doyle himself was a superior amateur athlete. The theme of sport ran through his whole life and much of his writing. If Holmes was Doyle's major and enduring figure, he created others that he loved far better and who had an even greater connection with the active world of sport. Still, many of the Holmes stories are flecked with sport and sport is central to a few of them—the celebrated mystery of the disappearing racehorse and the dead trainer in *Silver Blaze*, for instance, and the unexplained absence of a famous rugby player from a crucial match in *The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter*. (Typically, since organized sport was quite outside Holmes' ken, he had never heard of the missing man. "Good Lord! Mr. Holmes, where *have* you lived?" he is asked.)

The late William S. Baring-Gould, in *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, makes note of nearly 150 references in the Holmes stories to polo, billiards, yacht racing, bicycling, poaching, fox hunting, big-game hunting, pheasant shooting, rowing, salmon fishing, hunt meets, fencing, tennis and other familiar and unfamiliar sports. The most exotic of them was *baritsu*, a form of Japanese wrestling, mastery of which enabled Holmes to overcome that Napoleon of Crime, Professor Moriarty, when the two met on a narrow ledge above Reichenbach Falls in Switzerland.

Battered ex-fighters occasionally pop up in the Sherlock Holmes adventures. In *The Sign of the Four*, the second story Doyle wrote about the detective, a coachman drives Holmes and Watson to their meeting with the mysterious Thaddeus Sholto. The coachman has penetrating eyes and

continued


DAILY
NEWS

moves "briskly." No wonder—he is the former lightweight champion of England. In that same story Conan Doyle revealed a little of Sherlock Holmes' notable athletic past. A former fighter, now a porter and bodyguard, recognizes Holmes as a fine amateur boxer who could have become a famous one. Holmes' ring exploits happened offstage, but there can be no doubt of his credentials as an athlete. And with good reason, it turns out, for a super athlete is what Conan Doyle always wanted to be.

When Doyle in later life wrote his literary reminiscences, one of his earliest recollections was of fights he had won between the ages of seven and nine. His father was an amiable if unprosperous artist and civil servant in Edinburgh, where Doyle was born in 1859, and the family lived in modest circumstances on a street where numbers of rich young Edinburghers also lived. "I rejoiced in battle," Doyle wrote, describing how he became the champion of the poor kids against the best the rich could put up from their side of the street. He did not believe in reincarnation (though he thought people should have an open mind on such things) but as he remembered his pleasure in fighting he wondered if perhaps the spirit of some old English bareknuckle prizefighter—someone like Jem Belcher—had briefly taken possession of him.

Young Doyle's days of neighborhood battle were interrupted at the age of nine when he was sent off to Hodder, the preparatory school for the Jesuit college of Stonyhurst. His recollections of life there include an account of how he was hit by a cricket ball batted by one of the finest professional cricketers in the history of England, Tom Emmett, who happened to be at the school showing some of the older students how to bat. One of Emmett's hits caught Doyle, a bystander, on the kneecap. The occasion was made even more memorable for Doyle when Emmett personally carried him to the infirmary. Doyle excelled in swimming, rugby, soccer, hockey and ice skating, and was the athletic hero of Stonyhurst and captain of the cricket team. For a time, what he really aspired to was to become a serious cricketer with the Edinburgh Cricket Club. He was unhappy at school, recognizing—as did everyone else—that he would never ever become a priest. The master of Stonyhurst told him, "Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

The 17-year-old Doyle chose medicine as his profession and attended the medical college of the University of Edinburgh. There he became a forward on the university rugby team. He was at the time a hearty, open, ruddy-cheeked fellow, well over six feet and weighing about 225 pounds. He loved to box and gladly put aside such matters as the dissection of cadavers for an hour with the gloves. A common love of sports led to what turned out to be an unfortunate friendship with a fellow medical student named George Budd, whose reputation as a rugby player had made him known all over the country. Budd was a violent and pugnacious man who had trouble holding his liquor and was credited with having survived a jump out of a three-story window while escaping an irate husband. Budd ran off with a very young girl and, to evade her parents, disguised himself by dyeing his blond hair. The dye somehow misfired and Budd wound up with spectacularly gold- and black-streaked hair, like the plumage of a tropical bird. Not one to abandon a friend in trouble, Doyle became one of the few regular visitors Dr. and Mrs. Budd had when they settled down to domestic life, or a reasonable facsimile of it.

One of Doyle's professors at medical school was Dr. Joseph Bell, who liked to dazzle his students by making lightning long-range medical diagnoses and equally instant deductions about the personal lives of patients brought before him in the lecture room. "This man," he might say after glancing at a subject, "is a left-handed cobbler." Dr. Bell would then point triumphantly to the inconspicuous but telling physical characteristic on the unfortunate individual that led to the deduction. Sometimes Dr. Bell's accuracy was so mystifying that his students suspected he had primed himself by secretly examining the patients ahead of time. But Dr. Bell's medical opinions were sometimes



wrong and, though Doyle made him one of the models for Sherlock Holmes, he always had an equivocal attitude toward the value of instant analysis in his own practice of medicine.

His father's health failed, and at 20 Doyle became head of the family. Without money to complete his medical education he went to work as a doctor's assistant in Sheffield and Ruyton. He was underpaid, exploited, humiliated and insulted by established practitioners, and regarded with suspicion by the tough and battered miners who were sent to him. But he discovered he had something in common with them. They were as interested as he was in rugby, cricket and prizefighting: "Sometimes brutal, sometimes grotesque, the love of sport is still one of the great agencies which makes for the happiness of our people," Doyle wrote. At night, after an evening spent "listening to the throb of the charwoman's heart or the rustle of the greengrocer's lungs," he began to write short stories. *Chambers' Journal* in London paid him three guineas for *The Mystery of Sasassa Valley*. Then *London Society* bought *The American's Tale*. He went on to write *Our Derby Sweepstakes* (never published) and had worked on a novel and several other stories by the time he was 21.

That same year he got a lucky appointment as a ship's doctor on a whaler bound for Greenland, £2 10s (about $12.50) a month plus a share of the whale-oil money. On the first night out he boxed for the crew with the steward, Jack Lamb, whose proficiency with cakes and other delicacies later won him an appointment as Queen Victoria's personal baker. Doyle relished the voyage and, characteristically, wrote about it in sporting terms. He was allowed to harpoon a whale, and he recalled the world of

continued

Derby Day at Epsom in the '90s, a setting in which Silver Blaze might have run.



perpetual daylight, the deep blue sea, the exhilarating air and the chase of the monster: "Who would swap that moment for any other triumph that sport can give?" His first post after taking his degree in 1881 was as ship's surgeon on a small steamer bound for Africa and, here again, during the worst three months of his life, Doyle described his own nearly fatal illness in non-medical terms: "fighting with death in a very small ring and without a second."

When he returned to England, George Budd offered him a share in his practice at Plymouth and, out of his lingering regard for Budd as a fellow athlete, Doyle accepted—against his better judgment. Half genius and half madman, Budd was making a fortune with a kind of assembly-line medical service characterized by casual diagnosis and unconventional dosages of drugs that dismayed other physicians. Budd had become increasingly difficult, with his violent temper and a sardonic liking for horseplay and practical jokes. Coroners' inquests sometimes followed Budd's treatment of his patients. Relations grew strained between the two doctors and one day Budd abruptly dissolved the partnership.

Doyle left town to begin a modest, conservative practice for himself at Southsea, a suburb of Portsmouth. When he opened his own office he was 23, and one of the first things he did was join the local soccer club. The Portsmouth team was a highly respected amateur organization, and as back and then goal Doyle shared in its glory when it reached runner-up for the County Cup. "I was too slow to be a really good back," he said, "but I was a long and safe kick." His modest fame as a soccer player led to his joining a bowling club and several cricket clubs. He also played billiards between his house calls, the billiards room of Bush Hotel being only two doors away from his office. (He never achieved his lifelong ambition of breaking 100, though he often topped 80, or even 90.) After a game or two of billiards or a few hours on the cricket field he hurried off to see his patients—there were not many of these despite his growing athletic reputation—and at night he wrote more short stories. In his first year his practice brought him £154.

Writing was lonely work for Doyle. It would be two years before he came to know other writers, four before he invented Sherlock Holmes and nine before Holmes made him famous. True, some of his early stories, modeled on Henry James, were published in *Cornhill Magazine* but they did not affect either his literary or medical reputation since all contributions to *Cornhill* were anonymous. However, as a result of these he was invited in 1884 to a dinner for *Cornhill* contributors. His first literary gathering! The dinner was at the Ship in Greenwich, and the young doctor was one of the first to arrive. He hurried up to James Payn, the editor of *Cornhill*, a thin, intense, gloomy-visaged and unenthusiastic individual widely known for his novels, *Not Wooed, but Won* and *What He Cost Her*, and waited in awe for Payn to make some weighty remark. The editor, however, had noticed a crack in one of the restaurant windows and, aside from expressing his wonder as to how it got there, had nothing to



Conan Doyle, showing dubious form as a cricketer.

say. Doyle moved on to another chap, thin and seedy-looking, with drooping melancholy mustaches. This turned out to be an illustrator, George du Maurier, later famous as the author of *Trilby*, but du Maurier likewise failed to offer anything memorable. Still, others at the dinner were more congenial and Doyle got along gloriously. At Southsea he had learned (after an experience at a late ball) that it was unwise for a young physician to be seen drinking too much in public, but here among these emancipated bohemians he felt under no such restraint, and the evening ended with Doyle and his new friends reeling happily homeward under the Adelphi Arches.

Five years would pass before Doyle was invited to another literary gathering, but heady memories of the first helped keep him writing. He did not think of himself primarily as a writer; he was first of all a fine cricket player, a soccer star, a billiards expert—a sportsman—and a conscientious physician in such time as sports left him. After he married he also was distinguished by his everlasting concern for his wife (who was frail) and his own far-scattered and needy family.

Significantly, he was on his way to becoming one of the keenest Americanophiles in English literary history. He believed American literature to be in many respects superior to English, and he knew American literature better than did most Americans. He venerated Francis Parkman, for instance, for his deep immersion into the life of the period he wrote about; he thought no other historian had ever done as much. Doyle considered Oliver Wendell Holmes a better essayist than Charles Lamb—perhaps not a better stylist but, because of his background as a physician, possessed of a wider and deeper knowledge of the world than Lamb. Doyle probably named Sherlock Holmes after Oliver Wendell Holmes.

So he lived—a big, gusty man both simple and profound, enjoying most of all his memorable days on the cricket pitch (once he scored 111 not-out for Portsmouth against Artillery). Then one night in March 1886 he conceived of a character—a detective with unrivaled powers of deductive reasoning. The result was *A Study in Scorlet*, the first Sherlock Holmes story. Much of it was laid in America, where Doyle had never been, but he had not the slightest uneasiness on that score. During his boyhood he had read everything by Mayne Reid, the British author of dime novels about the Rockies. So well did he know Mayne Reid that he felt he knew the Rocky Mountains "like the back of my hand."

Doyle sent *A Study in Scarlet* to his old friend Payn at *Cornhill* and Payn rejected it. Another publisher kept it for three months and returned it unread. Others returned it quickly, but at least they read it. At last Doyle sent it to a publisher of cheap and sensational literature who offered him $125 for the copyright. This was a terrific comedown for Doyle. He had intellectual aspirations, a desire to be known among the contributors to the serious literature of his time. Also, in a curious way, Doyle knew that he was giving up something of value in selling the copyright of *A Study in Scarlet*. (Eventually he bought it back for $125,000.)

The Sherlock Holmes story created no big stir in England. But it was widely pirated and read in the United States, where it attracted the attention of Joseph Stoddart, the new editor of *Lippincott's Monthly Magozine*. Stoddart wanted to meet the author of *A Study in Scorlet*, and so it came about that Dr. Doyle was invited to his second literary gathering. Stoddart, on a visit to London, asked Doyle to a dinner at which the young Oscar Wilde, then little known, was present. "This was indeed a golden evening for me," he wrote. "The American proved to be an excellent fellow." Stoddart asked him to write another Sherlock Holmes story. This one, *The Sign of the Four*, was published simultaneously in 1890 in the U.S. and England. But it was not until the next year when *A Scondol in Bohemia* appeared in *Strond Magozine* that Holmes achieved his phenomenal popularity. A torrent of Holmes short stories followed. He became a figure, a name, a personality, a universal symbol, like Robinson Crusoe or Lemuel Gulliver. Of all the rare achievements in fiction, the creation of such a personality is probably the rarest.

The golden years of Conan Doyle's life now began. He

continued



A country gentleman of Doyle's time, ready for a shoot.

could command almost any price he asked. He found that he could turn out a Sherlock Holmes story in a week for fees that gradually increased from $175 per story to $5,000. The dramatized version of Sherlock Holmes' adventures, put together by William Gillette—a fine actor but a hack dramatist—ran for months in New York. At the end of the third act Holmes, smoking an unaccustomed cigar, is trapped by Moriarty's thugs Suddenly he knocks out the only lamp. In total darkness the glowing cigar moves across to a window at stage right; the audience hears the smash of glass. One of the criminals finds a light as the others rush the window. Lights up finds Holmes by an unguarded door at stage left. "If you want that cigar," he says, "you'll find it in a crevice in the window." Exit the detective.

The play also ran in London after its New York triumph and continued in road productions throughout Conan Doyle's long life (in one road show Charlie Chaplin got his start in the theater). If Conan Doyle had so chosen, there was no financial need for him to write anything more. But he was growing bored with Sherlock Holmes. When Gillette cabled to ask if he might have Sherlock Holmes marry at the end of the play, Doyle cabled back, "Marry him or murder him or do anything you like with him."

Toward the end of *The Sign of the Four*, Doyle advanced the notion that the pursuit of justice was a sport, a great sport, more daring and adventurous than any other—"I have coursed many creatures in many countries during my chequered career," says Watson, "but never did sport give me such a wild thrill as this mad, flying manhunt down the Thames"—but in fact active sports did not conform with the picture he had drawn of Sherlock Holmes.

Sport may be thought to be at the opposite pole from the deadly pursuit of murderers (even when prefaced by the familiar, "Come, Watson, come! The game is afoot"). Sport's contests are inconsequential: the loser is not killed and is innocent of any wrongdoing—apart from not scoring as much as his opponent. The end of sport is not life or death; it is a momentary happiness or sorrow, likely to be reversed by the next encounter on the field of play. Almost every day in the life of Conan Doyle affirmed this philosophy, and Sherlock Holmes grew increasingly irksome to him. He had, besides, other writing projects on his mind and he occasionally became careless in details. One of the few sports Doyle did not like was flat racing. Steeplechasing was all right with him, but in flat racing, he believed, everything depended on the horse. "Sport is what a man does," he said, "not what a horse does." Nevertheless, the first Sherlock Holmes story devoted entirely to sport was a racehorse tale. And for Conan Doyle personally, it was a disaster. *Silver Blaze* is one of the most durable of the many Sherlock Holmes favorites. It re-

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mains an absorbing story even now, summoning up a vanished, hit-or-miss racing world and displaying Holmes at the peak of his powers. But it has about as much to do with the realities of racing as a weekly episode of *Marcus Welby* has to do with medicine. It takes Holmes only "a few hours" to inspect the muddy hollow where Silver Blaze's trainer was killed, to track down the missing horse and to make sure that it will remain missing until the day of the great race. Then he stages his dramatic climax: the horse appears at the track and the murderer is exposed—the horse!

But the bookmakers in *Silver Blaze* shout odds quoting fractions that were never heard at any racetrack. And if anyone had actually contrived to sneak a horse into a race as Holmes did with Silver Blaze, half the people involved would have been jailed, and the other half—including Sherlock Holmes—would have been warned off the turf for life. That fiendish trainer, trying to maim Silver Blaze invisibly before the horse killed him with a kick on the forehead, was attempting an anatomical impossibility—you cannot cut a racehorse's muscle just a little bit.

Very discreetly, writers in racing journals pointed out the improbabilities (or the impossibilities) in the story, and what they said shocked Conan Doyle. There was a certain amount of Colonel Blimp in him. Confronted with the glaring errors in *Silver Blaze*, he said huffily, "I have never been nervous about details, and one must be masterful sometimes." But in the end he conceded that in racing matters, "my ignorance cries aloud to heaven."

Doyle never quite lived down the embarrassment of *Silver Blaze*. Columnist Red Smith periodically raises the charge that Holmes, though he may have been a good detective, was also a thoroughgoing scoundrel, and cites the matter of the Wessex Plate, in which Holmes "so rigged the odds that he got 15 to 1 on a legitimate 3-to-1 shot." (Such contributions to Sherlock Holmes literature are generally regarded as "unfortunate" by Sherlock Holmes fanatics.) But even before *Silver Blaze* was printed Doyle had decided to kill off Sherlock Holmes. He had already written *The Final Problem* and was enormously relieved to describe the great detective and Professor Moriarty disappearing from the chasm's edge. It worried him, however, when readers, and especially his mother, insisted that he must have made a mistake, that Sherlock Holmes must still live.

By now Doyle's wife had contracted tuberculosis, and they lived for a time in Switzerland. Doyle appeased his restlessness by crossing a high pass in the Alps on skis, the first such crossing ever recorded, and then busied himself laying out the first golf course in the Alps at Davos. Moving on to the warmth of Egypt for his wife's health, he played golf frequently with the head of the Egyptian

continued

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Doyle *continued*

intelligence service. It was exotic stuff: the caddies carrying golf bags were really spies from the Sudan and, at the remote greens, communicated information to British agents playing golf, thereby evading the scrutiny of the Caliph's counterintelligence.

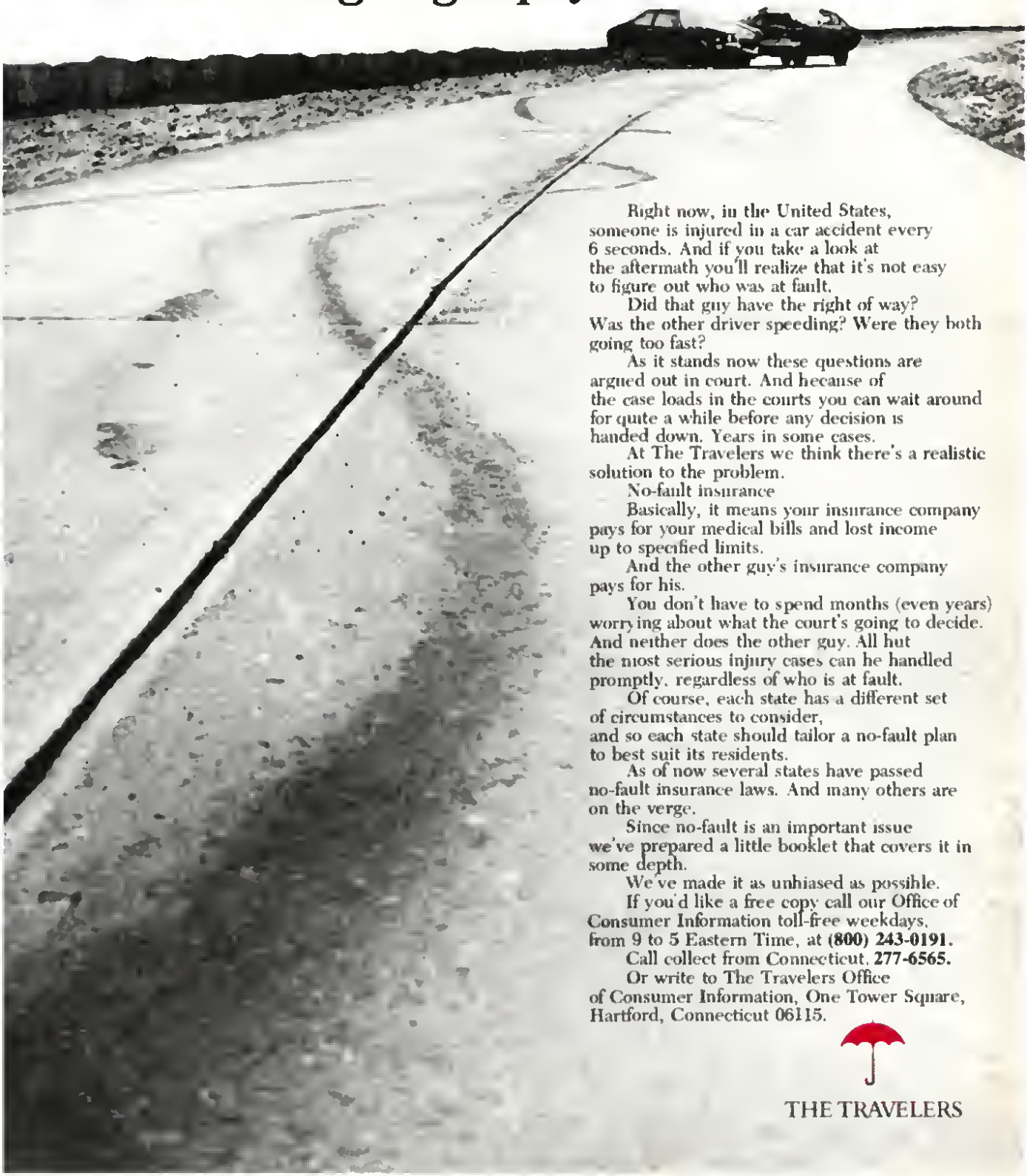
Obviously, British intelligence was trying to give Doyle real material for the next Sherlock Holmes stories. But Doyle did not want any more of that. What did he really want? In 1894 he had invented Brigadier Gerard, the dumb, conceited, brave and unforgettable hero of the Napoleonic Wars. Sherlock Holmes had been too perfect. Brigadier Gerard had no such flaw. He was honored by Napoleon himself as having the thickest skull and the stoutest heart in the entire French army. Doyle enjoyed writing about Brigadier Gerard. With his artless (or witless) self-disclosures, Brigadier Gerard revealed how totally unaware he was of the deplorable situations in which he often found himself. In *How the Brigadier Slew the Fox*, young Brigadier Gerard is ordered to ride around Wellington's army during the siege of Torres Vedras in the Peninsular Campaign to ascertain what the enemy is up to. But on the way he comes upon a group of English officers on a fox hunt. What with the excitement, the hounds, the hallooing and the fox, the Brigadier without quite meaning to, gets caugh up in the hunt. But since he is a super rider—as he never fails to remind the reader—he soon outdistances the English and, since he does not understand the mores of fox hunting, he kills the fox. Now he expects to receive the cheers of 50 British officers. And there was indeed a considerable outcry. "They would not go away," says Brigadier Gerard. "They shouted and waved their hands at me. No, I do not think that it was in enmity. Rather I think that a glow of admiration filled their breasts...."

Along with the first volume of Brigadier Gerard stories, Doyle also wrote *Rodney Stone*, a blustering, fast-moving tale of bareknuckle fighters in the days of the Prince Regent, sometime before 1820. Doyle loved this book as he never loved his Sherlock Holmes stories. To begin with, he did an enormous amount of research on prizefight history. No one was going to correct his mistakes on this one. He knew more than the experts. Historical figures appeared: Daniel Mendoza, for instance, suppos-

continued

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edly the best in the world in his time. The details had to be absolutely right: the ring was 24 feet square and was enclosed by a second ring eight feet outside it. Within this second ring were the beaters-out. These men were experienced prizefighters equipped for championship fights, with horsewhips, and their function was to drive back the partisans who tried to storm the ring when their man was losing.

Rodney Stone was a success and would have been enough to make Doyle's reputation even without Sherlock Holmes. So it exasperated Doyle that people kept demanding ever more Sherlock Holmes stories. He wanted never to have to write about the detective again. It may be too much to say that he hated him, but he certainly tried to keep from adding to the Holmes mystique.

Doyle now had a new house at Hindhead in Surrey, outside London, with a large billiards room. He owned two motorcars and a motorcycle. About the time he was knighted (1902) he made his first balloon ascent, rising a mile and a half and drifting for 25 miles. His son Adrian, not the sportsman Doyle Sr. was, wrote of Sir Arthur's knighthood, "Titles meant less to him than reducing his golf handicap." True, Adrian and his father were sometimes at odds—Adrian accidently shot the gardener, wrecked his old man's automobile and set fire to the billiards room—but in this case Adrian was right.

Sir Arthur remained very active in sport. He boxed with first-rate amateurs of his day. He knew many of the celebrated fighters of his time—John L. Sullivan, Tommy Burns, Bombardier Wells, Georges Carpentier and Jimmy Wilde. But Conan Doyle was never a literary man awed by famous sports figures. He was a fine athlete awed by literary men.

In this period he was deep in first-class cricket, an occasionally effective batsman and a steady and reliable bowler, finally reaching his peak with The Marylebone Cricket Club at Lord's. (Earlier, when Sherlock Holmes was riding the first wave of popularity in 1891, Doyle was not even around to enjoy the success. He was touring Holland with a British cricket team.)

Doyle occasionally made a modest mention of his cricket achievements. He wrote, with undue self-disparagement, that he was always on the fringe of really top-ranking competition, "a second-rater in all things." In matches against Kent and Derbyshire and Warwickshire he averaged 32 runs. He enjoyed his gleams of success with the spiritual home



Holmes was said to resemble Gentleman Jim Corbett.

of cricket, The Marylebone Cricket Club, particularly on the day he got three consecutive clean-bowled wickets (the hat trick) against the Gentlemen of Warwick. He got a century in his first game at Lord's for the club—*i.e.*, Marylebone—against Kent. He once had the good fortune to capture the wicket of W. G. Grace, "the greatest of all cricketers." But Grace got a speedy revenge by bowling him out. "There was nothing more childlike and bland," Doyle wrote of Grace, "than that slow, tossed-up bowling of his, and nothing more subtle and treacherous." It was no joke for Doyle to be bowled out, even if he was bowled out by the top cricketer in history. "One feels rather cheap," he wrote, "when one walks from the pitch to the pavilion, longing to kick oneself for one's own foolishness all the way."

"There does not seem to be anyone who has a complete record of Doyle's cricketing achievements," reports a London authority who looked into the matter recently. "On his 40th birthday [1899] he wrote in his diary, 'I played cricket today, made 53 out of 106 made by the whole side, and bowled out 10 of my opponents.' His opponents were either 'a London Club' or 'a dragoon regiment at Norwich.' He bowled out his 10 opponents when playing both these clubs.

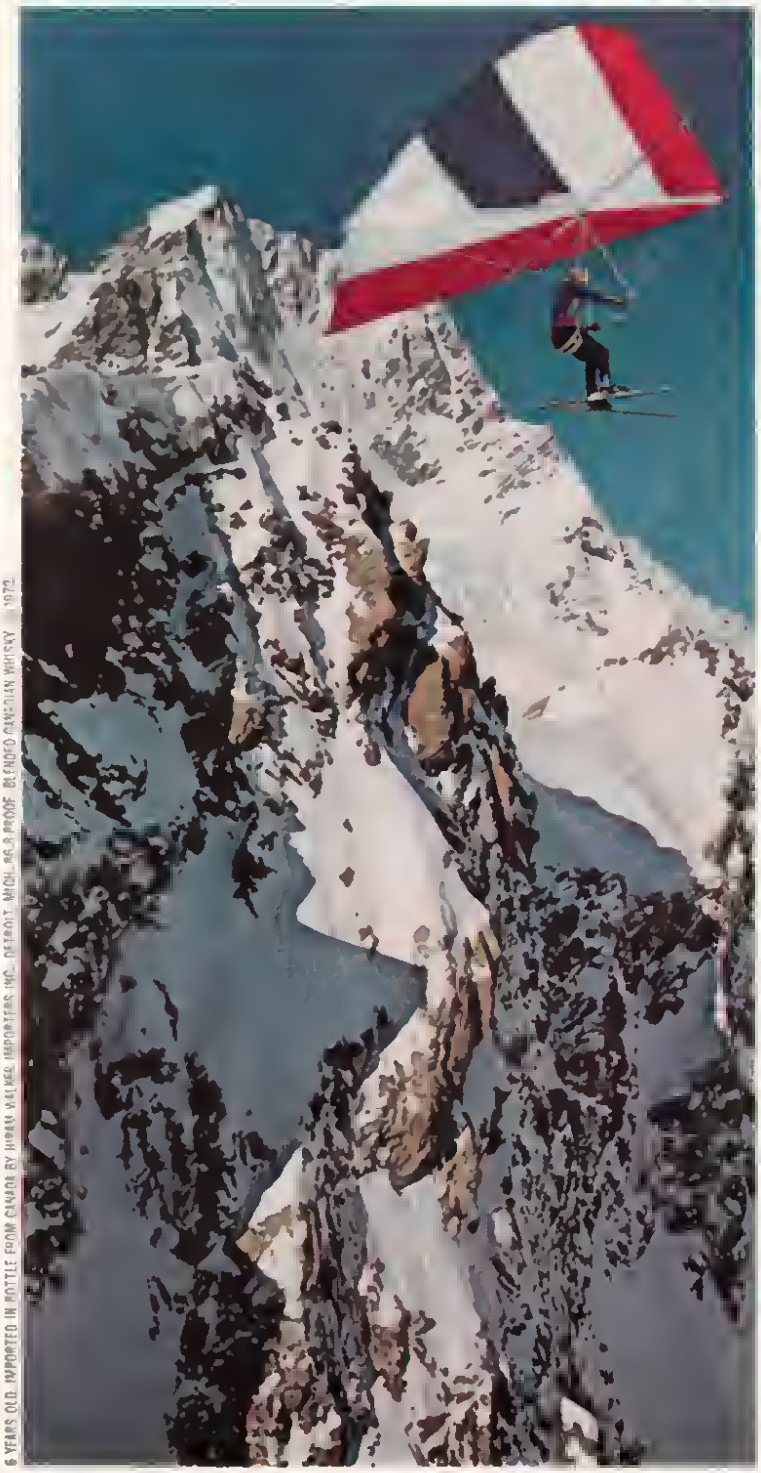
"Doyle did take seven wickets for 61 runs for the MCC against Cambridge on August 30 and 31, 1899, and it was considered the finest playing of his career. There seems to be no record of Doyle clean-bowling W. G. Grace. However, in a match at Crystal Palace on August 23, 24 and 25, 1900, Doyle had Grace caught at the wicket. Grace was playing for London County. This means that Doyle was bowling"—and Grace, in effect, fouled out to the catcher.

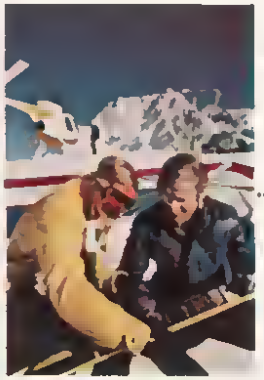
By this time, Doyle would probably never have written another Sherlock Holmes story had it not been for sport. He went on a golfing holiday at the Royal Links Hotel in Norfolk with the journalist Fletcher Robinson. (Nobody has since heard of Fletcher Robinson, but Doyle, characteristically, regarded him as a significant literary figure.) While there Doyle heard the story that gave him the idea for *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and in 1901 his great detective was back on the literary scene. Doyle carefully set the tale before Holmes' "death," but it was no use. The pressure was too great and he finally acceded and brought Sherlock Holmes back to life officially.

In the later Sherlock Holmes stories

continued

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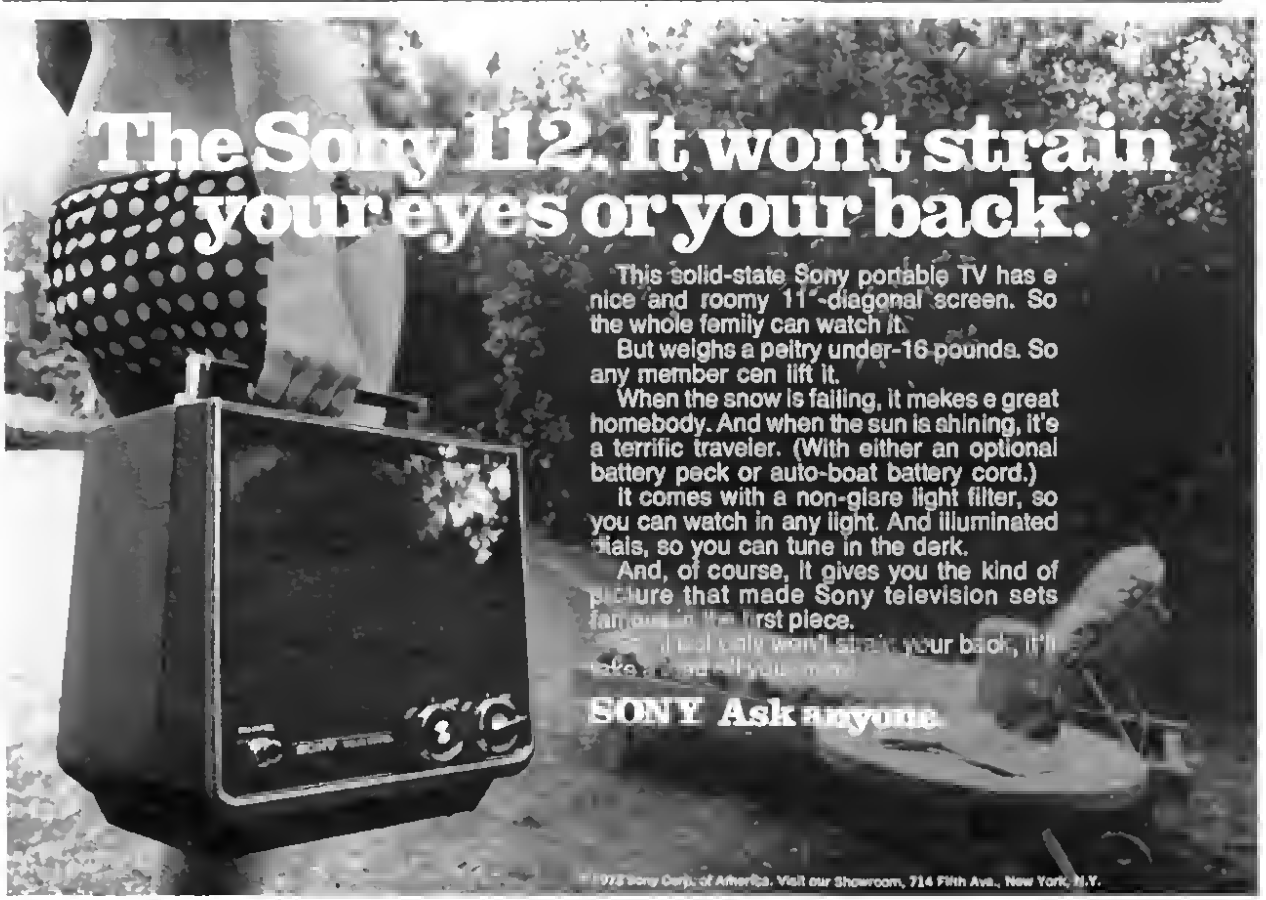
Doyle *continued*

Doyle continued to introduce sports into the action, as he had done earlier. At the same time he was writing his second fight novel, *The Croxley Master: A Great Tale of the Prize Ring*, which was set in the relatively recent past. A young medical assistant in a mining town—much like Conan Doyle before he went into practice for himself—is underpaid by the physician with whom he is training and insulted by the top-ranking roughneck among the miners. At last he lets fly a straight drive to the roughneck's chin, discovering an unexpected pleasure in so doing. After the fight he learns he has felled a professional prizefighter. Shady characters drop by, suggesting that there was money to be made in the ring. All this contributes to the young man's dilemma of a dual existence as he conceals his ring career and goes on to fight the middleweight champion of North England. Conan Doyle was intensely serious about this book. He believes that the love of sport was a factor in English history—"it lies very deeply in the springs of our nature," he wrote. (With some reservations, he was willing to include Americans in this judgment.) When the heavyweight championship fight between Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries was being promoted, Irving Lewis, the managing editor of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, cabled Doyle an invitation to referee, saying that the best class of American sporting men knew Doyle's work, his splendid stories of the ring and "your admiration of the great sport of boxing." Conan Doyle wanted to accept, and did so tentatively, but some of his family objected on the grounds that he would be killed in the race riots that were expected to follow the fight.

His stronger reason for refusing was that he was producing his prizefight play, an adaptation of *Rodney Stone*. He wanted to make it a gigantic stage spectacle, almost as elaborate as the movie extravaganzas that came much later. The play had huge crowd scenes, more than 40 speaking parts and a third act consisting of the championship fight itself. The play had almost the air of a sporting event; London papers sent prizefighters to review it. And it might have succeeded had not the expenses been so heavy that it barely broke even with the house sold out. After four months Doyle reluctantly closed it.

Road racing now absorbed him. In 1911 Prince Henry, the Kaiser's only brother, was promoting the Prinz Heinrich Automobilfahrt—50 German drivers of the Imperial Automobile against 40 drivers of the Royal Automobile, 150 miles a day, the course through Germany for the first half, and then from Southampton through Oxford, Leamington, Edinburgh, Windermere, Shrewsbury, Cheltenham and London. Penalties were assessed for breakdowns, accidents and other troubles and each car carried an officer of the army or navy of the other country to verify performance.

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Doyle *continued*

Doyle and his wife—he had remarried after his first wife's death—had drawn Count Carmer, Rittmeister of the Breslau Cuirassiers (the highest ranking of the German military observers), to ride with them in their 16-hp Lorraine-Dietrich. Doyle's first impression of the Count was that he was inhumanly stiff-necked and haughty.

Most of the German cars were 70- and 80-hp Benzes and Mercedes. Prince Henry himself was driving a new white Benz. Doyle did not complain, except to mention the inhospitable reception in some German towns, or the reverse, when overenthusiastic crowds pelted the drivers with flowers. "Even a small bunch of flowers received in the face when you are traveling at a high speed may become a dangerous missile," he wrote later, adding with asperity that he had personally seen huge German racing machines force a small English-driven car off the road. In any event, Count Carmer so thawed out during the race as to become virtually a British partisan.

The English eventually won the three-week race though Doyle, since he never mentions the matter, was probably not among the leading finishers. In any case, he was skeptical about the benefits of the competition. As an effort to better international relations, Doyle said, "The race was a great failure."

American baseball, on the other hand, had his unreserved admiration. There is often a dutiful quality to an Englishman's expression of interest in American sports, just as there is apt to be with an American's inquiries about cricket. Something rings false. But Sir Arthur was genuinely fascinated by baseball. As a young amateur bowler he had felt that the Marylebone team, with its heavy admixture of professionals, had an advantage: the superior fielding of the professionals, their all-round excellence at bowling, batting and catching, was more than amateurs could overcome by bowling or bat alone. On his second American visit in 1914 the skill of Connie Mack's pennant-winning Athletics in the field—at catching, as he called it—amazed him. But Sir Arthur was no baseball snob, on off days during his lecture tour he went to minor-league games with the same interest. He had become an American baseball fan.

World War I, in which his oldest son Kingsley died, virtually ended Sir Arthur's sporting life. He had always been

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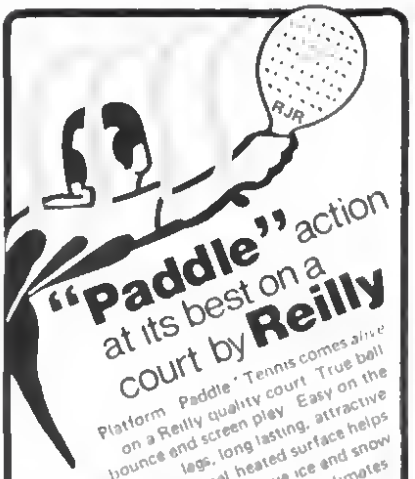
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Doyle *continued*

interested in psychic phenomena, and he now became a convert to spiritualism, devoting his time, his writings and his fortune to proving the existence of the spirit world. He covered 25,000 miles in lecture trips across the U.S. and Canada in the early 1920s, displaying to large crowds his collection of psychic photographs in which the ghostly features of the dead were plainly visible in the air above living figures.

What a strange experience it was, and how careful he was to record every aspect of it. In the days when H.L. Mencken and the rest of the iconoclasts were ridiculing spiritual hypocrisy and fakery, Doyle went patiently from town to town and hall to hall, talking with mediums, mystics, visionaries, table rappers, people who believed in ghosts, people who had seen spirits, people who sensed a spirit world hovering over and around them all the time. He must have known more American crackpots than anyone in history. He liked them. He liked them for their simplicity and earnestness and for their unworldliness. A portly, benign, much-ridiculed celebrity, worn out by lecturing on spiritualism to 250,000 people, he still had the patience to listen to anyone who came to him with news from the other world.

How could he keep his hold on reality? The American outdoors helped him maintain his touch with the physical world. He tramped in the redwood forests of California. He made a pack trip to the headwaters of the Athabasca River in Canada. He attended an "international match" between Minneapolis and Winnipeg. It was minor-league ball, he recognized, but "both sides seemed to me to be surprisingly good, and the fielding, catching and throwing-in were far superior to that of good English cricket teams."

And always the spirits hovered over him. In Chicago he was visited by a 20-year-old medium named Bruce Kemp. While Doyle and Kemp were quietly discussing baseball with the younger Doyle boys, Kemp's communicant from the other world suddenly took over. The spirit was an Iroquois Indian chief who wanted to talk about the Five Nations. Kemp's voice changed to an explosive roar. "No sane person could imagine that the tremendous sound we heard came from the gentle American lad," Doyle wrote later. Sir Arthur yelled back: "I am not in my own wigwam. We must not talk too loud!"

At full volume the spirit answered that he was a good Indian who never frightened anyone. The talk that followed was "so deafening and pitched in so strange a key that it was inaudible [sic], but when I could catch the words they were innocent enough, for they were to the effect that my boys were baseball fans."

In the end, sports served Sir Arthur in his spirit inquiries just as they served Sherlock Holmes in his stories—as a tangible background that brought mysteries back to everyday life. It was thoroughly consistent with Conan Doyle's life and writing that shortly before he died in 1930 at the age of 71, he achieved one more ambition. He drove a racing car around the Brooklands track at more than 100 mph.

There is a footnote for horse lovers to Doyle's literary life. Four years ago John Hislop, an English racing writer and horse owner, found himself with a promising colt which he named Brigadier Gerard. "I had no difficulty at all in deciding on a name," Hislop said. "As a small boy in school *The Adventures of Gerard* and *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard* were two of my favorite books."

Brigadier Gerard—the horse—was unbeaten in four starts as a 2-year-old. He began as a 3-year-old by defeating Mill Reef—previously unbeaten—in the 2,000 Guineas, and by fall had made it 10 straight by taking the Champion Stakes by a short head in a rainstorm. "The Brigadier has some guts!" said Mrs. Hislop, which is the sort of remark readers made when they finished one of Doyle's stories about Brigadier Gerard's narrow escapes. As a 4-year-old this past season Brigadier Gerard—the horse—won the Lockinge Stakes, the Prince of Wales and the Eclipse. Until last August he was unbeaten in 15 starts. One more and he would have a place in history along with Citation and Ribot, the only other moderns to win 16 in a row. A loss to Roberto, the Derby winner, ended that hope of immortality, but the Brigadier came back in September to take the Queen Elizabeth II Stakes at Ascot. A month later Brigadier Gerard won the Champion Stakes for the second time and was retired, another addition to the list of wonder horses, and in a way a final vindication of Brigadier Gerard—the soldier—who lived so long in the shadow of Sherlock Holmes. **END**



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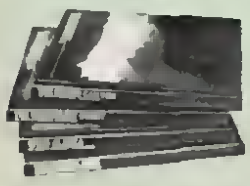
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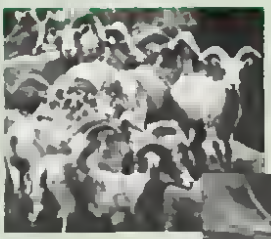
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The Pika builds its nest of grass which it gathers and sets out to dry like hay in the sun.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 5-11

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA It was steady as she goes with all four division leaders—Boston Baltimore Milwaukee and Los Angeles—finishing the week as securely as they began Finding little competition elsewhere, the Celtics and Lakers took on one another Boston coming out on top 119–111 Dave Cowens outscored Wilt Chamberlain 34–11 and outrebounded him 19–13 Atlanta continued peachy, overcoming a 12-point deficit in the fourth quarter to edge Golden State 117–113 Lou Hudson and Herm Gilliam led the Hawks with 27 and 24 apiece New York, now seven games out of first place, beat everyone but the one that counted Boston, for a 3-1 week Willis Reed played 31 minutes against Philadelphia and recorded 17 points and 12 rebounds As individual performers go, Nate Archibald of the K C–Omaha Kings continued to dominate the league in scoring averaging 34.4 a game Other notable statistics Buffalo suffered its 17th loss in three years to Boston, Portland its 16th to L.A.

ABA Second-place Indiana in the West and Kentucky in the East put in solid performances in their almost hopeless pursuits of Utah and Carolina The Pacers showed no favorites, whipping last-place Memphis 122–114, then first-place Carolina 110–105 in a game that was tied 14 times Pacer George McGinnis scored 30 points against the Cougars, and Indiana became the first ABA team to reach the two-million mark in home attendance since the league began in 1967 Kentucky's Dan Issel made his contribution to the Colonels' 3-1 week by pumping in 118 points, thus surpassing the 2,000 mark for the third straight season Virginia's Julius Erving kept up his scoring siege with 174 points in five games, including a high of 42 in the Squires' 119–113 loss to Kentucky Following a 120–118 defeat at the hands of San Diego, Dallas replaced the Q's at the bottom of the Western Division.

BOWLING—MIKE McGRATH of El Cerrito Calif rallied to defeat Earl Anthony of Tacoma, Wash 234–222 to take the $75,000 BPAA U S Open at Madison Square Garden.

GOLF—After blowing a four-stroke lead in the final round, LEE TREVINO shot a one-under-par 71 to win the $150,000 Doral-Eastern Open in Miami Bruce Crampton and Tom Weiskopf finished a stroke behind

KATHY WHITWORTH shot a final-round 70 to win the S&H Green Stamps Ladies Classic and $20,000 defeating Mary Mills by two strokes in Houston.

HOCKEY—NHL In a league where the difference between fourth place and fifth is everything, both divisions provided thrills Los Angeles, 2-0-1 for the week capitalized on a pair of Pittsburgh losses to move into fifth just two points behind St Louis which held fourth with wins over Boston and the New York Islanders In the East, Buffalo and Detroit were doing the same dance The Sabres picked up only two points in three games, tying Los Angeles and California and losing to Vancouver Detroit also gained two, beating Atlanta but losing to Montreal, thus remaining one point behind Buffalo The New York Rangers, now 13 points behind Montreal in the East, got no help from Left Wing Vic Hadfield, who was recovering from a slight concussion he suffered when he was hit by a puck the week before Bobby Orr, who has missed 15 games this season due to knee injuries, scored his 20th goal plus an assist as Boston downed Atlanta 3–2 Philadelphia's Rick MacLeish, who broke Flyer records a few weeks ago when he scored four goals, did it again in a 10–0 rout of Toronto Except this time MacLeish had three assists in addition to the goals, a single game high for one player this season

WHA The New England Whalers, who have won six of their last eight games, bumped Cleveland out of first place in the East by beating the Crusaders twice, 1–0 and 5–4 and then polishing off Minnesota 3–1 It wasn't easy The first meeting with Cleveland did not end until Jim French slammed home a rebound at 7:57 of the sudden-death overtime, even though Crusader Goalie Gerry Cheevers blocked 39 shots Against the Saints, New England used rookie Goalie Bruce Landon, who stopped 36 shots Although Winnipeg was still easily winning in the West, along came Ottawa with its 28-37 record to spoil the Jets 10-game winning streak whipping them 5–2 The week's outstanding performance belonged to Center Andre Lacroix of Philadelphia who tied New York's Ron Ward for the WHA scoring lead (104 points) on Friday when he scored three goals and had three assists in the Blazers' 11–3 victory over the Quebec Nordiques.

HORSE RACING—LA PREVOYANTE, in her premiere as a three-year-old, lost the first race of her career, to BOLD MEMORY by three lengths at Gulfstream Park She was unbeaten in 12 outings in 1972

COUGAR II, Laffit Pincay up, won the $170,000 Santa Anita Handicap by a nose over Kennedy Road (*page 89*)

SKIING—In a surprising come-from-behind victory, defending champion COLORADO retained its NCAA crown with 381.89 points at the Middlebury Snow Bowl in Hancock, Vt On the final day of competition, trailing by eight points and in seventh place, Colorado put three of its jumpers in the top four positions, including winner VIDAR NILSGARD at 193.5 feet Denver's PETR CHRISTENSEN won the slalom with a two-descent clocking of 1:20.31 on a course that had been liberally covered with ammonium chloride (snow cement) in an attempt to offset 70° temperatures Vermont's BOBBY COCHRAN took the downhill in two runs of 52.76 and 54.17 for the 4,000-foot course WYOMING, led by STEINER HYSERTSEN, who covered the 15 kilometers in 53:41, won the cross-country event The meet was marred by the death of Nevada's Douglas Macgowan, who was killed when he hit a tree on a downhill practice run.

BERNADETTE ZURBRIGGEN of Switzerland raced through the giant slalom course in 1:23.21 to win in the World Cup meet at Mount Alyeska, Alaska The World Cup downhill winner Anne-Marie Proell, missed a gate and fell to postpone officially clinching the overall title, which is three points away Austria's HANSI HINTERSEER took the men's giant slalom with a combined time of 3:25.37, 2½ seconds ahead of Adolf Roesti of Switzerland Hinterseer is sixth in the standings.

TENNIS—KEN ROSEWALL beat Stan Smith 6–7, 6–0, 6–4 to give the Aetna World Cup to Australia for the second year in a row (*page 75*)

Britain's VIRGINIA WADE defeated Evonne Goolagong of Australia 6–4, 6–1 to win the $36,000 Maureen Connolly Brinker tournament in Dallas.

TRACK & FIELD—MANHATTAN, with a record-breaking performance by its distance medley relay team gained its first NCAA indoor title at Cobo Arena in Detroit The Jasper foursome, of JOHN LOVETT, RAY JOHNSON, JOE SAVAGE and TONY COLON covered 2½ miles on the 11-laps-per-mile track in 9:43.8, breaking the six-year-old record of 9:44.6 set by Kansas State and giving the New York school a total of 18 points Olympian DAVE WOTTLE, who failed in his bid for a double by finishing sixth in the two-mile run, returned the next night to win the mile in 4:03.4 Two other Olympic champions, Southern's ROD MILBURN and USC's RANDY WILLIAMS, won their events Milburn four times equaling the NCAA indoor meet record for the 60-yard hurdles of 6.9 and Williams long-jumping 26' 4½".

MILEPOSTS—HIRED Hawaii's basketball coach, RED ROCHA who agreed to accept an alternate position as coordinator of state university athletics, after a 110-135 record for 10 years

NAMED DAVE BENADERET, assistant basketball coach at Loyola (L.A.), moved up to coach succeeding Dick Baker, who will remain as athletic director JOHN LOTZ, assistant at North Carolina, became basketball coach at Florida, replacing Tommy Bartlett, who resigned after a 96-85, seven-year career.

TAKEN By JAMES B COULTER, secretary of the Maryland state department of natural resources, an administrative action to take effect in 1974 outlawing the use of lead shot by waterfowl hunters, thus making Maryland the first state to issue such a ban (SI, Feb 12)

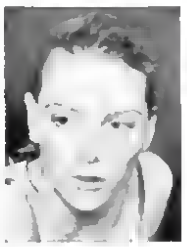
DIED FRANKIE FRISCH, 74, member of the Baseball Hall of Fame lifetime 316 hitter and manager of the 1934 St Louis Cardinal Gashouse Gang, reportedly of a cardiac arrest, in Wilmington Del Frisch had been in the hospital since February with injuries received in an automobile accident

DIED Dean of dog show judges, ALVA ROSENBERG, 80, of a heart attack, in Norwalk, Conn Judging since 1910, Rosenberg was one of 36 people in the U S licensed to judge all 118 breeds registered with the American Kennel Club He was named Judge of the Year three times

CREDITS

24—Jerry Cooke. 25—Jerry Cooke. 26, 27—Jerry Cooke. 28–29—Walter Iooss Jr. 30—Carl Iv[illegible] Eric Schweikardt. Bruce Roberts. Rocho Guillumette. Dick Rocho. 52—Sheedy & Long. 54—Walter Iooss Jr. 69—Sheedy & Long. 75—Wil Blanche. 81—Lee Balterman. 89—Jay Kennedy, Los Angeles Times. 119—Jim Young, Indianapolis News. Clifford Moore.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JULIE ANN SAPP, a high school sophomore from Fishers, Ind and seven-time state AAU girls diving champ, became the first girl to compete with boys under the sanction of the state athletic association Julie won her first meet, 49 points better than the runner-up.



TERRY McCONVILLE, a senior at Notre Dame High, Niles, Ill., has a fencing record of 512-178 in varsity competition Besides winning the state foil title and the Wisconsin épée divisional last year, Terry took second to Tyrone Simmons in a recent tournament.



FLOYD SVENSSON, 51, of Orinda, Calif., upset top-seeded Cal MacCracken to win the U S seniors squash racquets title in Princeton, N J Svensson, who had never won a national tournament, eliminated five opponents, beating MacCracken 17–15, 18–15, 15–11.



DORIS FELDERHOFF, a senior forward at Muenster (Texas) High, set school records of 37.9 points per game and 1,097 career total in four years of girls varsity basketball. Felderhoff is also district tennis singles champ and spiker on Muenster's volleyball team.



GWEN BRAUER, 10, of Las Vegas, set a girls age-group record when she ran the 26-mile, 385-yard Las Vegas Marathon in 3:44.59, trimming more than 53 minutes off the old mark Gwen's time also bettered the national record for 14-year-old girls by 6.6 seconds.



TRENT GRABOW, 8, of Rockford, Ill., led his youth hockey league team, the Roadrunners, to the state Novice Division Championship, scoring 11 goals in four games. During regular season play Trent, a center, scored 58 goals in 30 games, including 10 hat tricks or better

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BLOOD AND THUNDER

Sirs:

Ah, here it was Friday, the day SI arrives. Home from work, I burst through the door, grabbed the March 5 issue, unfolded it and . . what greeted my astounded eyes? The *Police Gazette*? *True Detective*? *Grisly Tales*? No, it was SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

"SPORT HITS BROADWAY" shouted your cover subhead, although it looked as if sport had collided with that one guy and missed Broadway entirely.

Really, fellows, your covers are attention-grabbers without using ersatz blood. Please spare us the gore: I, for one, would rather view Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's grimace as he hooks one in or Red Holzman shrieking imprecations at a ref.

CRAIG W. ANDERSON

San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

This is the first letter I have ever written to express contempt and disgust for a picture or an article that has appeared in what I generally consider a fine, responsible magazine. To select a cover photograph such as the one "illustrating" your article *An Ethic of Work and Play* marks a rather sick mentality. We all know that sport has its bloody, even savage, side, and I am not suggesting that we be Pollyannas and never focus the camera or our attention on anything but fluid motion and dynamic action. The pictures in last year's Feb. 7 issue covering the now-overexposed Ohio State-Minnesota basketball brawl were an integral part of a story that needed to be brought to public attention in condemnation of such out-of-hand action. But the gore you have chosen to splash across your "Bloody Game" issue on rugby seems inexcusable to me, particularly at a time when the violence of war, terrorist tactics and killers is constantly brought to our attention by the media.

HARRY I. ROSSEA

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

I thought the March 5 cover was one of the poorest you have ever presented. It was not a portrayal of true sport but, instead, an eye-catching display of pure sensationalism.

Being a sports fan and a subscriber, I have received a great deal of enjoyment from your excellent articles and photography, and I do not think you need to resort to a cover that bears a full-color photograph of a blood-smeared athlete, who, in this case, was only acting. The article better represented the theater than it did the sport of rugby.

JAMES A. OWEN

Memphis

Sirs:

Your cover picture was thoroughly disgusting. Sports should be fun, not like a war. Why glamorize something so sickening as a sports injury?

PAM STANTON

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sirs:

It was a complete disgrace and a gory mess. Janet Lynn certainly should have been the one selected for the cover that week.

JEFF FRANKLIN

Groveland, Mass.

Sirs:

When I saw the cover of your March 5 issue I was elated. I thought finally rugby had received some coverage in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. But I was destined to be disappointed when, in the second paragraph of the story, I saw the dread words "Rugby League." I continued reading nonetheless and enjoyed the look Martha Duffy gave us at David Storey, a fine playwright.

Then I read the script. Those of us who play rugby before huge crowds of 150 here in the Midwest would give our eyeteeth to have heaters in the locker room—or even to have a locker room at all. Changing to kit in the back seat of a Ford is not the most comfortable way to spend a brisk autumn afternoon.

But a part of the script strikes home. Injuries are accepted as a part of the game. Since no substitution is allowed in Rugby Union, I have seen a player beg to go back on pitch until he was shown his own anklebone sticking out of his sock. No, I would not describe Rugby Union as "gentler" than Rugby League. Cleaner, perhaps, but equally rough.

Still, I thank you for giving mention in your pages to rugby. Perhaps it will result in an increased interest in our game. If not, we'll continue to play for ourselves and our present followers. But I don't think the general public knows what it is missing.

JOHN ABERT
Milwaukee Rugby Football Club

Milwaukee

Sirs:

It was a pleasure to read Martha Duffy's informative article on one of the most interesting sports in existence today. Rugby has long deserved such attention from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and you should be congratulated for presenting this excellent article on not only the play, *The Changing Room*, and its author but the game itself.

It would be nice, though, if you could go into the game as it is played in the U.S. on the college level. There is an annual national collegiate rugby tournament and the game is increasing in popularity every year.

MARK LEARY
Sportswriter
The Gamecock

Columbia, S.C.

AGONY AND ECSTASY

Sirs:

Many thanks for the personal view of Janet Lynn (*This Is It, For Heaven's Sake*, March 5). William Johnson's poetic style is certainly appropriate for the presentation of both Miss Lynn and figure skating. Perhaps the reader will now more fully realize the amazingly intense devotion, discipline and anxiety that are characteristic of a skating champion, for when one watches Janet skate it is easy to forget the hard work and agony that have led up to the performance. Instead, the viewer catches her charisma in her execution of "poetry in motion."

Although Janet lost to Karen Magnussen in the world championship, we trust that she will continue "to do her evangelizing on ice."

ROZEL ARANT
SUSIE MCDANIEL

Bastrop, La.

Sirs:

Thank you for the excellent, albeit long overdue, article on one of the most charming women in the world of sport, Janet Lynn. This young lady has captured the hearts of millions of sports fans. I hope that those who prefer bone-grinding impact and muscle will appreciate the fact that skill and grace are also signs of a champion.

Loud applause and accolades to you, roses and happiness to her.

STEVE HURLEY

Studio City, Calif.

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate William Johnson on an intuitive and astute article on a world-class figure skater. How refreshing to get an understanding viewpoint on the hard work and depression a skater goes through without the political braggadocio that is usually thrown at the public. The article was about Janet Lynn, your fine champion, but it could just as easily have been about our champion, Karen Magnussen. Aside from other shared characteristics, both girls display immense character drive and talent in unmeasurable amounts. The one thing they do not share is style, as each is utterly distinctive. One may prefer Janet's pixie, *Fantasia*-like brilliance or Karen's flying-through-the-air grace. Either way North America is fortunate to have two such fine skaters, or should I say fine young women,

continued

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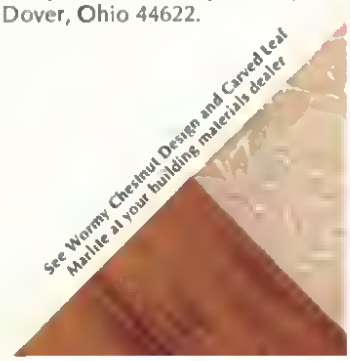
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representing our great continent. We are ecstatic that Karen reached her golden goal this year, but we sincerely hope that Janet will stay on to reach the top next year.

NANCY RUSSELL

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Sirs:

Your article on Janet Lynn was most enjoyable and welcome recognition for an athlete who has spent so much time and effort in becoming a star. In no other sport are so many years of endless toil and dedication required to reach the top. Her faith in God is truly beautiful and inspirational. Finishing second in this year's world championship takes nothing away from her wonderful achievements. Whether she continues as an amateur or turns pro Janet Lynn has already given me a great deal of enjoyment, and for this I will be forever grateful.

WAYNE VEA NOOY

Ann Arbor, Mich

COMEBACK

Sirs:

Your article on Lee Trevino (*Lee Returns To As a Forrest*, March 5) only goes to show that if you believe in something, sooner or later you will achieve it. Now that he has won the Jackie Gleason tournament I believe Lee will have another great year.

JAMIE FORMAN

St. Paul

Sirs:

An excellent article by Barry McDermott. Lee Trevino is our favorite golfer and always has been. We knew it would take more than a few bad tournaments to keep him down. His return to the top should serve as inspiration to one and all.

MR AND MRS ANDREW J. BARCELONA

Alton, Ill.

Sirs:

Thank you for the great coverage of the Lee Trevino comeback. Although I know Lee's fans were not surprised at his victory, I am also sure we will see more of Forrest Fezler in the future.

BILL BANZHAF

Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Sirs:

In your article on the Jackie Gleason Inverrary National Airlines Classic, most of your comment on Forrest Fezler was directed at his final-round collapse. You failed to mention the most dramatic shot of the tournament, Fezler's pressure-filled second shot on the final hole to within five feet of the cup. Although he missed the putt, which would have given him a tie with Lee Trevino, he showed a lot of fortitude with that clutch second shot.

C. M. McILVOY

Houston

LAKER FORTITUDE

Sirs:

Score another one for Peter Carry. I think his article on the Los Angeles Lakers (*It Hurts When They Aren't the Best*, March 5) tells the hidden truth about their problems this season. In addition to West's hamstring injury and Hairston's surgery, Goodrich has been out twice, McMillian and Erickson once each, not to mention several other players who have been injured or stricken by the recent flu epidemic or both.

Another fact, brought up by Chick Hearn on radio during the Feb. 25 Laker-Buck game, is that last season L.A.'s top seven players combined for only nine missed games. This season the top seven have com-

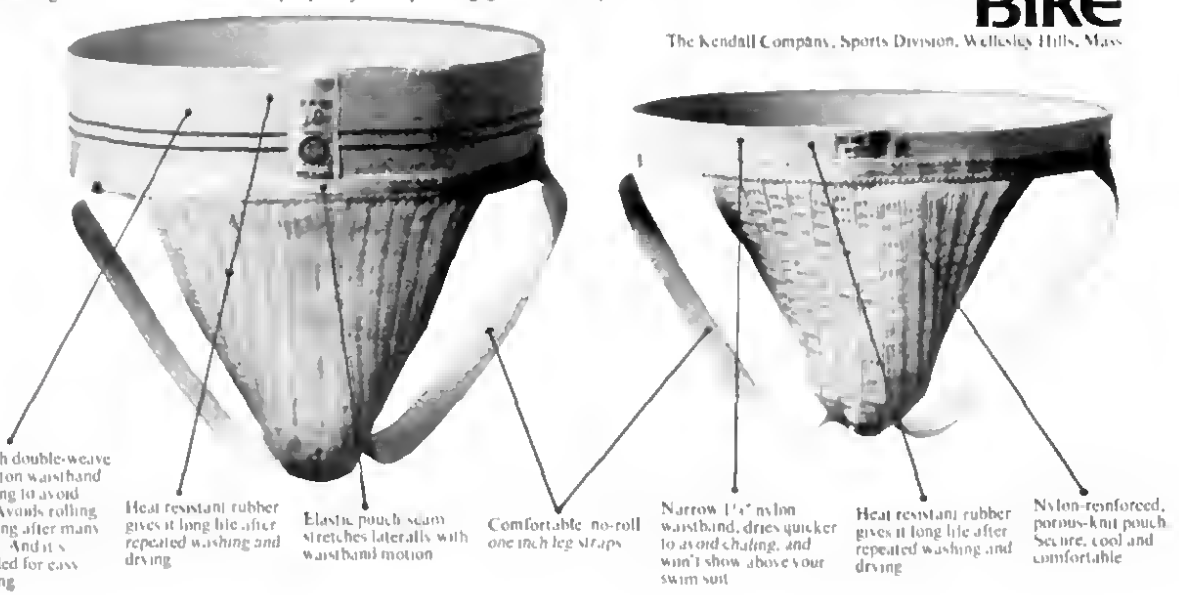
continued

Maybe you should wear two jock straps.

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bined for 68 missed games so far. I think this tells most of the story of their four-game losing streak, the longest one they have had since Bill Sharman came to the club In fact, no other team except Milwaukee has come close to having as many injuries this season as the Lakers, Boston has spent the season practically injury-free Still, Los Angeles has the second-best record in the league I think this is the mark of a great ball club.

CARY HELLMAN

Culver City, Calif.

SUPERSPORT

Sirs.

Your article on the Superstars decathlon (*You Got To Have a Gimmick*, March 5) was well written and interesting but the event itself leaves something to be desired I think it is a good idea to have superstars of different sports compete against each other, although it is a little stupid to have athletes of different ages, such as Bob Seagren and John Unitas, vying against each other in events where age can be a factor I suggest that next time they pick young athletes who are just coming into their own, or athletes who are already in their prime or older athletes who are about ready to leave the sport, one of the three That way we could really find out which sport supposedly takes the most strength, endurance and ability.

DANA SMITH

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs.

I think the article by Dan Levin on the so-called Superstars was fantastic It made clear which pro sports keep an athlete in shape. It also showed who the "old pros" are

CHARLIE NICHOLS

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

Your article proves what I have suspected all along: most athletic superstars are one-sport freaks.

PAUL FREEMAN

Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Sirs:

Dan Levin did a stupendous job of covering the event, but I am plagued by mixed emotions about the whole affair. Is it all necessary?

BOB BARKLEY

San Mateo, Calif

Sirs

I do not care how or why the contest was arranged but I do think it was refreshingly different to watch No new records were established, no perfect execution was shown, but the unexpected more than made up for this. Where else but in the Superstars decathlon could one see Johnny Bench disqualified in a swimming event for "walk-

continued

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ing" or a double-bogey 6 on the final hole win a golf event for Jim Stefanich? Today's sports are so perfected that the outcome of most contests is predictable before they even begin.

The future possibilities for the Superstars are endless. I agree that some events should be changed, but the basic idea is sound. Imagine Wilt Chamberlain vs. Elmo Wright in a hotly contested set of tennis!

CHARLES C. FLYNN

Asheville, N.C.

SUPER CIRCUIT

Sirs:

Jackie Stewart must be congratulated on his fine work (*Going Racing Along a Dream Road*, March 5). The world's best driver has come up with a design that, if constructed (and I really hope it is), would be the world's best racing circuit. He has included every possible kind of feature that a road course should have.

MARK GROTKOPF

West Paterson, N.J.

Sirs:

You did a fine job of detailing the course. Besides being a racing circuit, the "dream course" sounds like a park or golf course, with fresh air, rolling hills and snack facilities. If it is ever built it should be quite a layout. I hope Jackie Stewart's dream comes true.

TOM PINNEY

Phoenix, Ariz.

ANIMAL PARKS

Sirs:

While I generally agree with the philosophy of commercialism for wildlife (*Eyeball to Eyeball with Africa*, Feb. 26), it must be emphatically stated that in practice it is a rarity for drive-through animal parks to spend even 1% of their gross income on conservation, education and research. Most of these new "zoos" lack professionalism and are fast becoming amusement parks only. What we really need is the best of both worlds, the goals and objectives of the traditional, nonprofit zoo combined with the business sense and imagination so successful in the commercial safari park. In other words, commercialism is good for wildlife and humanity depending upon what is done with the product and its profits. It remains to be seen whether or not this movement will prove socially responsible; I hope it does.

RANDALL L. EATON, PH.D.
Director
World Wildlife Safari

Winston, Ore.

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SHOPWALK

A guide to arriving late, keeping your scalp and seeing the game at the Garden

So you like the Knicks? Or the Rangers? But you came to New York and can't get into Madison Square Garden to see the game of your cherce? Relax. First of all, as far as basketball is concerned, anyone can manage to see the Knicks play Buffalo or Portland. Second, all it takes is a little more patience to be able to see them play L.A., the Bucks or even in the playoffs. Read on. And relax.

The fact is, recent newspaper articles to the contrary notwithstanding, that scalping as a trade seems to be dying. Although a few fat cats are still managing to buy gas for their Eldorados by selling court-side, or red, seats, the demand for green seats ($7.50) is far less than the supply the scalpers have hoarded. Buying blue tickets ($5) is strictly no challenge; your kid sister could get one in no time. This is because today the average scalper is not an employee, so to speak, of a large operation. He is usually a local college student and a basketball fan wise enough to wait in a short line a few weeks in advance of the game. And since he has taken the trouble to wait in that line, he feels free to buy a handful of tickets to peddle back at the campus. If he can't unload them, or if he would rather take the risks of trying to sell at the Garden and possibly turn a larger profit, he will show up on the night of the game. There, in his nylon Duckster jacket, jeans, and *de rigueur* Chuck Taylor All Star Converse roundball shoes, he joins ranks with the three basic types of ticket sellers. First are the big boys with $13.50 seats who will condescend to sell you one for maybe 40 beans.

The second category includes more college students and, lately, a kind of Children's Crusade of junior high kids—entrepreneurs all and all wearing those ubiquitous Chuck Taylors. The game to play with these kids is to tell them flat out you won't pay more than the price listed on the ticket. That way they know what you're after, and won't have to bother with you anymore. Until game time gets near, that is. You will find they begin to seek you out as it becomes more than possible that their little businesses will be stuck with $15 worth of overhead. $7.50 is better than nothing, and they will begin to talk to you as they wander by, or give you advice on the best place to stand or even offer to sell you their leftovers at face value two minutes before tipoff. Actually, they will be wandering around a lot for another good reason: to avoid the police and the Garden security force. (The usual summons for violating the General Business Law, an offense that doesn't show on a record, is frequently giving way to bookings for a misdemeanor, Criminal Trespass.)

continued

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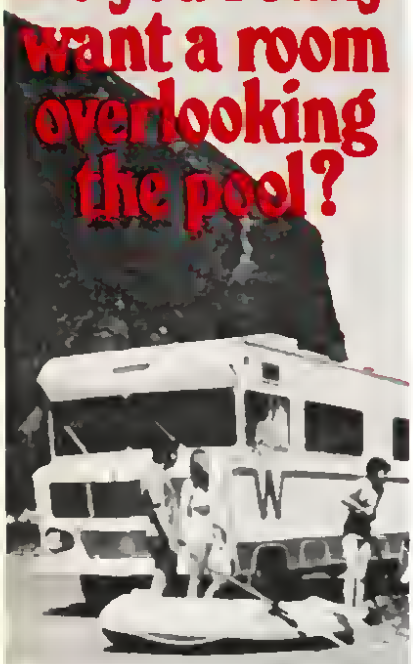
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But the last category of sellers is the most important of all, and the most likely source of tickets. That is, the families—the ones that drive in from White Plains or Ridgefield or Tuckahoe. A terrific place to wait for them is right at the top of the escalators. What you are looking for is a mommy, a daddy and two or three kids. The daddy is irritated because they're late. He thinks he has to get there early to turn in little Beth's ticket, little Beth having been tied up in Girl Scouts, ballet or the chicken pox.

The point to remember is, you have to ask people. When you see a likely group, speak up. Don't be afraid of making an ass of yourself. After all, what do you care? Do you want to see the game or do you want to protect your reputation for punctiliousness with a bunch of perfect strangers? Look at it this way: Madison Square Garden holds 20,000 people, and at the last minute more than a handful of them are going to get sick or have sudden engagements.

As in any sport, timing is of major importance. Plan to be at your post at least an hour and 15 minutes before game time. Plan to work the escalators and the south corridor leading to Seventh Avenue for at least half an hour. The next spot to work is up against the V-shaped police barricade in front of the advance ticket pickup window. There you have to examine the faces of the people in the window queue very carefully. You can tell the hesitation of a man who is picking up more tickets than he needs. He will open his envelope slowly, shifting his eyes from it to the cops to you—he's not sure it's *legal* to unload an extra ticket. So your job is to ask him. The key here is to have the money ready so you don't have to fumble about in your wallet and lose the ticket to someone who is prepared.

If all this fails—and you've really got to be some kind of indoor-record-holding-incompetent if you don't have a ticket by now—you go back out onto Seventh Avenue about five minutes before the game. What you will see is something resembling a cross between a Turkish market and the drying-out ward at a narcotics treatment center. There's this panic-stricken guy with a dozen $13.50 seats left. He can't eat 'em. This is the time to trade up to a red seat and then go back to the escalators to unload the green or blue seat you picked up earlier.

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Baseball's Great Innovator

Cherles Abner Powell gave us the rain check, Ladies' Day and one of *the winningest minor leegue teems of its ere*

by EDWIN HOAG

If there were real justice in such matters, Charles Abner Powell would be in the Basehall Hall of Fame. Not for his feats on the playing field, although they were considerable, but for his immeasurable contribution to the game of baseball as an American institution One day the oversight may be rectified—Grantland Rice and some other people have tried—and if this remarkable man does take his place in Cooperstown they will have to provide him an oversized plaque. It might read something like this:

"Charles Abner (Ab) Powell, player, manager and club owner, developer of baseball's first rain check, Ladies' Day, the Knothole Gang, the field tarpaulin, free soda pop, band music and one of minor league baseball's superteams." They might also toss in the fact that he was the only manager ever to fire his entire squad at once.

The rain check was perhaps his best money-saving idea. Powell, then 27 and a veteran of five years in the majors, had come to New Orleans in 1887 for a salary of $175 a month to be player-manager of the newly organized minor league Pelicans. In his first year the club won the Southern Association pennant, with Powell playing in 98 games, alternating as pitcher and outfielder He batted .354 and stole 89 bases. It was an auspicious beginning and, with attendance climbing, the club should have been earning a lot of money. But it wasn't, and Powell had an idea why.

New Orleans is one of the rainiest cities in North America, averaging more than 50 inches a year. Games at the old Sportsmen's Park were often washed out in early innings, or even before they got under way. The standard practice on rain-outs then was to give new tickets to the fans as they left the park.

"It wasn't only that we didn't *make* any money on rainy days," Powell said years later, "we were *losing* money." It seems that spectators who had sneaked into the game—by climbing fences, slipping past a guard or by knowing somebody at the gate—would now collect a real ticket on the way out. "We ended up giving back a whale of a lot more tickets than we had sold in the first place," Powell recalled.

He worried with this problem for a full year until one June night when the inspiration came to him at 3 a.m. He got out of bed and began diagramming a new kind of admission ticket. Instead of taking the entire pasteboard when the fan entered the park, the gate attendants would now take only half the ticket, leaving the spectator with a dated stub that would be good on another day in the event of a rain-out.

Powell took his design to a printing firm in Arkansas, and the new ticket became the standard admission for Pelican games. Unfortunately for Powell, he never bothered to patent his idea, and soon other clubs began adopting the rain check for themselves, many ordering their tickets from the same Arkansas printer that serviced the Pelicans.

Even before the rain check, Powell had come up with an idea that was perhaps his biggest contribution toward making baseball the national pastime. He called it Ladies' Day, and it was just what the name suggested—a regular day each week when women were admitted free. It was a revolutionary idea for its time, especially since baseball was not the gentlemanly pursuit we know today. Players fought at the slightest provocation. Brawls between entire teams were not uncommon. Spectators did not merely razz umpires for unpopular decisions: they mobbed them. Powell's own mother, who ran a barroom



and smoked a pipe, once forbade him to play baseball for money because it wasn't "respectable."

Despite these obstacles, Powell saw an untapped reservoir of fans among the nation's women, and he decided to go after them. He began by running advertisements in the *Times-Picayune*, setting aside one day each week for the ladies. The first such day, April 29, 1887, attracted only nine women. Surprisingly—or perhaps not so surprisingly—there was a substantial increase in male attendance that day. More women came the second week and still more the week after that. Soon hundreds of women were watching the Pelicans.

Attendance kept rising, sometimes hitting 5,000 on weekdays and 10,000 on weekends, totals that many minor league clubs would envy today. The New Orleans rainfall still plagued the team, however, even with the ticket problem solved. After each rain, the infield would be a quagmire, and it would remain so for days on end. Powell started to work on a solution—if not to the rain (a roof over the park was not practical), then to the wet field. The answer came to him one day in 1889 when he was walking along the Mississippi riverfront and saw a gang of laborers throwing tarpaulins over bales of cotton. He learned that the huge canvases were waterproof, and the rest was easy. Within a few days, Powell had obtained some tarpaulin and from then on the Sportsmen's Park infield reposed under it between games. After the Cincinnati Reds played an exhibition in New Orleans that year, they took the idea north with them, and soon it had spread through the game.

Two other Powell accomplishments had their genesis that golden year. Having come from a poor family, Powell often felt a twinge as he passed the dozens of youngsters hanging around outside the ball park, unable to afford a ticket. Recognizing that the game's future resided in these young fans, Powell decided to give them a better view of the game than they could glimpse through a knothole. He went to the Pelican club owner with a plan, why not, he asked, let the kids come in free one day a week? That taste of baseball would almost certainly stimulate their appetite for the game in later years. Powell got the O.K., and immediately christened these pint-sized freeloaders the Knothole Gang. Like the rain check,

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they soon became a baseball tradition.

The only other remarkable thing Powell did that year was to build one of the superteams of minor league history. In so doing, he put himself and a hundred other players out of work. The Pelicans had started off the 1889 season by winning 12 straight games, losing one, then winning 11 more. At first their success drew large crowds, but as the spectacle of Powell's unbeatables clobbering team after team began to pall, the fans started staying home. After several weeks of this, the seven other teams of the Southern Association decided to call it quits and the league disbanded. In all, the Pelicans had lost only 11 games.

Teamless—indeed, leagueless—in midseason, Powell headed north, to Hamilton, Ontario in the International League. The following year he went to Spokane and in 1891 to Seattle, both in the Pacific League. By 1892 the Southern Association had recovered from Powell's peerless Pelicans and reorganized. Powell promptly returned to New Orleans, and the moans were audible throughout the South. Fortunately for his rivals, Powell was able to approximate his 1889 feat only once, in the second half of the 1901 season.

In July of that year the Pelicans were in last place. Powell, discouraged and angry at what he considered a lazy team, decided to do something drastic. "I went to North Carolina," he reminisced years later, "and bought myself 12 players for $1,200. They were the key men up there, and after they left, the North Carolina league collapsed. When I got back to New Orleans the old team said to me, 'What are you going to do with us?' I said to 'em, 'You're all fired. Go on up in the stands and watch a real team.' Well, they howled and hooted and hissed and booed, but my new team couldn't be stopped."

Indeed, Powell's North Carolinians went on to win 80% of their remaining games, lifting the club to second place, only one game short of winning the pennant. In terms of percentage, the revitalized 1901 club—Pelican II, so to speak—closed with as good a record as his 1889 team had begun.

Throughout these years Powell's fertile promotional mind seldom rested. Among the gimmicks he introduced at Sportsmen's Park were free cold drinks, gate prizes, bands and orchestras, fireworks demonstrations, pitching contests and fielding competitions. He also became part owner and, later, sole owner of the club. The Pelicans did not always ride so high as in 1889 or 1901, but Powell held on through lean years and was generous in the fat ones. He often advanced money to ailing franchises to keep the league alive. At one point he found himself owner or part owner of clubs in New Orleans, Atlanta, Nashville and Selma, Ala. "We were making money and it was up to us to keep the league going," he once remarked. "We were campaigning for the game in those days."

Powell retired from baseball in 1904 after selling his last property, the Atlanta club, for $20,000. He tried various business ventures, but his heart remained with baseball. He spent most of his later years around the sandlots, teaching the kids and kibitzing. His evenings were frequently devoted to spinning yarns about the glory days for young and old admirers on the front porch of his Canal Street home.

He remained in remarkable physical condition to the end of his life. When he was nearly 70 he approached a league official for a job as an umpire in the Southern Association. "You must be kidding," said the official, an old friend of Powell's. "At your age they'd kill you out there." Powell walked out and never spoke to the man again. Fifteen years later Powell put on a base-running exhibition, circling the paths in 22 seconds, timed by stopwatch. At 90 he was still driving his own car, and at 91 he climbed a 38-foot ladder and put a coat of paint on his two-story house.

In the summer of 1953, after chopping down and cutting up a chinaberry tree in his backyard, Powell collapsed with a heart attack. Confined to a hospital bed, he received a letter from Charlie Hurth, president of the Southern Association, who had just returned from a trip to the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. While there, Hurth said, he had noticed a group photo of the 1884 Washington team and saw that Ab Powell was in it. In a way, Hurth closed, that meant Powell had made it to the Hall of Fame after all.

"Now that's a nice letter," Powell told his son Roy, who was at his bedside. "Just as soon as I'm up and around, I'll have to answer that." He never did. On Aug. 7 at the age of 92, Ab Powell finally ran out of good ideas. **END**

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